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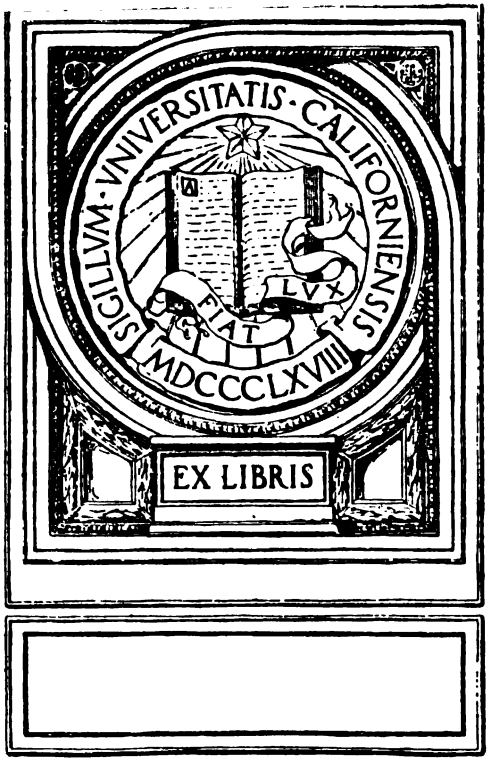

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MODERN CHILE

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ARGENTINA: PAST AND PRESENT

IN JESUIT LAND

URUGUAY

SOUTH AMERICA

MODERN ARGENTINA

PORTUGAL: ITS LAND AND PEOPLE

MADEIRA: OLD AND NEW

ETC., ETC.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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PANORAMA OF SANTIAGO.

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MODERN CHILE

BY

W. H. KOEBEL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

LONDON
G. BELL & SONS, LTD.
1913

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

In previous books of travel I have invariably endeavoured to acknowledge the kindness of those who have rendered the assistance and information which is so essential to any attempt of the kind. In the case of the present work this is out of the question —for the simple reason that it was my good fortune to find such good offices and kindnesses universal on the part of Chilians and English residents in Chile. Especial thanks are due to Don Agustin Edwards, the distinguished Chilian Minister to the Court of St. James, to Don Carlos Edwards, the Chilian Ministers and officials, as well as to the Señores Bernadino Toro, Izquierdo, Gulliermo J. Swinburn, Gulliermo Swinburn Urmeneta, Admiral Simpson, Colonel Chaparro, and Major Arturo Ahumada. Those numerous other gentlemen whose hospitality and assistance the author enjoyed must accept his heartfelt acknowledgments.

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MODERN CHILE

CHAPTER I

ACROSS THE ANDES

The passage of the Andes—Entry into Chile—The landscape to the east and west of the mountain range — The Chilian hillsides — First aspects of the country—The individuality of costume—Chilian trains — Local colour at the railway stations — A smiling land — The fertility of the plain—The Pacific and the coast—Valparaiso —First impressions of the port.

We had passed from the seaboard of the Atlantic across the rich plains of Argentina, leaving in the wake of the train a rolling cloud of dust that fell thickly on the maize, and wheat, and alfalfa that bordered the line. We had penetrated to Mendoza, and had entered a new land of vineyards, streams and quaint mud walls shaded by poplars and eucalyptus. Then we had passed to the little narrow-gauge train, and had climbed into the very heart of the Andes peaks, the topmost passage of all marked by a flaky powder of falling snow.

Then behold! in the centre of the lofty desolation of peak and abyss the mouth of a tunnel! Half a dozen minutes of darkness, and we had come into the light of a Chilian day. There was little beyond the word of the railway company and of the boundary

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commission to verify this, it is true. The tall mountains and deep ravines were even more tremendous than before; otherwise the barren solitude and brilliantly coloured rocks remained much the same.

The train was gliding downwards with an amount of caution even greater than it had employed in its ascent. There were times when it would crawl along the edge of a precipice in slow terror, a steam tortoise with the heart of a hare! Perhaps it was the tiny rivulets of stone sliding down the mountain side to greet its passage which gave it pause. For all that, I, for one, was sufficiently grateful for the cautious progress. There are times during the crossing of the Andes when it is comforting to remember that the thing is of almost daily occurrence. It is possible that this species of consolation would not withstand the force of mere logic; but the comfort remains.

Then we had sunk downwards through snow sheds and minor tunnels to the land of leaves and grass once again; and it was here that the difference between the East and the West became patent at once. We had come from a land of vast open spaces, an ocean of soil from horizon to horizon, broken by little beyond the slender wire fences that threaded their straight lines across its surface. Here, on the other hand, the hills and gullies continued, though pleasantly rounded and softened.

There was a variety, moreover, in the landscape that was equally pleasant. Everywhere were the tall fat spikes of the cactus, sprouting as thickly as asparagus from its bed. But these did not have matters all their own way. On the hillsides were

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clumps of native trees, flowering shrubs, and a multitude of lowlier blossoms. Here and there a waterfall came tumbling down its rocky way, sheltered at its base by a clump of great weeping willows from out of whose verdure glowed the brilliant scarlet clumps of the parasite *quintral*. At intervals, too, were small plateaux of maize and alfalfa, surrounding some crude reed hut, from the neighbourhood of which stared a rider in flowing trousers and poncho of daring hue.

Then the mountains had drawn aside a little, leaving a level valley in between that stretched its even course to the sea. Even here all sense of monotony was agreeably absent. Cattle and horses were grazing in pastures generously shaded by trees, while double rows of tall poplars sent their long green tunnels for miles in every direction. Smaller areas were divided by picturesque mud walls, their tops conscientiously tiled from end to end. Elsewhere blackberry hedges in extraordinary profusion formed barriers many yards in height and breadth. There were true lanes as well, bordered in precisely the same fashion as those in England, from the hedgerows of which gleamed yellow and red roses.

As to the life of this country we had entered, there was evidence enough and to spare at the stations at which the train made a halt. On such occasions, ranged alongside the carriages, was a galaxy of women flower and fruit sellers, comfortable looking ladies in quaint straw hats, who were, it must be admitted, completely outshone by the colour of their wares. In their neighbourhood the atmosphere was loaded with the scent of peaches, pears, nectarines, and the great solid bouquets of variegated flowers.

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Near by were men calling out the daily and weekly papers, and the long-drawn wails of *Mercurio* and *Sucesos* floated plaintively across the fruit and flower-laden air. There was nothing out of the ordinary in these, it is true; but a little farther off was a being who breathed out a full measure of song and local colour, while his guitar thrummed to the admiration of a small group that surrounded him.

Indeed, scarcely had one entered Chile when the individuality of costume became marked. The poncho —the genuine poncho that flashed its colours without fear to the sunlight—was no rarity here. The exception was the man innocent of any such garment. And at the heels were giant, plate-like spurs, while hanging from the saddle of each horse were the cumbrous and elaborately-carved wooden stirrups, massive things into which the foot of the rider entered wholesale. No type nor colour was wanting, nor, in fact, any of those attributes which strangers in any case admire if for no other reason than that they differ from their own.

Soon the mountains on either hand had receded to an altogether respectful distance, leaving the train to gallop at a formidable pace through the now broad expanse of the ever fertile valley. There is no doubt that these Chilian trains understand the art of moving. It is a moral certainty, moreover, that the average Chilian engine-driver is completely unhampered by any such trifle as the possession of nerves. Once upon the cab of his engine, he is obviously determined that the thing shall stretch its iron muscles—curves or no curves, gradients or no gradients. Those unacquainted with the elastic powers of a train of the kind

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may possibly experience some sensations of doubt in the course of their first journey. It really seems that they need not, since the number of accidents is apparently as strictly limited as anywhere else.

The advent at each station was marked by the deep clanging of a bell attached to the engine. Occasionally when a second locomotive was manœuvring in the neighbourhood the sonorous peals were duplicated, and the church-like atmosphere was then accentuated. The sounds of warning were curiously pleasant and emphatic at the same time; yet, if you will believe the officials, they are not always heeded, since the Chilian peasant is wont to prove himself rather unduly reckless in dodging to and fro about the rails, and the cowcatcher of an engine is the last thing in the world to be trifled with.

But this is by the way. We were speeding through too pleasant a land to permit ourselves to be obsessed by the thought of any such catastrophe. A very short acquaintance with Chile suffices to show the glad smile of the country. Everywhere were flowers and pleasant trees, and blossoming creepers, trailing over the mud walls, the tops of which are so carefully and quaintly thatched with tiles. It was something to look up to the bare peaks of the Andes and then to gaze on this green and fertile valley. At such a time I imagine that the thought enters the mind of nearly everyone who is not an inveterate mountain climber that the Andes are a sheer delight—as a background. By this I do not mean to infer that a near approach is likely to be productive of disillusionment. On the contrary, it is the stern grandeur of the range which is apt to obsess one just

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a little when viewed from too familiar a standpoint. Whereas as a background they are perfect in every respect.

As the journey was continued the hedges became ever more frequent. Here again many were thickly starred by red and white roses, the heavy many-petalled blossoms which flourish in our gardens alone growing just here almost with the wild luxuriance of the dog-variety common to our own lanes. In the gardens were wide patches of bella-donna lilies, and the giant bells of a deep purple convolvulus which mounts even the lofty pine trees. But it is impossible to attempt to cope with the variety of flowers on the occasion of this first entry into the land. Elsewhere were vineyards, and lofty maize crops, and, indeed, cereals and orchards of every kind. It was an ideal valley, this, that more than sustained the promise of the beginning.

At length there was a glimpse of blue at the right hand of the moving train. The Pacific, shining with the deep brilliancy that matched its shores, was heaving gently. But this apparent tranquillity of motion was deceptive, for here at its edge, where the great rollers came pounding along to a leisurely attack on the massive rocks which fringed the coast, sounded the thunder of this lazy might, and curtain after curtain of white spray went soaring upwards to glitter in the sunlight ere it fell back into the frenzied turmoil beneath.

Presently, as the train swung itself round to yield a more generous view, showed a broad blue bay, from the waters of which the masts of steamers and sailing vessels rose in formidable clusters in the

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neighbourhood of the heavy masses of a couple of floating docks. Then came the outskirt stations of the port, and finally the halt at the terminus of Valparaiso itself.

There are some who say that first impressions are worthless. I cannot see why. It is the unjaded palate, freshly moistened, which is the best judge of the wine. Why should the same not apply to the mental food provided by people and landscape? Merely up to a point, of course, since it is possible enough to meet with later treachery in all these. But any such disillusionment may not occur for years, by which time the impression has long been murdered by familiarity.

So, even if it prove necessary for the later pages to stultify these first impressions and to prove them worthless, let us give them in all their ingenuousness. According to these, Chile is a land of colour and of bracing airs, a country whose fertile soil is chastened here and there by the picturesque masses of rock which spring from it, a republic in which the old and quainter customs are prettily dovetailed in among the new, a state inhabited by active men and graceful women—and here, somewhat reluctantly, we come to an end, since any further territorial references must lead to tautology. And such frail things as first impressions are not worth this risk!

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CHAPTER II

THE CHILIAN AT HOME

Physical characteristics of the Chilian—Climatic and racial influences—A virile stock—The barrier of the Andes—Destiny of the Nation—Militant power of the Republic—Some questions of initiative and enterprise—Internal economy—Manners and customs—The "Hora Inglesa"—Clocks and their value—Various interpretations of the fair sex—Some forms of gallantry—The Chilian and his womenfolk—Independence of the latter—Hospitality in the Republic—A homely instance—Patriotism of the Chilian—Relations with Argentina—A diplomatic episode—The power of action and speech—An eloquent incident.

We do not, I think, see enough of the Chilian. Doubtless, there are sufficient reasons for this. The barrier of the Andes, the length of the sea journey—to say nothing of the fact that there are not so very many of him, after all—are among the causes that have made the Chilian a comparative rarity in Europe, and, moreover, the visitors from the Old World rather few and far between in Chile. In view of the justly-famed hospitality of the Republic, the latter phase is distinctly to be regretted from the outsider's point of view.

Much of this is likely to be altered in the near future. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly a pity that we have not seen more of the Chilian in the past. From

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the physical point of view alone the sight of the average man of this western Republic is apt to shatter somewhat rudely the theories of those untravelled folk whose imagination lumps together in one vague boiling the varied inhabitants of the entire continent. The Chilian of the middle and upper classes does not necessarily tend in the least towards duskiness. On the contrary, the proportion of fair-complexioned and blue-eyed men belonging to these social strata in the Republic is, I imagine, considerably in excess of that which obtains in Spain. The stature of the Chilian, moreover, corresponds with that of the Northern European rather than with that of the Latin nations in that continent.

It stands to reason that this physical condition is largely due to the extremely temperate climate which the Republic enjoys. Another reason is to be met with in the human groundwork on which the race has been built. The Chilian strain—as exhibited in these classes—has, to all intents and purposes, remained free from all intermixture, and its representatives claim with some pride that the original stock from which they have sprung counted an exceptional number of the aristocratic families of old Spain. Hence, undoubtedly, the favoured physical standing of the race of the present day.

The influence which climate exerts on humanity is not to be denied. But nowhere in the world has the extent of this force been more fully demonstrated than in South America. Here the phenomena are peculiarly interesting, since the actual workings of almost every variety of climate on inhabitants who for the most part have sprung from the same European stock

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may be studied on a scale which no other quarter of the globe can offer.

It is true that in certain instances this working of the various climates has become complicated by the mixture of European and Indian blood. Yet there are countries where this intermixture has been of an extent so insignificant as scarcely to warrant its being taken into account at all. Such is the case in Chile, and the vigorous population of that country is precisely what would have been expected from the nature of the climate in which it thrives.

The difference in the actual temperatures which prevail to the west and to the east of the Andes is in itself astonishing. At a period when in Mendoza the heat may be sufficiently intense, the end of the fifteen hours' travelling which includes the passage of the mountain range may frequently enough find the traveller, once deposited in Santiago, in need of a light overcoat. The actual readings of the thermometer, however, may mean very little, since it is well enough known that in matters appertaining to heat quality is of as much importance as quantity. In this respect the difference is still more marked in favour of the Western Republic, since the Chilian air, even in latitudes where elsewhere the temperature is wont to be oppressive, is blessed with a biting, invigorating spice of coolness which stands for atmospheric gold. The result, as I have said, is evident in its inhabitants.

Indeed, the general appearance of the majority of the better class Chilians resembles that of the English to a quite unusual degree. Fairly well accustomed as I am to the various modern types of South America,

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so remarkable is this trait that on my first arrival in the country I was very frequently led into the error of crediting a new acquaintance with British nationality when, as a matter of fact, he was of pure Spanish extraction. In the same way a sight of the gatherings at clubs and other places of the kind made it difficult to comprehend the reason why the conversation was carried on in Spanish instead of in English until a more intimate knowledge showed that the names and descent of the talkers, almost to a man, were completely Iberian. The Chilians, themselves, are by no means unconscious of this similarity of traits. When taxed on the point, they are given to declare that they are the English of South America. But, as the Chilian is by nature courteous, this must be taken largely in the light of a pure compliment, since his real pride, very rightly, lies in a deep sense of his own nationality.

As a barrier between Chile and the outer world the Andes have proved extraordinarily efficient in the past. Although from a material and commercial point of view this isolation has offered many disadvantages, the situation has been by no means unproductive of compensations. It has doubtless been responsible for the engendering of much of that national spirit which is so characteristic of Chile to-day. Sprung as it is from a virile stock, it has, without doubt, greatly accentuated the self-reliant qualities of the race. As a result the sentiment of patriotism which pervades every corner of the land is very real and the enthusiasm which prevails as to the ultimate destiny of the country is in itself a legitimate foundation for its existence.

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Now that the barrier has at length been broken, and, indeed, is about to be pierced at other points within a few years, the opening up of its frontiers finds a nation already firmly set and matured. It is decidedly one which is destined to play a large part in South American affairs. I doubt whether the real strength of Chile is fully understood in the Continent itself, of which she enjoys so long and narrow a strip. So far as actual fighting power is concerned, her navy and her army have proved their mettle to the full in the past. But the progress which has been achieved in both branches since last a shot was fired in anger has been as notable as that made by any European country, and the condition of both forces is modern and efficient to a degree which cannot fail to amaze the stranger who first sets foot in the country.

Without taking into consideration, however, the striking power of the Republic, we are convinced that it is precisely this sense of initiative and enterprise that has raised the militant strength to its present status, which cannot fail to tell in the industrial and commercial struggle which must ensue when her own resources and those of the neighbouring Republics become more fully developed. There is no doubt then that the strong national sentiment of Chile will stand her in as good stead in this respect as in others.

It is true that at the present moment the Chilian proper does not give to every branch of the industries and commerce of his country the full attention it deserves. The representatives of the wealthier classes as a whole not unnaturally prefer the careers offered by the army and the navy to those of the

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more humdrum commercial existence. It is not to be denied too, that the attractions of a political life here are as great as in the majority of Latin countries, since the Chilian, although most emphatically a doer, joins to his more active capabilities a theoretical temperament and the art of a born orator, a blend of the practical and of the ideal which is sufficiently rare.

Not that it must be gathered from this that the Chilian is wont to despise the advantages of commerce. As a matter of fact, such is by no means the case. Just now, however, I am testing him from the European standpoint, and not from the South American. Compared with the other republics he —together with the Argentine—ranks very high indeed, and his initiative is evidenced by his manufactures. In these his enterprise has already been strongly marked. He builds his own railway engines and a certain number even of his smaller steamships. His railways, moreover, are the property of the government, and many similar enterprises of this kind, which in other lands are conducted by foreign companies, are here the property of the state.

I would not go so far as to say that, from the practical point of view, such concerns necessarily gain from the local management. Indeed, I am sufficiently insular to believe that, in the matter of railways especially, no nation can compete with our own in the efficiency of working. The credit to Chile in such matters lies in the enterprise displayed and in the proof of independence and initiative which they afford.

The Chilian is fortunate in the possession of a

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sense of humour, with which, for all their various virtues, very few South American races are blessed. That which cannot fail to endear the inhabitants of the long and narrow land to the average Britisher is the fact that so many of their number are not only able to understand and appreciate "chaff," but to render it back, occasionally with interest, in the same spirit in which it is given.

Undoubtedly among the men there is a spirit of comradeship which is refreshing to observe. This is evident in a thousand small acts, unimportant in themselves, but eloquent as a whole. Thus a Chilian may punch another with friendly but vigorous ardour upon the back without the least fear of the action being misunderstood. He may even play a practical joke, that supreme test of equable relations, and find the jest accepted in precisely the same fashion as we in England are accustomed to receive such active attentions.

It must not be gathered from this that the Chilian's manners are on the cruder side. Far from it. His courtesy and consideration are undeniable, but with these merits are blended an ease and dearth of stiffness which are productive of the most pleasant results. The opinion is by no means mine alone; it is shared by every foreign resident in the land.

Of course, it is unnecessary to suppose from all this that the Chilian is by way of being more faultless than the men of any other nation. For all his alertness and his physical advantages, he retains many of those Spanish characteristics which we of the North are wont to look upon as defects. Taken

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as a whole—although there are numerous and very notable exceptions—punctuality is not one of the virtues on which he may pride himself with any genuine sense of justice. There are probably many who remember Dan Leno's classification of eggs, and the distinctions between the new laid, and the "shop" varieties, and the simple "egg." Time in Chile is divided in similar fashion. There is time as understood in the local sense, and then there is the "Hora Inglesa" or English time. The first, or ordinary time, if arranged for an appointment, allows for a period of waiting limited only by the temperaments of both the people concerned. But "Hora Inglesa" implies something different. It is, in fact, a special call for punctuality which is wont to meet with a most loyal response. Therefore in making an appointment be certain to add the words "Hora Inglesa." They act as a really efficient insurance against delay, and go to prove that unpunctuality on the part of the Chilian is a matter of habit rather than of temperament.

Clocks themselves are of strangely little assistance in matters such as these, since in Chile the mechanism of these important instruments seems as reluctant to work as elsewhere in the continent. Indeed, throughout South America it may be said that the average clock is as stationary as the most obstinate donkey who lacks even the incentive of a carrot held before his nose. No doubt in time to come the idle hands of many thousands of clocks will be sent on a regular and unbroken course, and that time is doubtless not very far distant, since the South American, and especially the Chilian, is alert enough in other respects.

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But this revolution will, I think, be one of the last to be achieved. It is possible that we look at the matter from a narrow standpoint. Perhaps we overestimate the value of clocks which go. In any case it is surprising how well the Chilian gets along without them.

There is one point about the Chilian which is deserving of the widest acknowledgment. The virtue, it is true, is of the negative order, since it consists in the want of a vice. But viewed from the standpoint of morality, such lackings become positive enough in their advantage.

Now it is certain enough that many branches—by no means all—of both the Iberian and Latin races are enthusiastic in their worship of the fairer sex. Indeed, to such a point of enthusiasm do these carry their admiration that the results are frequently uncomfortable in the extreme for the admired.

The arguments adduced by the employers of these strenuous attentions are sufficiently ingenious. They hold, in fact, that woman was created in order to attract—which in itself is a legitimate theory, one which, moreover, continues to be proved throughout the years. The deductions drawn from this premise, however, are not quite so convincing. They assert that, since woman employs art to aid the foundation of nature, she acknowledges the situation, and revels in it to a degree at the very least equal to the amatory powers of her admirers. In short, they are addicted to regard her as nothing beyond a willing decoy whose one aim in life is to draw a trail of devoted men in her wake.

Hence clothes and dress-makers' bills, elaborate

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ACONCAGUA, CHILE.

The loftiest mountain in South America (23,393 feet).

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hats and high-heeled shoes! This is probably accurate enough up to a point. But it does not follow that every woman is possessed with the tremendous and promiscuous range of affections with which these too thorough disciples of Don Juan are wont to credit her. Of course the Spanish custom of audibly passing laudatory remarks on womenkind passing in the streets is one of old standing, which has become transferred to many quarters of the globe that once were Iberian colonies. Providing this outspoken adulation be kept within reasonable bounds, there is not much to be taken exception to in this procedure —however foreign it may be to the Anglo-Saxon temperament—and, as to the local ladies, they have become accustomed to the habit, and treat the volleys of compliments in the casual manner of the hardened.

Should one of these male dealers in comment be charged with forwardness, he will be highly indignant. Woman exists and dresses for the purpose of admiration, he will assert roundly. Rudeness therefore could only obtain in the withholding of this ardent praise, certainly not in its expression. It is obvious, moreover, that he is uttering a sincere belief, and that he is honest in his convictions. Indeed, the whole thing, as usual, beats itself down to a question of geography: *autres pays, autres mœurs.*

So far so good. Were the question confined merely to these flattering comments, it might be accepted as nothing beyond a somewhat exuberant custom which possesses some saving clauses in its picturesque elements. Both the Spaniard and the South American of Spanish descent have a graceful gallantry of their own. This is by no means always

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the case with their imitators of other nationalities. In some towns that I have in mind in which the cosmopolitan element is largely in evidence, an unaccompanied woman cannot brave the streets without running the risk of coy and passing caresses and similar expressions of goodwill which may, or may not, be appreciated at their true value. It is unnecessary to pose as a puritan in order to condemn this condition of affairs as superfluous. Fortunately, it is one which is dying out, but quite sufficient evidence of the custom remains.

Perhaps I have taken an unreasonably long time in explaining a state of things which only calls for interest in these pages from the fact that it does not exist in Chile. It is surely infinitely to the credit of the Chilian that his own womenfolk and those of the foreigner may parade the streets to their hearts' content, confident in the fact that, unless they themselves flaunt signals calling for special and marked attention, they will be secure from those pestering habits which in their proper countries masquerade under the names of courtesies. It is possible that the Chilian may not welcome the praise. He may protest that a mere acknowledgment of freedom from unpleasantness provides a low standard from which to sing his merits. For all that, the thing is important enough, since it provides a notable insight into the national temperament.

The Chilian lady, as a matter of fact, is emancipated to a degree rather unusual outside the ranks of the Anglo-Saxon races and those of the north generally. Her education at the present moment is liberal to a degree, and she is wont to exhibit some notable

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intellectual qualities. It is probably a mistake to speak in the same breath of intellect and beauty in a woman. According to the popular notion, it is supposed to be quite impossible for her to be endowed with both at the same time. According to the popular notion again, the possessor of the one attribute—whichever it may be—is supposed to despise her of the other. In any case, the beauty of the Chilian women is too famous for any necessity for the point to be laboured here, and at the same time the evidence of her intellect is undeniable. Between her and her menkind the casual spirit of *camaraderie* seems more developed than elsewhere in the continent. And, in order to show their complete independence, some while ago the ladies of Santiago determined to establish a club of their own. Unfortunately, the affair came to nothing. The reasons were probably feminine. But this is by the way.

The hospitality of the Chilian is, as I have remarked, proverbial. As a matter of fact the virtue has become deeply rooted in the national temperament. Hence it is exercised not only by the rich; it is dealt in by those of strictly moderate means, and even by the very poor. In the south—as in the north—this characteristic is evidenced in many ways, but at no time more strongly than during the period of the strawberry harvest.

Now Southern Chile is famous for its strawberries. It is claimed, I believe, that it is from this part of the world that the first edible strawberries, as now understood, were exported. Whether this theory possesses any actual foundation in fact, I am not in a position to say. In any case, it is certain enough that the flavour

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of the Chilian strawberry is exceptionally fine. It approaches indeed by far the most nearly of all the South American varieties to the taste of our own incomparable fruit. For that the English strawberry stands alone becomes more and more evident as the range of varieties which obtain throughout the world is more widely tested.

It is when the great strawberry beds of Chile are red with berries that the generosity of their owners is given an opportunity for full play. Rich and poor alike may enter the haunts of the fruit then, and may help themselves to their hearts' desire. No payment whatever is required; but it is a point of honour that the feast shall be confined to the precincts of the grounds themselves, and that none of the glowing red harvest shall be carried away.

I am fully aware that in revealing a state of affairs such as this small service is done to the welfare of Chile. There are scores of pessimists who will extract from this fact nothing beyond the deduction that in no up-to-date country could such a condition prevail. If so, it is a lamentable slur on modern methods. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that it is sheer abundance which lies at the root of the matter. But this does not in the least detract from the generous spirit of the strawberry owners, whether great or small.

The average inhabitant of the western republic is an ardent politician. Admitted that modern politics, all the world over, have been converted into the art of vicarious self-advancement, the Chilian continues to retain his patriotism in this somewhat demoralising career. I would not for a moment

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venture to assert that the country is more free from scandal than any other. At the same time, it is something to be able to remark that the corruption, when discovered, meets with exemplary punishment here, a condition of affairs which does not obtain everywhere.

A foreign resident in Chile, who was famed for a pessimistic outlook on all things Chilian, was denouncing to me some minor irregularities which, it was alleged, had recently occurred. At the same time, in referring even to the black sheep, he admitted freely that, although each of them was not averse to lining his pocket by doubtful means, he would abruptly cease from any weakness of this kind, were it brought home to him that the practice was working direct harm to his country. Now, although no peculiarly lofty ideals enter into this particular case, the result is in reality a deep compliment to the ubiquity of Chilian patriotism, and a convincing testimony to its genuineness.

The statesmanship of the republic has, almost invariably, proved itself of a progressive order. None can deny that as one of the leading powers of South America she takes her responsibilities seriously. Although in the past she has felt herself constrained to draw the sword, she has succeeded on many occasions in preserving the peace when a nation less conscious of its strength might have dashed headlong into war. Her one formidable rival would undoubtedly be found in her powerful neighbour to the east, and here, fortunately, no question of rivalry occurs.

The relations of Chile with Argentina are now on a basis which, humanly and politically speaking—the one has not necessarily the least connection with the

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other—should be as solid and perpetual as such things can ever be. The two nations have so much in common that it would be lamentable, and, indeed, almost criminal, were any other situation to prevail. As it is, the friendliness of tone, and the reasonableness of the political intercourse between the two races which constitute the backbone of South America is such as might with advantage be imitated in many other quarters of the globe.

The condition of affairs, moreover, is founded on something stronger than mere historical sentiment. It is rooted in a deep mutual respect, and is the less likely to be disturbed on account of the very few interests possessed by the one nation which clash in any important degree with those of the other. There is no doubt that the manner in which the two Republics avoided strife at a most critical moment in the career of both represents a genuine triumph of the forces of civilization and peace.

Even at the moment when the most serious of all questions, that of frontier delimitation, was in dispute, it was notable that, notwithstanding the struggle for the ownership of soil, no symptoms of racial animosity were apparent. In connection with this, there was an incident which, although I learned it from no Chilian source, is worthy of a short digression.

According to the report, when the tension of this situation was at its severest point, a high Chilian official, resident for the time being in Argentina, made a speech on the occasion of a friendly and unofficial gathering. The tenour of his words was to the effect that the peace must be preserved. He explained in all good faith the ardent desire of Chile to this end,

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and went on to say, I believe, that her wish to preserve unruptured relations came from the heart, and was due to no fear of the consequences of a struggle, since the treasury was in the possession of an ample sum of money, the amount of which he named.

It happened that two or three of the wealthiest of all the Argentines were guests at the function at which the speech was made. Whether from the spirit of emulation, or whether from the fact that he considered the Chilian's latter statement illtimed, one of the Argentines, in the course of a subsequent speech, referred to the words of the previous orator. As to the financial sinews of war, he proclaimed, he and his friends who were present that night were prepared to put aside a sum out of their own private pockets which would exceed that referred to by the Chilian. The impression produced by the whole incident—in itself nothing more than a misconstruction of words and motives—was rather painful, and the first speaker is said to have experienced the most keen discomfiture.

Yet, after all, there seems to have been very little reason for any sentiment of this kind on either side. In the enthusiasm of the moment—misplaced or otherwise—both sides appear to have overlooked a most vital factor in the situation as it was. Surely the quality of the men was at least as important as the number of the bags of gold! In this respect, it is true, either nation had good reason to entertain a disproportionate respect for the other; for considering the comparatively short span of their histories, the virility and warlike traditions of both would be hard to beat all the world over. This being so, it is possible that the weight of mere financial metal

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might have won the day. On the other hand, it might well have been otherwise, and the moral of the tale is very little affected by this.

I have no hesitation in repeating this story, since the understanding between the two nations is now complete and the mutual goodwill strengthened a hundredfold by the remembrance of the joint tiding-over of a crisis of the most serious possible nature.

The difficulty which has arisen with Peru is, of course, of a very different nature from this other, and the solution here appears more difficult of achievement. This question, however, is worthy of later remark.

According to a theory—evolved mainly, I think, from maxims of the copy-book order—the Chilian is something of an anomaly. That is to say, he combines the art of doing with that of talking, a feat which these same theories hold to be impossible. A born orator, he can be unstinting both in his praise and in his blame.

I experienced an instance of this one evening when seated at dinner next to a Chilian admiral who has rendered great service to his country. One of the guests, very justly moved to enthusiasm on this head, referred to the admiral in the course of a speech in terms which became more and more eulogistic as the discourse proceeded. Considering the glowing nature of the praise the admiral remained strangely unmoved. He listened with an amiable smile, it is true, but with an air that was rather contemplative than otherwise. At length he turned to me, and explained his views in a terse whisper.

"When these good fellows begin like this," he said,

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"there is only one thing to do—let them go on speaking. Nothing in the world will stop them; or, if there is, I don't know it."

This was typical of the Chilian naval man, who is a true sailor. He is essentially modest, possessing in fact that peculiar diffidence which generally goes hand in hand with active efficiency. I have heard enthusiastic strangers assure Chilian naval men that the *personnel* of their fleet was incomparably the best in South America. Now a civilian would have assented with fervour; why should he not? But not so the sailor.

"Quien sabe?" was the answer. "We hope so, but it has not been put to the test lately."

If the day ever comes for it to be put to the test, I think there is very little fear for the Chilian navy.

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CHAPTER III

VALPARAISO

Before and after the earthquake—The resurrection of the town—Some aspects of the port—The Liverpool of Western South America—Precipices and their manipulation—The legacies of Cochrane—Longshore life—The traffic of the waterfront—A kaleidoscopic scene—Joviality of the Valparaisan—Effects of the earthquake—Its influence on a rich and on a stony soil—Some evidences of national life—Local costume—The Valparaiso cab—The tramway service of the port—Women conductors—Youthful pirates—An incident on the cars—The discomfiture of the petticoat—Mixed striking—The *Manto*—A graceful garment—Valparaiso's foreign element—A notable discrepancy in industrial views—Social position of the British in the port—Some private and public institutions—The popularity of the Bioscope—Pleasure resorts on the Chilian coast.

THERE are many who during the past few years have been given to associate Valparaiso chiefly with earthquake and catastrophe. As a matter of fact the town now bears scarcely a trace of this recent calamity. Here and there, it is true, are buildings of corrugated iron where formerly stood those of stone; but in the main the houses which stand on the site of those destroyed are finer, more modern, and more imposing than their predecessors. There is very little the matter with Valparaiso at the present moment. Some evidences of ruin exist in the country in the neighbourhood; but in the seaport itself no traces of this particular species are to be met with.

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THE PORT, VALPARAISO.

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UNIV. OF
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The pride of the Chilians, it is true, is centred chiefly upon the stately town of Santiago. Nevertheless, although its buildings have not attained to the grandeur that those of the capital can boast, Valparaiso stands as a rival to the inland town in natural beauty. The "Vale of Paradise" sits in a queenly fashion upon the shores of the Pacific. Spread upon a series of mounting slopes, its roofs rise in tiers that start from the edge of the profound blue of the ocean. The hills beyond present a rolling vista to right and left, while to the back, they sweep in an almost unbroken series to the foothills of the Andes themselves.

Valparaiso is to the west of South America that which Liverpool represents to England. But the former possesses an advantage over the latter in that, in addition to its status as a centre of shipping and commerce, it is also a bathing and pleasure resort. To the stranger who first visits it an exploration of the city is fruitful in surprise. It is a town of sudden precipices that stand out here and there in places where one would least have expected them. One may walk along a street, for instance, to find, after rounding a sharp curve in the roadway, that further progress is blocked to all appearance by a lofty wall of rock, hung here and there with clumps of verdure and festoons of flowers, that heaves itself upwards as a barricade across the end of the thoroughfare.

But the Valparaisan understands well enough how to deal with an obstacle such as this. At the foot of the precipice reposes a small station, and, after a minute's pause or so, one may watch the boxlike framework of a lift as it floats upwards. It would

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seem to have broken out through the roof itself of the building to climb along the face of the cliff to the plateau above. In the very centre of the town one may come across precipices of the kind. But as obstacles to progress they have utterly failed. For each is harnessed with its attendant lift, which mounts and falls in unceasing contempt of the barrier.

Valparaiso is perhaps the most Anglicized of all towns in the South American Republics. Indeed, there are not a few streets whose names ring with a homely sound to British ears—with that of Admiral Cochrane well in the forefront. In the bay itself lie his legacies to the Chilian race—trim warships, modern, efficient, well officered and manned. They ride at anchor amid a crowd of dingy cargo boats and a swarm of black barges, much as swans sit among a brood of soiled ducklings. The port itself is a busy enough spot—when the winter's gales have not driven the shipping in terror from the open roadstead of the Bay.

It is in the broad street that lines the water's edge that the shore life is most evident. Here are porters, labourers, dock-hands, and teamsters, all more or less independent in manner, as becomes true Republicans. The longshoreman, too, is there in hordes, with the usual offer to hire out his boat or to ply it himself. To do him justice, his piratical tendencies are less developed than those of the majority of his South American brethren.

Through the crush of pedestrians come the trains of mules, their slim bodies hung about with almost every conceivable article; wine casks, sacks, loads of iron, pieces of furniture, perambulators. It would seem

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an accepted fact that, provided the freight will fit the pack saddle, the mule will bear it. Then will come a string of carts, drawn in the fashion of the country. Inside the shafts is one horse, while another, bearing a rider upon its back, is attached to the cart by means of a single rope. Thus the rider, free to turn to right or left, may ride postillion-wise by the side of the other horse, or act on his own initiative, if he choose.

The street is crowded, and the rattling of the wheels upon the cobblestones is somewhat overpowering, when above this and every other noise sounds a new note. One imagines that a church is drawing near, tolling its bell as it comes. As the deep clanging approaches, the pedestrians move clear of the roadway, while mules and horses, with the pack saddles and carts, are flogged back and driven hastily to one side, Then up the centre of the road comes a train, its ponderous engine looming large above the press of conveyances, that have, of a sudden, grown so fragile and tiny. And then, when it has lumbered through, the space that it cleared for itself has been filled again, and the clatter will continue until the next interruption of the kind.

But Valparaiso has much to boast of beyond the mere commercial assets of its port. It has its plazas, flowered and dotted with palm trees, where the Chilian ladies glide to and fro and where the naval officers and cadets, of a strangely British appearance, and the military in uniforms of German pattern, promenade to the strains of the bands. It has its tramcars, with their women conductors, in holland costumes and straw hats. The vehicles can boast

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of two classes, first beneath and second above. It is a point of honour with a first-class passenger here to stand in an already crowded space beneath rather than court indignity and a restful seat above.

But, notwithstanding this, the Valparaisan is nothing if not jovial. He will dance in the early hours of the morning in the fashionable suburb of Viña del Mar to the light of illuminated fountains that pour out their waters sparkling in all hues. He will bathe in Fisherman's Bay, revelling in the sandy stretch set between the wilderness of rocks to right and left. And when his swim is done he will seat himself upon the bathing pier to watch the rest, sipping his wine the while. For the Valparaisan studies the comforts of existence as keenly as other men.

To return to the subject of the earthquake—which, although now comparatively ancient history, is one which remains of supreme interest to the Valparaisan—it should be explained that the town did not suffer in its entirety. Those streets which had their foundations on the solid rock came out of the gruesome affair almost unscathed. The central portion of the port itself was fortunate enough to come within this category. It was those quarters which were situated on rich, soft soil that suffered the worst fate of all, and in such spots the death roll was appalling.

With the telephonic and railway communications destroyed, and with the town thus cut off from the other communities of the Republic, the situation of the ill-fated city immediately after the calamity may be imagined. It was Don Carlos Edwards, the brother of the present Chilian minister to England,

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who was the first to win his way on horseback from Valparaiso to Santiago, and thus to bear the evil tidings to the capital. It was an arduous and daring journey this, since from one yard to another it was impossible to foresee what mischief the tremendous convulsion of nature might have worked on the road. As it was, the scenes on the way were sufficiently dramatic and heartrending.

Nevertheless, if few traces of the earthquake remain in the city, none at all are evident in the human element of the place. The average Chilian is a person of strong nerves. He may have worn the harassed and haunted look which a holocaust of the kind usually bequeaths for a while to its survivors. If so, he has resolutely driven from him every remembrance—except that peculiarly tragic one connected with the loss of relatives and friends—in favour of his wonted jaunty and jovial manner.

Indeed, the life of all the classes in Valparaiso would seem unusually gay. Moreover, as is the case in the rest of the country, the local colour is marked. A truly national life is demonstrated in many ways. On the very first day spent in the port I noticed a mounted troubadour, his guitar slung across his back, ambling his horse serenely through the business quarter of the place, where "deals" in iron, coal and wheat were being discussed on every side of this strolling minstrel. Never were the ethics of commerce and the serenade brought more closely together!

At every turn, too, there are men in strange ponchos, women clad from head to foot in their black *mantos*, riders whose mounts bear panniers filled with

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every conceivable object, strange harness, new dishes —and then there is the Valparaiso cab!

The Valparaiso cab deserves a paragraph or two to itself. Not on account of its beauty; for the black, box-like fabric hung on tall wheels can claim remarkably little of that virtue. For all that, it is a thing which cannot fail to leave an impression behind—frequently a physical one on the person of its occupant! The sides of this curious vehicle are largely composed of glass: but here again I must beg the reader to imagine from this nothing akin to a royal coach or a Cinderella's chariot. For the major portion of the glass is opaque, stained a dull colour, and ornamented with some crude design which adds the final touch of ugliness to the whole.

Much as I admire Valparaiso, it is necessary to confess that its accepted type of public vehicle is one of the most ramshackle that ever rumbled along a street. Its actual progress is of an order to match. Never was a "fare" bumped upwards towards heaven and flung down again in so violent and frequent a fashion. The thing is an experience, it is true—of a kind that the residents themselves seem rigidly to avoid. Nevertheless, if in search of local colour, by all means charter a Valparaiso cab!

It is quite unnecessary to board one of these perilous vehicles for any other reason, for Valparaiso is provided with a most excellent and efficient tramway service. This institution is rather remarkable in one respect, as are those in Santiago and in many other towns. The ticket collectors are, as I have mentioned before, for the most part, women. They are clad in an official blue uniform and an equally official glazed

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black straw hat. At least it bears the appearance of straw. Whether it is actually constructed of that material or not concerns the ladies more than myself.

These women conductors are undoubtedly efficient, and carry out their duties with a business-like sangfroid which is admirable. At the same time there are occasions when the lack of the male element in their constitution makes itself severely felt. I witnessed at least one instance of the kind which had its amusing side.

One of these was quite noteworthy. On this occasion the tramcar in which I was riding was boarded by a pair of frank pirates. The combined ages of these ruffians did not amount to a very formidable figure, since the pair, both much of an age, could scarcely have seen twenty summers between them. Nevertheless, their enterprise was in advance of their years. They leaped on board when the car was in full career, and seated themselves on the step, enjoying to the full the sensation of a free ride.

The temperament of the pair became evident when the request of the lady conductor for their descent was met by a grim silence. A second and a third suggestion to the same end left them still silent and unmoved. The lady conductor surveyed them for a while in silent perplexity. It was becoming evident that none but the strongest measures would prevail. For a while she gazed reflectively towards the two small forms which remained seated with their backs turned in contempt towards her. It was evident that she was searching for the most vulnerable part of their persons.

At length an inspiration seized her. The boys

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were hatless, but each possessed a lengthy shock of hair. Diving forward, she twined her fingers in the untidy locks of one, and with twisting pulls began to screw them round on his head in a most capable fashion. After a while the youngster began to howl, and then in despair leaped from the place of his torment. The lady's task was half done.

Flushed with triumph, she turned to the remaining youthful miscreant. But, if she had expected the same result, she was disappointed here. The boy howled as loudly as the first, it is true, but his determination must have been adamant. The wrenches increased every moment in vigour; but the boy never budged. Although his laments increased in intensity, his body remained unmoved. He was apparently prepared to sit, to suffer torture, and to howl for hours on end. In the end the lady conductor gave it up in despair. Shamefacedly she went in search of her ally, the male driver, and a few seconds later, the bold urchin was careering down the street in full flight, rubbing his sore head the while. It must be confessed that the episode provided a lesson as to the limitations of trouserless, if charming, lady conductors, which might with profit be carried further afield.

On one occasion when I was in Valparaiso the tramway employees were on strike, more than to a man, since the women collectors were loyally involved. They had probably counted on an easy victory, since they depended in the light of valuable allies on the somewhat bumpy condition of the roadway apart from the tramway lines. Nevertheless a certain spirit of independence was shown by both masters and passengers. Indeed, no little enterprise was exhibited

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in providing substitutes for the official cars. Large wagons were fitted with a double row of seats running lengthways, and these improvised passenger vehicles rolled merrily to and fro, swaying in a fashion only possible to Valparaisan wheeled vehicles. Meanwhile the strikers, innocent of any tendency whatever to "peaceful picketing," strolled about the streets, and, both male and female, gazed with frank curiosity at the substitutes on the road. Of course they saw much more of one another than when the body of the car intervened. They may have found this period of strike the happiest in their lives! There may have been courtship, marriage—and there may be, even now, a number of very young conductors in consequence, who knows?

I have mentioned the *manto* as being the national cloak of the Chilian women. This particular object, as a matter of fact, is worthy of a more detailed description, so intimately does it enter into the domestic and pictorial life of the Republic.

The *manto* is, I believe, a characteristic of the Chilian woman alone. The garment is invariably black, and is swathed about the head in the manner of a coif. Then, drawn in at the neck, it falls in graceful folds to the feet. It might be imagined that, concealing the outlines of the figure as it does, the *manto* would make all women look much alike. But this is not so. There is something peculiarly subtle about the garment. Indeed, it seems to suit equally well the woman with a graceful figure, and her sister who is popularly held to possess none at all, by which may be implied too much or too little of that fortunate attribute.

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The severity of the plain folds is undeniable. Yet its dignity fits the carriage of the Chilian woman in the most admirable fashion. It is extraordinary what can be done with a few yards of black drapery when manipulated by efficient hands. The spectacular range of the *mantò* can even be made to include an atmosphere of coquetry, and the thing is not seldom employed to that end; not that it was ever intended to fulfil any such purpose. Nevertheless it is a poor compliment to woman to imagine that her individuality can be checked by a mere similarity in colour and design.

Needless to say that the higher classes of Chilian women have emancipated themselves to a considerable extent from the tyranny of the *manto*. Nevertheless they retain it strictly for feast days and Sundays and for churchgoing in general. It is on days such as these that the effect of the *manto* becomes really evident. With the streets filled with women in this national custume, the appearance of the town is that of a city in mourning, at least so it seems to the newcomer until he has become accustomed to the sight of the costume. For all that, the garb is one that grows on acquaintance, and it would be a lamentable day for Chile were it ever to die out completely.

As so often happens, this quest of a woman's fluttering garment has led us away from our main object, which still remains Valparaiso, these lighter feminine temptations notwithstanding.

The foreign element of the city is the most considerable and the most influential in the Republic. The British Community holds its own here so far as status is concerned, although in the industrial and

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commercial world the Germans are making very serious inroads in the province that was once almost entirely British. This situation, however, is only on a par with that which prevails throughout South America. Indeed, one of the features of the British industrial situation at the present time which appears altogether puzzling is the discrepancy between the views of the British manufacturer or merchant at home and those of his colleagues abroad. The first is wont to be highly complacent, the second deeply discontented. The first claims that nothing could exceed the prosperity of the country; the second is emphatic in his assertion that the ground is rapidly sliding from beneath the foundations of British industry.

It is impossible for one who has travelled in these important foreign markets not to admit the justice of the latter assertion, of course in its local sense. How is it possible to do otherwise when the evidence refuses point blank to hide itself from the eyes that representatives of other nations now stand, so far as these foreign markets are concerned, in the place formerly occupied by the British?

It is true that in many cases no actual decrease in the quantities of these British exports is to be discerned. Notwithstanding this illusory firmness, the loss most emphatically exists, in view of the tremendous ratio in the increase of the exports of other nations. It seems to me that what is actually occurring is this. For the sake of argument we may put the total importation value of one of these wealthy South American Republics at fifteen millions twenty years ago. For the sake of argument again let us put the British share —the lion's share—of these importations at twelve

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millions sterling. That was twenty years ago. Now, the imports of this same Republic will probably have risen to fifty millions—of which the British share may be fifteen millions. The complacent man at home will point to the increase. Has he any justification whatever for this? I doubt it. Moreover, this lamentable process continues, with an ever increasing percentage on the wrong side. It is merely necessary to leave things just as they are for a sufficient while in order to arrive at the inevitable end. Of course, I have taken these illustrative figures at haphazard; but I fear that they coincide only too accurately with the tendency of the situation. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to have them proved false.

It must not be inferred from all this that the British in Valparaiso are stagnant. Far from it; for there is plenty of life in this community, which appears to find its exile a very pleasant one. The average type of Englishman here, as in many other places in Chile, is, from the social point of view, a far greater success than in many other places in South America. Certainly the majority of these have a legitimate right to the standing they occupy. Thus the fraternization between these and the Chilians has been very complete with the most agreeable consequences. As a nation we are popular in Chile! If for nothing beyond this sense of discrimination we must yield the Chilian profound respect!

Although the close vicinity of the fashionable seaside resort Viña del Mar detracts somewhat from the more aristocratic pleasures of the seaport itself, Valparaiso is amply provided with amusements. It has a number of clubs, two or three of which are of

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the first order. It has its racing, rowing, and general sporting and athletic institutions. In all such matters the Chilian is very keen, and a regatta in the bay is a popular event well worth the watching.

Public music is as much in vogue in Valparaiso as elsewhere in the Republic. An important general meeting-place in the evening is the Plaza Victoria where a most efficient military band is wont to play. In the centre of the square are seats, and on the outskirts promenade the Valparaisans in two perfectly ordered streams flowing contrariwise side by side, a species of strictly regulated progress which reveals something of the Chilian character.

And then, when the theatres are closed—or even when they are open—there are of course the Bioscope halls. One of the new streets in a quarter of the town which suffered more particularly from the earthquake is especially devoted to these palaces of shadowed life. Here the music of the electric bells which advertise the performances of each is incessant, and, judging by the crowds which hasten to the spot after the day's work is done, the pecuniary profits of these establishments should be considerable.

There is no doubt, indeed, that in this chief seaport the less wealthy class is more favourably placed in the way of general recreation than is usual in South America. Amusements of the order I have described are within the reach of all; for living—whether in the way of toil or amusement—is cheap in the Republic. Beyond this there are many natural advantages due to the topography of the place.

Chile is especially fortunate in its coast in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso. From the human

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point of view there could be no pleasanter fringe to the sea than these massive piles of rocks which shelter such an enticing array of glittering sandy beaches. The Chilians realize this to the full, and have taken ample advantage of what nature has given them. This is more especially true of that particular class of people which corresponds to those pleasure-seeking workers of the lower middle class who in England seize the various opportunities offered them to hasten to the popular seaside resorts.

Chile possesses a type which answers very closely to these, although naturally infinitely less numerous. Its representatives take their pleasures in a somewhat different fashion, it is true. When upon such excursions they are, I think, more fully appreciative of the natural beauties which surround them. Certainly they are less noisy and more philosophically inclined. There is sufficient reason for this. The sea is a daily and an intimate friend of the Valparaisan, and it is unnecessary for him to crowd into third class carriages, and to labour at such tremendous pressure in search of amusement.

Moreover, when once among his beaches, the Chilian is master of all he surveys, although the horizon he has chosen must necessarily be confined. He can play at being a Selkirk—that Selkirk who actually lived on the island which is somewhere just below the blue curve of the ocean that laps the coast here. Nothing is simpler than to walk along the edge of the sea, and for the time being to take undisputed possession of one of those tempting little stretches of yellow sand which opens its flat breast to the waters, but hedges off the outer world to

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the landward side by means of its barriers of lofty boulders.

It is in such places as these that on a Sunday or Feast Day you will see many a Chilian family, fishing, idling, bathing, collecting seashore treasures, and, in fact, enjoying the spot just as nature seems to have intended it should be enjoyed. There are times when it is more delightful to catch one small fish in a tiny pool than it is to haul out a great series of heavy, finned monsters from a proper boat with a conventional hook and line.

Of course there are other places more elaborate, to say nothing of Viña del Mar, which comes in another category altogether. There are spots with important bathing sheds, and rows of separate wooden boxes and tents. There are piers jutting out into the sea here, and restaurants, and cafés, and occasionally music. It is altogether another species of enjoyment, this, from the first. In order to taste its flavour there must be crowds. Such a place empty would be as melancholy as a crowded stretch of remote beach. Still, judging from the numbers of folk which throng them, there can be no doubt that the enjoyment of these more populous stretches is at least as keen as that of the others.

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CHAPTER IV

VIÑA DEL MAR

The most favoured seaside resort of Chile—Some aspects of the place—The predominance of the horse over the motor—Some varied attractions—The racecourse—A cheap form of amusement—A steeplechase episode—Racing and its uncertainties—The appointments of the course—A sporting crowd—The hospitality of the stewards—Some ceremonies of welcome—The Playa—A fashionable Promenade—A light-hearted gathering—The Viña del Mar Club—Some difficulties concerning the return.

As a Chilian seaside resort, Viña del Mar stands alone. There are other places on the Pacific coast in the neighbourhood where people gather together in a more or less desultory fashion, but none of these dare to compare themselves in any way whatever with Viña del Mar.

Viña del Mar is essentially aristocratic. It is a magnet, moreover, of far-reaching attractions. The spot draws its summer inhabitants not only across the half dozen miles which separate it from Valparaiso, but from the distant capital Santiago itself. As a result during the months of February and March, the favoured place is filled to overflowing.

The railway station itself forms some index to the character of the place at this season. The arrival of the train witnesses an astonishing assemblage of

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waiting vehicles. The motor car, it is true, does not figure prominently among these, since, owing to the character of the surroundings, rather than to want of enterprise, the Chilian has not taken to these particular conveyances with the same enthusiasm that is evident in some other parts of South America. In this I think he is wise. But even were it a fault, the failing is amply atoned for by the quality of the turn-outs, or turns-out, whichever may be correct.

Smartness is the key-note of Viña del Mar, a smartness, moreover, of a subdued and most estimable kind. The carriages and pairs here, the dog-carts, ralli-carts, and, in fact, every species of vehicle of the kind are in excellent taste and perfect condition, as are the horses themselves—I seem to have committed the tactical error of placing the cart before the horse—and the liveries of the grooms.

Indeed, all such things are at their very best here; for Viña del Mar, although it serves an additional rôle as a suburb of Valparaiso, is frankly a spot of pleasure. The place is increasing in size with a marked rapidity, and the price of land, incidentally, is mounting in sympathy with the growth. New villas have been set up beside the old, new gardens have been planted, and the resort is rapidly assuming an importance which may one day bring it world-wide fame. Viña del Mar, in fact, claims all things that a pleasure resort of the kind should have. In the first place, taking the fair women and brave men for granted, we have flowers in a wonderful array, blue sky, rocks, and blue sea; châlet-covered hills, and, in fact, every necessary attribute.

Viña del Mar is justly proud of its racecourse.

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The spot, indeed, is doubly fortunate, both in itself and in its natural surroundings. As a background to the track, nothing could be more admirably suited than the hills which hedge it on all sides but one, and which, indeed, advance so near at one point as to rise abruptly from the back of the paddock itself.

If you are a Valparaisan it is a very simple matter to attend the races at Viña del Mar, since in half-an-hour or so the train will take you from any of the port stations directly to the edge of the course itself. If the condition of your finances prevent you from attending, they must be low indeed, since for two dollars—the equivalent of one shilling and eightpence—you can obtain a return railway fare and admission to the cheapest public stand. So, as far as the spectator is concerned, racing at Viña del Mar is not a sport confined to the wealthy. The course itself is of grass, a luxury unusual in South America, and the effect of the stands, glowing with the pink blossoms of the creeping geraniums, is distinctly pleasant. As a matter of fact, the occasion of my first visit to the Viña del Mar racecourse chanced to turn out a rather more eventful day than I had anticipated at the moment of setting out.

From the very start, indeed, it was a day of episode. The first event, a steeplechase, was productive of one of the most comical scenes ever witnessed on a course. The field was small and the jumps quite sufficiently stiff, thus towards the finish only two of the competitors were left in the running. A third, who had already taken a toss and was walking his horse along almost a lap behind, appeared an utterly negligible quantity.

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The two horses which continued to take an active interest in the race were making for the last jump—so far as I remember an ordinary hurdle, and one of the easiest on the course. The leader took it with consummate ease and came sweeping in triumph past the winning-post. Not so the second. Although the animal had until then refused no obstacle in the race, this last appeared to have affected his nerves. At all events, he refused point blank, and continued his obstinacy, moreover, when pushed at the hurdle a second and a third time.

In the meanwhile the rider of the animal which, as I have explained, was pacing gently along almost a lap in the rear, perceived from the distance that which was occurring. So bending forward in haste he set his horse going once more, while the laughter of the crowd swelled steadily in volume. As the horse in the rear, taking his jumps like clockwork, drew nearer as remorselessly as fate, and all the while the hapless holder of the second place continued to refuse, the excitement of the situation grew to a delirious point. Not until the third had cleared the last obstacle which separated him from his rival did the latter awake to the sense of his responsibilites. Then, at length, spurred on by conscience and his rider, he condescended to scramble over the hurdle, and to canter past the post. It was a race that was worth much to the crowd.

After this, being a stranger, I was taken charge of by the officials, and in the most kindly fashion was shown all there was to see, from the point of vantage on the summit of the stand to the paddock, loose-boxes, and weighing-room. Everything appeared quite

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perfect of its kind; but the officials did not seem content. There were still improvements to be made, they contended. The already spacious paddock was to be increased in size, the number of sheltering trees added to, and a greater variety of flower-beds provided. No doubt they knew best, but the place seemed to me quite well enough as it was.

Leaving the sacred precincts reserved for the club, we made a tour of the public stands and enclosures. The officials were enthusiastic in their praise of the crowd that came out from Valparaiso. Never, they declared, were folk more fully blessed with the instincts of sport combined with discipline. They were as familiar with the business of racing as any other people in the world; but were the third horse given out as the winner they would suffer the mistake without a murmur. They had learned, in fact, to respect a decision—a further fact which reveals not a little of the national character.

Gazing at the thousands who thronged the enclosures, I found it easy enough to understand that the praise was well grounded. The sturdy company to a man showed itself as orderly and tranquil as though its members were engaged on a private picnic. The same pleasant state prevailed at the place of the *pari mutuel*. Each placed his stake, and accepted his loss or drew his money with a casual gravity worthy of a banker's clerk. Whether it was beneficial for their pockets or morals—I place the words intentionally in this order, since the first frequently affects the second—I do not know. With that part of the question I am not concerned. One could only judge, not by their deeds, but by the manner in which they did them.

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ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO THE CERRO SANTA LUCIA
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Then back once again to the paddock, where the horses for the coming race paced in circles through the company of well-groomed men—and ladies to correspond. One cannot continue to elaborate the charms of the Chilian ladies endlessly; they have been sung with justice over and over again for many years. A notable feature of the gathering was the universal acquaintance which seemed to prevail. Every one, in fact, knew every one else, with an intimacy, moreover, which appeared astonishing considering the numbers which thronged the paddock.

The race concluded, it was necessary to see the stewards' room. The numbers of these gentlemen were about equally divided between the Chilian and English nationalities. For all that, an intimacy prevailed between the two such as I have seldom remarked elsewhere in South America. Never, I am sure, was the accident of divided nationality so successfully ignored.

It was in this stewards' room that the first inception of the tremendous hospitality of Viña del Mar commenced. How it was done and who gave the signal I have no idea. Suffice to say that in the twinkling of an eye the place was filled with servants bearing champagne. Since it was explained that the thing was effected in honour of the stranger the function was gratifying.

Immediately following the last race, came an urgent summons to return to the stewards' room. It had been discovered that a past president of this Club Sportiva was visiting the place after a long absence. Again the room was invaded by servants

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bearing bottles of champagne, and again the ceremony of welcome was enthusiastically rendered.

Supposing that the functions of the hour had come to an end, one or two of the company had risen to depart. Loud protests brought the movement to an abrupt halt. It appears that these should have known, since the rest were familiar with the fact, that it was the silver-wedding day of one of the stewards. Those who had been on the eve of departure remained with an apologetic air, while once again the men with the gold-foil bottles entered.

Then, when all the folk had streamed towards the exit gate, followed the drive to the Playa—a crowded procession of carriages that went along the broad, soft streets through the cool air of the darkening day. The Playa was already illuminated when we arrived, and the broad promenade was filled to overflowing with the waiting carriages. On the rocks beneath the great smooth rollers were pounding themselves to foam. Just then, however, the sea had little interest for the world of Viña del Mar. The season was drawing to its close; there were thousands of greetings and hundreds of conversations—all to be effected in a limited space of time. For sheer joviality and open-hearted *camaraderie* I do not think I have ever seen the like.

What was one to do? After all, there was but one thing. There was a rush towards the restaurant that sat on the rocks above the sea. Once again the tables became covered in some magical fashion with the inevitable gold-necked bottles, and the grey-beards of age and the smooth cheeks of youth sat

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down side by side—or, to be more accurate, this feat was achieved by their respective owners.

Do not suppose that I am about to describe an orgy. Far from it. The wine, although it flowed in a tropical shower, seemed in itself utterly incapable of adding to the natural joviality of these Chilians. The whole thing was a family party, consisting of some hundreds of units, it is true. It did not matter in the least at which table one sat; chairs might be exchanged a score of times, and the result was everywhere the same. There was apparently no single element in the room that could not be absorbed by the rest in a complete unity.

The thing was illustrated yet more strongly in the drive to the club that ensued. Out of the scores of vehicles, what did it matter which one was taken? The coachmen and grooms, moreover, seemed perfectly alive to the fact that it was all one. So many who had arrived with one horse drove back with two, and others who had come in a motor-car found themselves borne back in a ralli-cart. All were bound the same way, so how could it concern any one but themselves? And thus to the more serious matter of dinner at the Club.

The light-hearted *insouciance* of the Chilian was evident again much later in the evening. It was necessary for some of us to return to Valparaiso. As it happened, the road to that place was at the time impassable for motor-cars and carriages, although the tram-cars plied regularly enough along their lines. But the last tram-car was timed to depart in the neighbourhood of midnight, and the last passenger train some two hours earlier. Nevertheless, overcome

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by the protests of the company, we had stayed on beyond these times. A way would be found, we were assured by the rest, and we had taken comfort from the knack which the Chilian seems to possess of getting out of a scrape.

Sure enough, when the gathering finally broke up, a number of our hosts were hastening towards the darkened station, there to arouse the sleepy officials, and to make arrangements for a passage on the next freight-train. The thing was completed with a calm rapidity which was comforting in itself. But all the trouble proved unnecessary; for just then a brilliantly lit tram-car came grinding up out of the darkness. It was, as a matter of fact, an anachronistic car, and had no right to be out and about at an hour when it should have been sleeping in the blackness of its shed. The same might have been said of its new passengers. In any case, no one enquired the reason of the presence of the belated thing, and on what special excursion it had been. It was enough for us that it was bearing us back to Valparaiso, sending up clouds of dust to powder the night air.

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CHAPTER V

SAN ISIDRO

A famous property—The Edwards family—The earthquake and its work—Quillota—An ancient town—Some curiosities of architecture—The Road to the Hacienda—Questions concerning the mouthing of horses—Scenes on the property—The ubiquitous Andes—Varying aspects of the range—Luxuriant fields—Irrigation and its results—The lanes of the Hacienda—Cereals and live-stock—Delightful pleasure grounds—A ruined palace—A Chilian lunch—Some dishes of the country—A remarkable tree—Products of the Hacienda—A comprehensive estate.

It was something to see the Hacienda of San Isidro. In the first place the estate was the property of one of the most notable families in Chile. Not that this in itself went for very much, since the possessions of historical folk are not necessarily interesting in themselves. San Isidro, however, was in the enjoyment of no little fame from its intrinsic merits. As for myself, I cannot claim the place as a discovery of my own. Indeed, the number of prominent visitors to the country which its hospitable roof has sheltered is well enough known. But this was before the earthquake when the great central edifice came tumbling to the ground. Now this hospitable roof is lowly placed. It is cheek by jowl, indeed, with the débris of pillars and stones upon the ground. Yet its proprietors, the señores Edwards, continue to entertain, although the

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new premises which have raised themselves in the neighbourhood of the old are of a more temporary and less magnificent design. But the time has not yet come to enter into details of this kind. If the scene of hospitality is more limited than was formerly the case, that is the fault of the earthquake, and this condition, too, may be regarded as nothing more than temporary.

San Isidro is in the neighbourhood of Quillota, a town which is situated some twenty or thirty miles to the north of Valparaiso. Quillota, as a matter of fact, is one of the oldest cities in Chile. The place is by no means without interest, although not of a kind which leaps immediately to the eye. A casual glimpse of the spot would impress no one, not even a being strayed from the lonely heart of the Andes. Even this latter would probably carry away with him an impression of long, uninteresting streets, filled with a certain jumble of men, horses, and carts, thoroughfares along which plied curious little tram-cars hauled strenuously by casual bunches of rather under-sized ponies.

But a more complete inspection of Quillota will reveal much more than this. Peering out from the streets of lowly houses and cottages are many buildings which show signs of genuine antiquity. Strange designs, quaint barred windows, and many curiosities of carving abound in Quillota. But, since panoramically there is little to distinguish these relics of a past age from their more modern neighbours, they must be looked for, for they of themselves will do little to assist the hasty searcher.

On this particular occasion it must be admitted

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that facilities for close inspection were notably lacking. The four excellent horses which drew Mr. Edward's coach sped along at a pace far too rapid for anything of the kind, Indeed, it seemed but a moment or two ere the gaps between the houses lengthened and ere the vegetation began to assert itself in earnest in the spaces between the walls. Then we were thudding along the soft country road between the hedges and tiled walls which shut off the thoroughfare from the fields on either hand.

It was not long before we arrived at the frontiers of San Isidro. There were cross-roads and lanes here, some of which ran through the territories of the hacienda, while others contented themselves with fringing its borders. Here, too, were saddle-horses in waiting, handsome and stout Chilian cobs of weight-carrying capacity and unmistakable breed.

And here let me digress for a moment, however loath one may be to leave the road which leads through the hacienda even for a short while. To the Anglo-Saxon it is a pleasant thing to ride a horse mouthed to the snaffle such as are these and nearly every mount of value in Chile. The jaw-breaking bits which are so popular with the stockriders in all parts of South America are picturesque, and to a certain extent time-honoured, yet it seems to me that their power is needlessly severe. There is surely no reason why a horse's mouth should not be allowed to retain its softness, remaining amenable to the lightest touch, and thus render unnecessary these instruments of guidance which are nothing less than engines of torture. This has been definitely proved in our own Colonies as well as here in Chile, to say nothing of

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the case of the really valuable animals throughout the Southern Continent.

But to continue—with this snaffle-rein in question in one's hand. Once in the saddle, what need is there to take notice any more of the high road? So through a gate, and into a field where the alfalfa is sprouting in all the glory of its dense green carpet. It is a most enjoyable spot, this, hedged in on every side by willow and poplar and eucalyptus. Thus the verdure of the foreground is everywhere set within other shades of green, greatly to the comfort of the eye. For relief there are the field flowers which cluster by the banks of the slender irrigating streams, and the vivid scarlet splashes of the parasite *quintral* which flaunts its brilliant great patches from out of the sheltering leaves of the willow and poplar.

As a background to the whole rose the Andes. This explanation will doubtless seem foolish and superfluous to one who is really familiar with Chile. With the exception of the far South, where the range has become dispersed in a confused and ubiquitous collection of great hills, what point in Chile is there from which these Andes are not visible? It need not be supposed that this all-pervading presence of the mountains is productive of monotony in scenery. The only feature of the range which seems permanent is its shape. I would not suggest that a stray earthquake might not even disturb this from time to time. But not to such an extent as to make the change remarkable to the human eye.

In other respects, such as that of colour, the panorama of the Andes is kaleidoscopic. It is strange how utterly these overpowering masses of solidity are

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at the mercy of thin atmosphere and fleecy cloud. Yet these vast peaks will blush as easily as a girl of seventeen—I allude of course to the sentimental and still popular conception of that most interesting personage—and will pale as rapidly as a stricken man; all this at the mercy of the air! It is a most eloquent range, this. It will glow in scarlet, shimmer in pink and mauve, soften into a blue haze, and from time to time will die away in dull browns and dim greys.

But of course it knows an infinity of tones beyond these. Just now it has assumed its most dreamy garb, a very soft and translucent violet. At the moment the peaks look curiously tender, strangely inviting. Yet I doubt if their rock is any the softer for that. For the sake of mere personal comfort, perhaps they had better continue to remain at a distance, and to wear these enchanting horizon clothes. As a background they are perfect.

All this, however, has very little to do with the spreading fields of San Isidro. During this interlude given up to the tints of the Andes, we have been cantering through the thick green carpet of the alfalfa where the Durham cattle are grazing in the leisurely and ponderous fashion of their kind. The reason of this marvellous verdure became evident as we rode. Streams were running in all directions through the alfalfa. The force of irrigation was at work, and it had made its benefits sufficiently clear.

Presently we had left the first paddock, and had entered a broad extent of grass, hedged in by trees in similar fashion to the first. Here were horses; brood-mares and yearlings and others, hundreds of them, each showing eloquent signs of breed. Then

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we had passed through a gate and had entered a lane, one of the many which constituted the system of thoroughfares with which San Isidro is so well provided.

It was a very pleasant lane, admirably adapted to the comfort of its human and animal passengers. Although as broad as an average English main road, almost every yard of its surface was sufficiently shaded from the rays of the sun. The variety of trees which lined it was considerable. Tall acacias were there, and many other species besides, while the green spread of enormous walnut and chestnut trees blended its leafage in close confusion overhead.

But this lane was not intended merely to please the eye. It fulfilled its sterner duties as well. It was, as a matter of fact, a prosperous thoroughfare which gave evidence of the industry of the hacienda. Massive wagons laden with farm produce, fruit, and many other things besides went rumbling along beneath the curtain of leafage, while riders, picturesque in the national garb, went hastening to and fro, their horses' hoofs thudding on the inch or two of dust which went to soften the firm surface of the way.

For a mile or so we cantered along this idyllic thoroughfare until we came to a spot where a cross road of precisely similar nature intersected the first. A few hundred yards down this and we had come to a broad open space, around which was a village of buildings and sheds. Here arose the noise of steam engines and of threshing machines, while wagon after wagon lumbered up to the spot to produce its contribution to the golden harvest. Then onwards again through fields of fruit and countless acres of

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those vegetables of which the country is a liberal yielder, while every now and then the surface of the land would be broken by the broader stretches of the yellow-green ripening maize. Then onwards again to where the great companies of dairy cows were grazing, past plantations of saplings and groves of heavy mature timber, until we arrived at the grounds which surrounded the main house itself and its auxiliary buildings.

It was now evident that we had left for the time being the industrial side of the hacienda. Indeed from the point of view of studied beauty these grounds compared favourably with anything I have seen in the other Republics of South America. Both shaded drives and stately avenues abounded in palms and exotic blossoms, as well as in flowering shrubs and the blossoms of temperate climes. The whole afforded the most admirable setting for the type of house which should adorn the centre of this very fair spot. Alas! Just now these wonderful surroundings enclose little beyond a ruin.

At the place where the avenues and the long flights of stone stairways concentrate is an enormous pile of broken and tumbled masonry from the midst of which an occasional column and fragment of wall still rears itself aloft. They are the ruins of the house which was as famous for its hospitality as for the beauty of its construction. Nothing can be more expressive of the tragedy of the earthquake than this. Heavy blocks of masonry flung helter skelter on the ground, the carved wood ceiling of the great dining-room balancing itself perilously upon the loftier angles of the confused mass, the stone of courtyards and patio

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littered and broken—this splendid desolation is inhabited now by the lizard and nothing more.

In the neighbourhood, screened off from the sight of the one-time main building, are other houses, it is true, and a residence, constructed after the tragedy, for the officials of the hacienda which is in itself imposing enough for the ordinary person. But for some reason or other all this seems dwarfed in the mind by the sight of the mounds of fallen masonry in the centre of all. The thing is accentuated by the immediate surroundings of the place. A large lake which added to the beauty of the spot has, it is true, been robbed of much of its water by the convulsion. Otherwise all is as it was. Gardens, avenues and terraces still spread themselves in intact and placid expectancy of the new residence which doubtless they will one day guard.

There is another attribute of the spot which even the earthquake has been unable to steal from it. The view from the site of the house remains as entrancing as ever. Down below stretches the fertile central valley of Chile, a smiling green expanse, dotted by its clumps of loftier verdure, and seamed by its long lines of poplar lanes, while the colours of the various growths in the fields vary still more the monotony of the universal green, until the rich plains are brought to an abrupt end by the mountains which rise again on the opposite side.

But even a panorama of this kind, however pleasant to the eye, is not in itself sufficient to support the human frame. So to an *al fresco* lunch in a spot which the gardener, assisted by Nature, has turned into a more fascinating dining-room than any enclosed by

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mere walls of brick or stone. In the shade of the great trees, lightened in the foreground by feathery clumps of bamboo, and glowing at innumerable points with blossoms of all hues, what finer spot could there be for lunch! And a Chilian lunch, moreover, with *Casuela* soup, one of the most excellent of national dishes, to lead the way.

After which, having once broken the ice, why not plunge headlong into a metaphorical sea of what may appear perilously to resemble gluttony? Yet with a really dainty repast such as this one eaten beneath the trees, the latter word has no concern, after all. Moreover, national dishes hold as much local colour as anything else. Therefore I will not shirk from a description of the *humitas*, the pulped and extremely savoury Indian corn served within its own leaf, nor from that of the *fregolas*, the beans of the country so cunningly prepared, and least of all from the *quesillos*, those astonishing little cheeses with which the meal began and ended. Now as a cheese, the *quesillo* stands apart from anything I have seen. Its small discs are snow white, and, though blessed with a curious crispness, seem of a texture little more solid than that of snow. In this respect the staying powers of the materials are consistent. Its life may be a little longer than that of winter's white curtain, but it is less than that of a butterfly, which latter insect has no concern whatever with snow. In brief, the *quesillo* must be eaten fresh, or not at all. It is a flitting and transient thing, as delightful as all the rest of its order—a sort of æthereal substance which melts in the mouth, and fills the crevices of the inner man as imperceptibly and with as little apparent effort as the tide rises on the shore!

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Perhaps this mass of description is somewhat too weighty to hang upon such a frail thing as the *quesillo*. In the neighbourhood of the luncheon place was an object which was far better able to support anything of the kind. This was a rubber tree, a *Ficus macrofolia*, of a perfectly astonishing size. It was a famous growth, this, and richly merits its celebrity. I have seen the banyan which is popularly held to be capable of sheltering whole villages beneath its spread. But this Ficus Macrofolia, springing from its single gigantic trunk, with its branches and leafage perfect in outline and shape, was infinitely more imposing than any of this eastern tribe. You could pace round the edge of its accurate circle of verdure, and you could have counted one hundred and fifty steps of a yard each until you came again to the place from which you started. This will give you some idea of this mountainous growth of green. As to the dimensions of the trunk, I have, unfortunately, no record, since this surprising circumference of the larger circle drove from the mind the thought of the smaller. But the size of this latter was correspondingly immense.

But in the meantime the coach with its four horses had made its appearance in order to help us make a lengthier inspection of the outer highways of the hacienda. This time the way led amongst the very foothills of the Andes, winding in a great sweep through the fields and plantations and groves which make up the eastern side of the estate. Everywhere the same order was apparent, and the comprehensiveness of the place became more and more clear.

Perhaps the best idea of this latter will be given by a bald account of the various animals and products

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which it supports. Concerning its pedigree stock, first of all, the estate is provided with ten notable Durham bulls—the majority winners of important prizes—three of which have been brought over from England. Besides these, there are others of rather less brilliant descent, and, of course, the ordinary herds of the hacienda.

In the matter of horseflesh, the same remarks apply to the pedigree sires and dams as to the bulls. Beyond those bred for racing purposes, are the Yorkshire and Percheron strains, and a sire or two which have been imported from the United States. The brood mares comprise 110 Yorkshires, 80 Percherons, and 75 Arabs. Passing on to the topic of sheep, one may admit that the pedigree rams are of relatively minor importance, although the level of the 8000 sheep which the place carries is as high as can be desired for practical purposes.

The dairy industry is a notable feature of the hacienda, as will be evident when it is explained that no fewer than 800 milch cows thrive on its pastures, 600 of which are milked daily. The industry, of course, comprises cheese-making.

In addition to this there is the agricultural side of the estate, which comprises wheat, barley, maize, and, indeed, all the cereals common to the latitude, as well as the alfalfa, without which scarcely a South American property considers itself quite complete. An important feature of this agriculture is the market gardening which is conducted on so large a scale. It would be out of place here to refer in detail to the various vegetables and fruits which the hacienda produces, since I am referring to these fully in

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another chapter. Suffice to say that the range is admirably represented in quality as well as in bulk.

Timber, both hard and soft, completes the list of the hacienda's products. From all of which it will be evident that San Isidro is not a place of mere beauty and nothing beyond. Indeed, as a practical illustration of the possibilities of Chilian farming, it serves as an admirable object-lesson.

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CHAPTER VI

SANTIAGO

Situation of the capital—The Alameda—A magnificent boulevard—A truly Chilian town—Some casual episodes—The driver and the handkerchief—Santiago and its season—Society in the capital—The Club de la Union—An imposing institution—The "cocktail" hour—Sociability and its evidences—The Chilian government services—The Escuela Militar—Chilian cadets at home—Methods of education and training—Comprehensiveness of the establishment—The Santiago police—Their uniform and weapons—Organization of the fire brigades—Volunteer corps—Hotels—The Restaurant Santiago—Some characteristics of the place—Streets and their paving—Traffic of the city—An American comment on the River Mapocho.

FATE has not seen fit to place Santiago by the side of the waves. In return it would seem to have endowed the town with almost every other conceivable natural advantage. Situated on a lofty plateau hedged in on three sides by the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, watered by a river and by a number of lesser streams whose course has been induced by artificial means to serve the needs of the capital, Santiago presents as pleasing a vista as is possible for any place of brick and stone and verdure.

Since this work holds out no pretensions to the comprehensiveness of a guide book, I have no intention of dealing in detail with the topography of the place. Its churches, public buildings, art galleries,

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courts of justice, and in fact the entire collection of its great erections of the kind are fully worthy of the capital of Chile, from which may be taken for granted that each is peculiarly fine of its kind.

At this juncture there is only one feature which I will comment on. Its introduction will serve to give the stranger some slight acquaintance with one of the aspects of Santiago, and may serve as a keynote to much of the rest. This is the Alameda, the chief boulevard of the capital. This very fine street runs in a direct line for almost three miles, and the thoroughfare must be one of the widest in the world. But it is not only for its length and breadth that the Alameda is famed. Down the centre extends a broad belt of trees—oak, poplar, plane, and others of Chilian growth. The centre space thus pleasantly shaded—stocked moreover with statues, fountains and similar ornamentations—is in itself far wider than the average street of a city, and the outlook from the buildings on either hand is thus delightful.

As a matter of fact, the actual length of this magnificent street is greater than that officially declared, since it is carried on at either end under other names, for the whole length of the town. Thus the horizon at its northern extremity is accentuated by a peep of the distant mountains.

As a town Santiago is far less cosmopolitan than Valparaiso. Although it boasts a population of over four hundred thousand, rather more than double that of the chief port, I doubt whether the number of foreigners resident in the capital would equal the half of those in Valparaiso. The atmosphere of Santiago, although cosmopolitan enough in some

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THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO.

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senses, is thoroughly Chilian. In the centre of administration this is only as it should be.

Yet it does not do to credit every man in the streets of Santiago with Chilian nationality. The first stranger there of whom I had occasion to ask a question was a chauffeur. His reply to my query in alleged pure Castilian came in familiar tones.

"I beg your pardon, sir: I did not quite catch what you said!"

It was a shock. It was only on the rarest occasions that I had encountered a British chauffeur in South America, and in any case the thing came as a reflection on the quality of my Castilian. I mention this episode merely in order to exhibit the fallacy of foregone conclusions.

As it happened, on the very next day an encounter with a driver of another order was productive of similar results—so far as foregone conclusions are concerned, that is to say. When travelling it is as well to note the minor occurrences as well as the greater. To my mind one of the most astonishing things I have ever witnessed in South America occurred on the occasion in question when, to be explicit, I was driving in an ordinary hired cab. The driver placed his hand in his pocket, drew out a spotlessly clean white pocket-handkerchief, and blew his nose! The episode in itself may sound insignificant. Nevertheless it was my first experience of a South American cabby who even in his wildest hours had ever dreamed of insulting his nose in such a fashion, to say nothing of putting the theory into actual practice!

But all this has very little to do with the more

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substantial and serious side of Santiago—on which, by the way, there is no occasion to touch just yet. Perhaps it would be best to begin with the society of the capital, starting from the top while one has the opportunity—one never knows how far down this particular ladder one may descend in the end.

The Santiago season is at its height during the autumn and winter, when people flock into the capital from their haciendas, and from the summer resort of Viña del Mar and from those others of the south. The life of the place is then active in the extreme. The last government official has returned from his leave to the *Moneda*—the mint—by which name Government House is popularly known. The term, as a matter of fact, holds nothing of that subtlety of which it might be suspected by the less generous-minded. The reason is that the mint is included in the building, nothing beyond.

But this, once again, is a digression. We had arrived at the point when the Santiago season was in full swing. Not only the civil official; but the officers of the navy and army, the bankers and merchants, the diplomatic corps, and in fact all those particular human atoms which go to make up a scene of festivity have made a point of being present, so far as their duties allow, should they not be actual residents in the capital. So far as dances, dinners and the like are concerned, these are much as elsewhere in the world, with a little extra gaiety added, and there is no need to allude to them here. It is necessary, moreover, to be sufficiently ungallant to pass the ladies by just for the moment, since they are referred to in another place.

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We are thus reduced to the topic of men and to their particular haunts which are characteristic of the capital. The chief of these, without a doubt, is the Club de la Union. He who has visited Santiago and has left these premises unseen has failed in his chief social duty towards the capital.

The Club de la Union is an institution that is entirely Chilian, although it contains a certain number of foreigners as members as a matter of course. The premises of this are not only imposing, but extremely comfortable. Indeed, I should imagine that the actual area covered cannot be exceeded even by the famous Jockey Club in Buenos Aires; for the Club de la Union possesses a large courtyard about which the various halls and rooms are grouped. It is in every respect an institution of which Santiago society may be proud; for it possesses an equipment second to none, and an exceedingly well-trained staff. Here, by the way, as everywhere else throughout the continent, the system of tipping club-servants prevails. Whatever may be the opinion of new arrivals, there is no doubt that no other practice makes for real efficiency even in club life in the Southern Republics.

The members of the Club de la Union undoubtedly understand the art of living. Their ideas, moreover, are liberal in the extreme. An excellent band plays in the courtyard on stated days, and the premises of the place are sufficiently spacious to allow members whose tastes do not run in this direction to shelter their ears from any sound. The decorations are excellent throughout, and in the dining-rooms are a number of paintings by Chilian artists which are of genuine merit.

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The membership of the Club de la Union numbers two thousand, and its house certainly compares favourably in size with those institutions at home which can claim a similar number of members. Nevertheless, that same cry which now seems universal in Chile has gone up concerning this building. It has become too small! Thus in the course of a very short while there is no doubt that Santiago will witness the erection of a newer, and still larger, club house.

In order to see "all Santiago" in the male sense of the word it is merely necessary to repair to this very pleasant club at the evening "cocktail" hour, which, according to South American custom, may be placed at any time between six and half-past seven. Here you will see Ministers, merchants, and men of all kinds whose position justifies their presence, all grouped in the most friendly fashion about the tables in the patio.

It is a merry and careless hour this, a special little festival set apart to mark the end of the day's work, and the beginning of the evening's play. And here the good fellowship is given ample scope. As at Valparaiso, Viña del Mar, and in fact almost every Chilian centre, it seems that there is scarcely one in the entire gathering who is not a friend of all the rest.

You may mark the passage of a new-comer as he threads his way along one of the open pathways closely hedged in by the chairs and tables. There is scarcely a seated man along his line of route but whom he claps lightly on the back or shoulder. Thus the progress is slow, since it is broken all the way by salutations and passing fragments of conversation.

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In the end he will settle himself somewhere—it does not seem to matter in the least at which particular table, since he appears to be equally welcome everywhere. And, whatever news may be on hand, you will get the latest details at the Club de la Union. It is a notable place.

In Chile, democratic country though it is, the social standing of the officers both of the navy and army is relatively high. Whether this is due to the marked efficiency of both branches of the service or whether this self-same efficiency may be credited to the social status of the officers is a delicate point which I will leave to others to decide. The naval men, as I have said elsewhere, bear the closest resemblance to our own, and the Chilian fleet is one of which any European nation might be proud. The army is modelled on the German plan as closely as is the navy on the British. This is first of all evident in the Escuela Militar, the military school for cadets, the large premises of which are situated in Santiago.

The system of entrance here is competitive and the competition is by no means nominal. In the case of the examination, for instance, which had just been held when I visited the place, four hundred and odd candidates had presented themselves to fill one hundred vacancies. The selection of the fortunate cadets is conducted in the most painstaking fashion. In the first place the candidates are inspected, and their physical fitness, general appearance, and conduct taken into consideration. Matters of family and similar claims are also deliberated by the authorities, in camera. After these preliminaries, the actual examination takes place.

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The college itself is, as has been said, a large building, the four interior sides of which surround a quadrangle in which the cadets are wont to undergo their drill and similar exercises. All about this are the class-rooms, living rooms and dormitories. There is no doubt that the establishment represents a model of its kind. Practically, every corner of the building is kept scrupulously neat and clean; theoretically, its education is conducted on the most modern lines.

This education, for the first three years following a cadet's entrance, is purely civil, and save for the drills and similar exercises, it much resembles that of an ordinary school. It is not until the last year of the course that the technical side is introduced. Then the cadet passes on to the Curso Militar, and it is at this point that his more complicated professional education begins. He is instructed in sapping, mining, gun practice, general manœuvres, as well as in military telegraphy and railway service, and, in fact, in all the remaining studies which belong to scientific warfare.

It was a lengthy, but very instructive promenade, the one through the Escuela Militar. We passed through numbers of very airy and spacious dormitories until we came to one where the beds were in double layers, each with a second erected high above the first with a ladder by which to climb to it, just in the fashion of a liner's bunks. Although it appeared so large, the place was already growing too small for the number of cadets, and this was one of the remedies brought to bear upon the situation. At present four hundred youngsters are housed in the establishment,

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but it is the intention of the authorities eventually to raise this number to five hundred.

It was very satisfactory to remark that the sanitary arrangements had been extended to meet with the recent increase. Each boy of each of the three companies from which the corps is made up was provided with his own washing and toilet paraphernalia on a liberal scale, while in addition the supply of shower baths of a most formidable size was quite sufficient to meet even with our own somewhat ambitious requirements in this respect.

The smartness of the Chilian officers and cadets, trained in the Prussian school, is undeniable. The salute and all other movements of the kind are performed with a rigid rapidity which could scarcely be excelled in Potsdam itself. Indeed, the manner in which the occupants of a room sprang to attention at the entrance of Major Ahumada was something to see.

An instance of the intelligence which was brought to bear on the education of the cadets was afforded by at least one very simple instance. We had entered a room where layers of maps and diagrams on rollers were stacked from the floor almost to the ceiling.

"We take them down as they are required," explained the major. "We do not believe in keeping them hanging continually on the walls. We find the effect of that disastrous to the student. So familiarized do his eyes become with them in that case that his mind is apt to lose all count of their real significance."

This theory has a very sound ring. Indeed that

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the training in general at the Escuela Militar must be efficient is proved by the type of officer who issues full fledged from its portals.

The place, moreover, is stocked with every possible facility for general, as well as for educational, purposes. Thus, in addition to the chemical laboratory and to the rooms devoted to practical science, geography and the like, are workshops where the uniforms of the cadets are made, and bakeries, and even bootmakers' premises as well.

That the place possesses a riding school need not be said; for here in Chile the cavalry is as important a branch of the service as elsewhere in South America.

While I am upon the topic of the public services, a passing word descriptive of the Santiago police may not be out of place, although I am dealing more fully with this force elsewhere. The Santiago policeman is now quite a smart person, especially when in his summer white helmet, blue tunic, and white trousers. In addition to a sword he carries a light truncheon which, affixed by a cord to his wrist, he generally swings loosely in his hand. The effect is a little minatory; but this, like so much else in the world, is merely superficial, as his present system of education tends to render him calm in the midst of circumstances however trying.

The fire-brigades of both Santiago and Valparaiso are formed of volunteer companies, a system which rather recalls the services of our own insurance societies of a bygone age. In practice, however, there is nothing antiquated about these Chilian firemen, who are undoubtedly very capable, and who

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SANTIAGO.

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appear to serve with an enthusiasm worthy of the cause.

In addition to these Chilian volunteers are others of various nationalities, who serve side by side with the native born. Thus in Santiago there is a German and an Italian corps, and two French, beyond. The British here, owing to their numerical insignificance, are unfortunately conspicuous by their absence. They can, however, boast a company at Valparaiso, where the size of the colony is much greater.

Although Santiago contains a fair number of hotels, the quality of the majority of these is only moderate. The best is the Hotel Oddo; but it is necessary to discriminate even in the Hotel Oddo. This hotel, in fact, is divided into three separate establishments—the hotel, itself, and the annexes A and B. The former is kept by a very worthy proprietor, and each of the latter two respectively by a son of his. As is the way of the world, the father belongs to a previous generation to that of the sons. There is nothing remarkable in this. I mention it merely in order to point out that this same status applies to the establishments in question. The hotel itself, in short, tends to be old-fashioned, whereas both the *Annexo A* and the *Annexo B* have moved with the times and provide spacious rooms and an excellent service.

These, in consequence, are the two places of the kind *par excellence* in Santiago. But it is rather to be regretted, however, that neither of them provide any meal beyond that of *desayuno*, or *petit dejeuner*, or, to be more explicit, *Chota Hazri*, or—to come down to plain English—early morning coffee and

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rolls. For the purposes of lunch and dinner it is the fashion to repair to the Restaurant Santiago, which fortunately is situated within a few yards of either place.

This restaurant Santiago is incomparably the best in the capital, and boasts a very fair orchestra as an accompaniment to its quite excellent dishes. This being so, the place is popular in the extreme—at times almost too much so for the welfare of the general public. For there are occasions when the would-be diner enters this favoured spot, and finds no solitary chair or table that he may claim for his own. Such occasions are vexatious—so are the rather haughtily pitying smiles of the restaurant satellites as the foiled and hungry person departs. For the Restaurant Santiago is an independent place, as well it may be in the circumstances.

Once accepted within the pale, however, one may order many things—from the quaint, fat, dark sea-urchins to the splendid cray-fish hailing from Juan Fernandez, and from the æthereal omelette to the partridge of the country, potatoes roasted in their jackets and an amazing and most appetizing array of sweets. No, there is nothing to complain of concerning the interior of the Restaurant Santiago. Occasionally, as I have said, the difficulty is to get there.

The streets of the capital are excellently paved, so far as the main thoroughfares are concerned. Those on the outskirts leave much to be desired. In places, indeed, the surface of these latter is both undulating and broken somewhat too generously for the complete comfort of the wayfarer. This, however, is destined to be altered in the very near future, when the quality

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of the outer roads will doubtless be brought up to that of the inner. Amid the lighter traffic, by the way, which these streets carry, may frequently be seen the curious ox-carts typical of this part of the country. Hung on enormously high wheels, the sides of these vehicles are in themselves very lofty and are constructed to curve outwards as they rise. A wagon such as this, drawn by a team of four oxen, affords a strangely picturesque sight.

It seems that I had almost forgotten to mention the River Mapocho, the historic stream which runs through the centre of the capital. Yet this omission is not so surprising, after all, since the river is fairly frequently addicted to forgetting itself. There are times, at all events, when it becomes oblivious of the necessity of allowing any water to run down its bed. This condition of affairs is only periodical, of course, yet a rather witty American who was visiting the capital at the same time as myself could scarcely bring himself to believe this latter fact, notwithstanding the number of bridges which were pointed out to him—arches which just then spanned nothing beyond dry earth and stones. In the end he shook his head and turned to his Chilian friends. "Say," he remarked, "there's a middling waste of opportunity here. Why don't you sell your bridges and buy a river?"

Fortunately for itself, the past career of the Mapocho is sufficiently historic to permit it to hear such questions with equanimity!

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CHAPTER VII

SANTIAGO

The Cerro Santa Luzia—A prominent landmark—Some aspects of the spot—Its approach—Rocks and vegetation—Panorama from the summit—The background of the Andes—Varied uses of the Cerro—The Parque Cousiño—The Santiago Lawn Tennis Club—The Quinta Normal—Santiago and its racecourse—Some characteristics of the track and stands—Racing by telephone—Method of description—The responsibilities of the task—The paper-chase club—Boy scouts—Cost of living—The comparative cheapness of the Republic—First evidence of a new era—The rise in the price of land—The custom of the dice—*Terramoto*—A grim game—Elasticity of the Chilian temperament.

SANTIAGO is the centre of Chile, and the Cerro Santa Luzia is the central point of Santiago. Moreover, the Cerro stands out as perhaps the most notable landmark in the capital. It is certain that there are very few towns which can boast a phenomenon such as this—a mountainous mass of rock which rises up from the very centre of the city in curious contrast to the plain on which the streets of the capital repose.

I have called this Cerro a mass of rock, which is accurate enough so far as its general bulk is concerned. But this bald material is not permitted to appear with too great a freedom on the surface. Such glimpses of it as are obtained serve merely as a most efficient

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MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CERRO SANTA LUCIA.

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background for the trees, flowers, masonry, and terraces with which the sides of the Cerro are so generously adorned.

There is no doubt that Santiago, notwithstanding all its other advantages, would not be quite what it is without this Cerro. In the daytime its greens and greys, shot with the more brilliant hues, serve admirably as the immediate horizon upon which so many of the central streets give. At night, viewed from the same points, the cluster of lights, to all appearances hanging up aloft in thin air, produces an effect that would be charming if for no other reason than its utter unexpectedness.

The approach to the Cerro from below—and, saving an aeroplane, there is no other way—is guarded by massive entrances, and broad stone stairways and terraces shaded by the first tiers of the trees which go mounting up to the summit. The place, of course, decks itself out in various colours according to the time of year and the corresponding fashion of nature. When I visited it the vegetation which abounded on the rocky slopes was densely starred and festooned by the giant deep-purple convolvulus blossoms which shone like dark fire from the trees and rocks it had overwhelmed.

The ascent of the Cerro is easy, thanks to the artifice of man. Even the least experienced mountaineer may safely trust himself to the broad and winding pathways which lead aloft in gradients so gentle as to be almost imperceptible. It matters very little which of the many ways you take—there is a varied choice—each winds through a similar scene of trees and flowering shrubs, statues, balconies and many broad terraces,

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while the panorama beneath extends itself more and more widely all the while.

The labour expended on the taming and harnessing of the Cerro must have been enormous. Where the natural rock has refused to adapt itself to the purposes of terraces and paths, great walls and embankments of stone and brick have been heaved bodily up its side, erections now softened and beautified by the verdure which covers them. Having once attained to a certain height you will naturally not be satisfied until you have reached the summit itself. Even in these latter stages there is nothing which can be compared—say with the clambering of the Matterhorn! Indeed, however hard one may try, it is useless to attempt to make an adventure out of the ascent of the Cerro. The way continues with a perfectly irritating security by pathways cut in the rock and viaducts which lead over small precipices until the narrow top itself is reached.

Here is a small pavilion—and this, indeed, did appear to me rickety—which balances itself in some precarious fashion upon the topmost pinnacle of rock. From this point the view is completely delightful. On the plateau directly beneath spreads the town, yielding up with an ungrudging alacrity its entire panorama of roofs, spires, avenues, and squares. But this, extensive though it is, fills nothing more than the immediate foreground. Some two or three miles away, visible for the first time from this point of vantage, rises a conical mountain. But for the company of its smaller brother, the Cerro, whom this other eminence quite overshadows in bulk and importance, it is a rather solitary peak, which has

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come to press forward its top crowned by a colossal statue of the Virgin.

At the back of all—and, of course, dwarfing all else—rises the great range of the Andes. Now the colouring of these stupendous masses is at all times admittedly vivid; but never was there a better place than this from which to watch their varying hues, as these deepen and soften beneath the topmost sheets of white snow.

It is surely superfluous to explain that the period of sunset is the most gorgeous of all. But I had forgotten for the moment that the function of this luminary's rising must necessarily equal the other in splendour; on the other hand, in order to be perfectly candid, it is necessary to admit that I have never witnessed the rising of the sun from the Cerro Hill. So let the sunset suffice. As a matter of fact, it more than suffices so far as the finding of adequate words for its description is concerned. Then, the darkening city on its plateau is girt about with a mountainous band which glows with a strange purple brilliancy, while the snowfields high above seem to hang in the sky in the shape of mystic and gleaming worlds quite detached from the earth of every day. All this just for a while—until the broad curtain of shadow has risen like the tide of a dark sea, and has sent these white worlds, the last of all to go, into dim and intangible shapes.

How much of all this do those folks see who are accustomed to climb to the summit of the Cerro at this hour? Probably very little, since the feast is always before their eyes, and in human affairs the penalty of abundance is an atrophied enjoyment.

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Besides, the majority have other affairs to which to attend. The Cerro affords opportunities for the contemplation of something nearer than distant mountains, and cold ones at that, even though garbed in their sunset clothes. Among its other duties the Cerro serves as the haunt of the cupid of the *bourgeoisie*. There are ages and times when ten thousand sunsets are not worth an inch of human pressure. And such phenomena occur not infrequently on the Cerro, which seems the accepted rendezvous of all those youthful folk who are given to the pleasant pastime of "walking out."

But these youthful couples do not have it all their own way. The place is popular as a general family picnic spot, and quite a number of worthy people carry their lunch as well as themselves up to the higher terraces, and remain in lofty comfort some thousand feet above the level of every day, whither the turmoil of the city's traffic only reaches when subdued to a faint murmur.

Perhaps we have already remained too long upon this Cerro. If so, *facile descensus est*—to some places scarcely less pleasant down below. There is, for instance, the Parque Cousiño, a very extensive wooded spot abundantly endowed with fine avenues of eucalyptus, plane, oak, and numerous varieties of Chilian trees. This is the most fashionable place in which to drive of an afternoon, and here during the season may be witnessed a very gallant display of Santiago's upper ten thousand. In the centre of the park is a large circular, open space, which serves for football, general sporting purposes, and from time to time for important military reviews.

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A MINOR PLAZA, SANTIAGO.

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Adjoining the entrance to this park, by the way, are the pretty grounds of the Santiago Lawn-tennis Club, which is in the fortunate possession of some very fine tiled courts, and a pavilion which leaves nothing whatever to be desired. The club is a flourishing one, possessing as it does no fewer than one hundred and seventy members.

To return to the out-door public institutions of Santiago, the Quinta Normal is decidedly one of the most important of these. In addition to harbouring a museum, the place is planted with a variety of specimen trees and shrubs, and its large area, therefore, furnishes instruction as well as the more material pleasures of the eye.

Another institution which, however, is quite unconcerned with the weightier forms of instruction, is the Santiago racecourse. Now the Santiago racecourse rivals that of Viña del Mar, the popular seaside resort. But the interests of the one clash very little with those of the other, since the Viña del Mar season is at its height when the majority of folk from the capital are visiting that place.

At Santiago, as at Viña del Mar, the course is of grass, and the Andes afford a similar delightful background. The stands, too, seem equally good in both instances, and, indeed, which is the more favoured of the two it would be difficult to say. So far as flower-beds are concerned, those of the capital would be difficult to beat. In any case the Santiago ground possesses one peculiarity in which the other is lacking. The steeplechase course is planned in the area enclosed by the oval of the flat-racing track. But its design is curious in the extreme; it is, in fact, in

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the shape of a figure eight, thus giving a rather unusual effect when racing is actually in progress.

The sporting element frequently enters into Santiago racecourse even when no races are being run on the track. On a blank Sunday of the kind a considerable crowd may be seen gathered together in the neighbourhood of one of the stands, listening intently to the news that is being telephoned through from the course at Viña del Mar.

Probably the next best thing to the actual watching of a race is the hearing of its description at first hand. And this is what occurs at Santiago. The narrative begins with the starting of the horses from the post, and the telephone continues to give every incident, and every phase of the contest as it occurs, until the history ends with the arrival of the horses at the winning-post.

When in Viña del Mar it has been my lot to sit beside the man who was describing the race for the benefit of the expectant crowd in Santiago. With field glasses glued to his eyes, the feat he performed was no common one. Never for one moment when the field was bunched in apparent close confusion did he hesitate as to the identity of a horse. The place of each was given clearly and distinctly, and each change of place was recorded with an unfailing accuracy.

Indeed, for a post such as this, a clear-headed and clear-eyed person is essential. The responsibilities of the task are sufficiently onerous; for it may well be believed that not one of the listeners at Santiago would take the trouble to be on the spot were he not financially interested in the result of the race, and an

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error on the part of the describing agent would at the best lead to no little confusion. As it is, the Santiago enthusiasts are all ears for the occasion, and the excitement which prevails at the distant spot is scarcely less than that on the actual course itself.

In addition to these racing clubs, Santiago is provided with a paperchase club, the competitors being of course mounted. This institution is extremely well managed, and boasts a haven in the capital, as well as an imposing list of meetings.

The boy scout, by the way, has made his appearance in Chile. According to those who take an interest in him he has been there some while. Indeed, the Chilians claim that it was their country which was the first to follow England's example in the matter, and that therefore Chile may claim to be the second country in the world to adopt the movement which has now become so popular.

As for the boy scout himself, his appearance resembles in every detail that of his English brother, from the slouch hat to the staff which is the accepted badge and instrument of his tribe. The companies, moreover, undoubtedly take themselves with a praiseworthy seriousness, and are as efficient as all other bodies of the kind in the Republic, which is saying a good deal.

It is, of course, in the neighbourhood of Santiago and Valparaiso that the scouts are most in evidence. In both places the field for their ingenuity is favourable and wide. For cover there are the gigantic blackberry clumps, the groves of flowering trees, and the tall, broad columns of the cactus, while are not the sandy spots which break in upon the

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vegetation here and there most admirably adapted for tracking? But all this is no business of mine; it is that of the boy scout. Undoubtedly, Chile is all the better for his presence.

Compared with the prices which prevail on the east of the Andes, the cost of living in Santiago, and, indeed, throughout Chile, is pleasantly cheap. To the traveller who has had experience of the domestic finances in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, the sense of added wealth which pervades him immediately after the passage of the Cordilleras is gratifying in the extreme.

Just at present the cost of living in Chile does not exceed that which prevails in England, which means that it may be taken as the half of that in the Eastern Republics of South America. From the householder's point of view that state of affairs obtains all round, affecting as it does wages, provisions, and luxuries. From the traveller's standpoint the new order betrays itself in hotel bills and railway fares worked out on a far less ambitious scale than in the east. As a result his thankfulness inclines him to be lavish to a degree which is somewhat perilous to the mental balance of such folk as the waiter and railway porter.

Whether this fortunate financial condition will continue for long is more than doubtful. It may be taken as a practical certainty, in fact, that the price of general commodities will increase in sympathy with the growing prosperity of the country. The law seems unbreakable, in South America, at all events. I would recommend travellers, therefore, who intend visiting the country merely for pleasure not to delay their visit for too long, but to come while the mental

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horizon of the hotel keeper still remains comparatively unexpanded.

The first evidence of a new era, it may be mentioned, has already come into being. This is the beginning of a rise in the price of land. In the neighbourhood of Santiago and Valparaiso this phase has already become noticeable, and—in South America, at all events—a continuous rise in the price of land would seem invariably accompanied by dearer necessities added to a surprising influx of luxuries. It is to be imagined that something of this may be looked for in Chile in the near future.

To jump with a somewhat giddy rapidity from one topic to another, there are certain objects in Santiago and the Republic in general which may be classed as either luxuries or necessities according to the temperament of the observer. The leathern cups which hold the dice are as ubiquitous in Chile as elsewhere in South America. These are to be met with chiefly in restaurants and clubs, and their gaming purpose is by no means so sinister as the nature of the objects might suggest. The fateful riddle which they are wont to solve is confined to matters concerned with the payment of refreshments. As I have had occasion to explain in a previous book, the influence of these ivory things—also of those others of common but efficient bone—is held by many to be beneficent rather than evil. That is to say, the loser pays because he must, and the winner is freed from any obligation to return the courtesy. By this means the number of purely complimentary drinks is rigidly economised.

This may, or may not, be so. There is no space

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available here for an extended inquiry into the vexed question. Indeed, the chief reason why I have introduced these dice is to explain a certain game which seems fairly popular in Santiago and Valparaiso. This goes by the name of *terramoto*, or earthquake. In this it is necessary in the course of your throws to approach as nearly as possible to a given number of "pips." The main feature, of course, is to know when to stop, since one cast too many, causing the limit to be exceeded, loses the game to the incautious.

This is where the metaphorical earthquake comes in: for your house is supposed to be shattered, and yourself crushed beneath it. Consequently you pay for the drinks, a position which in itself might be envied by the actual victims of these disasters. In any case this rather grim game is sufficient evidence that the Chilian is not easily depressed. Indeed, what stronger proof could be required of a powerful and profitable elasticity of temperament?

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CONGRESS HOUSE, SANTIAGO.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE VINEYARDS OF APOGUINDO

The start from Santiago—Some questions of road-surface—The outskirts of the capital—Scenes on the way—Advent of the country produce—Precious streams—An Alameda—Some pitfalls of the highway—Trees and fruit—Pleasant appearance of the country—Apoguindo—A Dominican estate — Some peculiarities of the Church — The hospitality of the monk—Local vintages and their testing—A genial host—His views on Chile—Some experiences at the monastery—The Apoguindo cellars and wine press—The harvest of the grape—A busy scene.

It was early morning when we left Santiago in order to make for Apoguindo. The grape harvest was in full swing just then, we were told, at some large vineyards belonging to the Dominican priests. It was undoubtedly necessary to see this, hence the start ere the sun had fairly climbed over the peaks of the Andes.

The first part of the journey was simple enough, and the horses' hoofs rattled cheerily over the pavement. Before long, however, came an interlude of fairly active discomfort, and this endured until the borderland which separates town from country was passed. This borderland is notable for at least one thing, the pitfalls with which its pavement is beset. Just here, indeed, the cobbles would seem to have lost every vestige of responsibility. They have sunk into hollows

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and risen into mounds in a fashion sufficient to test the stability of the most sea- or land-worthy vehicle.

But this was only for a while. Soon the smooth country roads, powdered with their dust, stretched ahead, and progress in a less cautious and mountaineering manner became possible. Life, too, on the highway increased in variety and became all-absorbing.

The country carts were coming into town. Great high-wheeled wagons, each drawn by its team of oxen, came rumbling along, each stirring up a cloud of dust as it went. The lofty, swelling sides of some were piled to a surprising height with loads of alfalfa. On the summit of each would be perched the driver, poking downwards from his perilous height at the oxen with his goad in a manner that was reminiscent of a man spearing eels in a river.

But alfalfa was not the sole product which was being borne along the road. There were great carts laden to the brim with onions; while others bore peaches and hampers of grapes, a fitting offering to the beauty of the morning.

The sun was well up in the heavens now, and the great barrier of the Andes was striking back its light from a thousand facets. But the morning air remained as crisp as ever, and the riders who went spurring to and fro were still swathed in their many-hued ponchos.

The houses proper of the outskirts had fallen behind now. Such buildings as stood by the roadside were humble cottages of adobe and reed crouching in lowly fashion beneath the clumps of sheltering fruit trees which surrounded them. Each seemed to possess its own particular family group gathered about

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the entrance of the hut, and each appeared amply provided with its own covey of dogs who lay slumbering in the dust of the roadway.

By the side of the thoroughfare a narrow stream went brawling along, a current of yellow-grey water whose eddies were flecked with white foam. It was a ramification of the great system of life-giving waters which came tumbling down from the Andes heights to feed the soil of the valleys below. They are very precious currents these, narrow rivers which mean harvests, plenty, and gold. Each, as it goes upon its appointed way, is hedged about with rights—rights that are jealously guarded as treasure itself, since their loss would in all probability spell ruin to those who suffered it.

Presently the carriage swerved to the left and rumbled across the frail bridge which spanned the narrow stream. The main road had been left behind now. To the front rose a great alameda, one of those lofty poplar groves which are so characteristic of the country. Once within the shade of the stately double line, the coolness of the morning became still more accentuated. One might have imagined the thing an enormously lofty green tunnel, were it not for the narrow line of blue sky high above which cut the length of the alameda from end to end. Indeed, looking to the front, the length of the grove seemed almost interminable, and its cessation was signalled by nothing beyond a distant and miniature gleam of bright light.

When at length the alameda fell away the sun seemed to have gained in warmth, and the caresses of the dust clouds as they floated upwards were more

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ardent than before. As to the road itself, its surface had not improved. There were pitfalls and mounds which called for careful driving, and bridges here and there whose timbers yawned widely in many places. On the whole, it was a matter for rejoicing that the hour was that of daylight, and not of night. Yet this somewhat crude thoroughfare must serve well enough, since accidents seem of rare occurrence. Nevertheless, the spot is not adapted to the driving of a stranger; its proper manipulation must be left to the hands of a local personage, one well acquainted with the traps and secrets of the way.

Any defects in the surface of the road, however, were amply compensated for by the landscape that immediately fringed it. We had entered the land where fruit and shade trees jostled one another in prodigal confusion. Here were spreading dozens of enormous walnut and acacia trees; they would be followed without intermission by clumps of peaches, trees laden so heavily with the golden-rose fruit that it was difficult to understand how the branches did not snap beneath the weight. Then would follow gigantic fig-trees, as lofty as the average lime in England, and then loquat, and quince, and pear would follow in the closest succession.

But why attempt to enumerate all the fruits which lined the dusty road? A less wearisome task would be to notice the quaint habitations which nestled here and there beneath the green curtains of the trees. They were picturesque structures, these humble cottages of adobe and reed which blended so admirably with their surroundings, and which sheltered families of sun-browned youngsters similar to those

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in the outskirts of Santiago, while the companies of dogs reclined in identical fashion on their soft beds of dust.

About the homesteads themselves were flowers such as we know in England, but blossoms of a greater profusion and size. There were dahlias of all hues, and the great heads of stout sunflowers, and hollyhocks that pointed their spires of blossom to an astonishing height. There were pergolas of grapes too, from which the bunches hung down with a rare generosity, and here and there small open patches of vineyards almost as well stocked with fruit, while in those places where nothing else had cared to grow the tall blackberry bushes rose in their solid green clumps. Surely a fortunate land this, but with inadequately few folk to enjoy its riches.

For half an hour and more this pleasant scene continued. Then we had swung round a turning once again, and over another perilous culvert. It was a regular lane now along which the carriage was speeding, a lane bordered by chestnut, acacia, and eucalyptus. On either side were pastures, seen here and there through the foliage, green stretches on which large herds of cattle were grazing in supreme content. The sight was significant. We had passed into the hacienda of Apoguindo.

Since Chile is one of those countries which still permits the retention of their estates by the religious Orders, Apoguindo is the property of the Dominican monks. The estate is a rich one, and in this respect the Order is undoubtedly well off in the Republic. Indeed, the extent of the property became evident as we drove along the shady lane which threaded

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the rich pastures. Apoguindo was a place to be envied.

After a while we arrived at the headquarters of the place. A church, a monastery, minor buildings, outhouses, and sheds made up a sufficiently imposing collection. The church itself, although only of moderate size, was naturally the first to hold the eye, with its quaint sloping roof, and its broad doors flung wide open to expose to view the whole of the interior.

The most salient features of this Dominican Church were the two wind vanes which ornamented its roof. They represented the figures of men, executed, however, considerably in excess of life size. The one was in the act of blowing a trumpet, the mouth of which was raised to the heavens; the second held aloft a large goblet. Questions failed to elicit the actual significance of these rather crude figures, and to the end I was left in doubt as to whether the trumpet was to be interpreted in a priestly or secular fashion, and as to whether the goblet was concerned with the wine which the spot produces. In any case, the curious pair appeared to be of modern, rather than of ancient, construction.

The human interest of the place was to be met with in the cool verandah of the monastery, and was represented by a white-robed Dominican friar. With his face well tanned by the rays of the sun, his shrewd and kindly eyes, and his general air of comfortable peace, the friar presented a picture which would have made to water the mouth of many an artist concerned with such subjects.

The fitness of things did not diminish with a

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nearer acquaintance. The greeting of the Dominican was just what might have been expected. It was tranquilly cordial, and redolent of a quiet hospitality. After a while the friar disappeared. In Chile a vanishing of this kind is seldom conducted to any other but one end. The friar provided no exception to the hospitable tenets of his country. Presently he returned, laden with three bottles and a number of glasses. Then, when he had set them down upon the table, and was smilingly bending over them, the picture of priestly hospitality as exercised in the medieval ages became yet more emphatic. The monk was rejoicing over the products of the earth, taking no little pride in that which he had wrung from the soil given him to work.

The three bottles, it appeared, represented the best of the monastery vintages. One was of red wine, and the remaining two of white. Then came the crucial moment—the test of the juice torn from the grapes which had hung from their branches within a stone's throw of the spot. Beneath the force of such anxious and expectant eyes as those of the monk, it would have been humanly impossible to give any other but a favourable verdict on the merits of the wine. Anyone capable of telling an unpalatable truth at such a moment would surely deserve to fare on vinegar for the rest of his existence, for there are times when an over indulgence in mere truth becomes criminal!

On this occasion fortunately no prevarication was necessary. The white wine, amazingly rich and sweet though it proved to be, was luscious to a degree which made good its more cloying qualities, while the other

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resembled Burgundy of no mean order. Then, when opinions had been freely offered, the triumphant friar expanded, and took up a glowing parable.

His topic was a favourite one with the Chilian, the wealth of the country and the ignorance which prevails on the subject in foreign lands. What did not Chile produce? The Almighty had showered down with a lavish hand all things that man and beast could desire. There was fruit and wine, corn and timber, meat and bread for all—and much to spare. But what did the untravelled foreigner suspect of this? What did he know of the land wherein the poorest had but to stretch out his hand and to pluck sustenance from the trees?

The friar gave some examples of this ignorance which he had culled during his travels in Europe. He told with some legitimate irony of how Chile had been represented to him as a province of far-away Mexico, of how men had refused to believe that such an object as a pear or an apple would consent to live in such a climate as the Republic was held to possess, and of how unshakable he had found the theory that Chilian soil was desert waste.

"But we here," continued the Dominican, waxing eloquent, "we know more of your Europe than you of us. We know of England, France and Germany; we know of the rest of the countries beyond. We know the customs, more or less, of Paris, London, and even of Constantinople. You see before you that bullock wagon laden with fruit. Well, we know that the oxen are harnessed in a fashion which prevails in parts of Spain and Portugal. But we know equally well that your ox-traffic in England is different,

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and that the carts and harness are of another pattern altogether. And this knowledge is acquired in this distant corner of the world, as remote as any from your Europe, and its habits and customs."

It was a slip on the part of the friar, it must be confessed. Yet how could it be explained to this genial and earnest host that in England the ox-wagon is as rare as snow in June? In other respects his information had proved accurate enough; but his travels in Spain, Portugal and Italy had not led him to suspect the existence of a country where draught-oxen were practically unknown.

As soon imagine a land barren of vineyards, and innocent of the clusters of purple and of white grapes!

As a matter of fact, his discourse had led him to this very topic of Bacchus. He spoke of his grapes and of their produce, and his eyes glowed dreamily with pride. He told of the visit of some French monks who had arrived at Apoguindo some three or four years before. They themselves had in their own country been concerned with the marvellous berry and its juice. When set face to face with the products of Apoguindo, it had seemed to the Dominican that their praise was unduly stinted. It might have been their manner, but that was how it seemed to him. The situation, in short, was unsatisfactory.

Then followed the story of our host's great effort, and of the punch that was brewed such as on special occasions Apoguindo knew how to brew that fascinating liquid. The tale of its ingredients was given with all the elaboration worthy of the event. We learned of the fruits and liqueurs that had poured themselves into the great jugs to kiss the expectant

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wine with a delicious and powerful embrace. And, so fervently was it described, that we could almost taste the epoch-making success that attended the flavour of the final mixture. It was a punch worthy to uphold the honour of Apoguindo!

According to the Dominican its effects were all that could be desired. The visiting monks had sipped, slowly at first, and then, as the full merits of the concoction came home to them, with gulps that became more and more enthusiastic. So completely did the thing weave its spell about them that they resolutely refused to believe in its more powerful propensities. In the end, the Frenchmen suffered a headache, but even while in its throes, they stoutly declared the inconvenience cheaply earned at the price of the liquid. Apoguindo had vindicated itself, and had triumphed!

To do him full justice, our host's fervour concerning the wines of his monastery seemed largely disinterested. At all events, although he plied his guests with a liberal hand, he could be prevailed on to drink none himself. So, the refreshment at an end, we went to the large building where reposed the great casks of wine in the cool semi-darkness. Here and there among the large wooden vats were vessels of quite another character, great jars of the shape of those depicted in Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

The quaint vessels found a strange contrast on the floor above. Here one leaped into modernity with a surprising jump, and found an electric plant that worked the machine which was busily crushing the grapes. For our purpose it was fortunate that the vintage was in full swing. In a roadway below waited

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the ox-carts, while a hand-worked crane swung the grape-laden baskets one by one up through an open door. The sight of the upward procession of baskets bearing the glowing purple fruit was as refreshing to the eye as the wine itself to the palate.

One by one the loads of grapes were flung into the crushing machine, while the cunning mechanism, having first torn the stalks from the fruit, proceeded to extract the red juice that flowed into the tank below.

The Dominican surveyed the scene with a benevolent eye. It was all his field, this, from the acres of vineyard starred with fruit which spread themselves on the other side of the roadway to these darkened, busy precincts. It was perhaps just as well that the too enthusiastic teetotaller is practically unknown in an agricultural country where wine is a friend and no enemy. For the monk had reason for his pride. And we left him to it, not a little impressed by this scene of busy tranquillity.

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CHAPTER IX

SAN JOSÉ

Sunday travelling in Santiago—Aspects of the crowd—Week-end sports men—An alarming outlook for the birds—The local train—Tickets and their distribution—Music by the way—Puente Alta—The hacienda of San José—Don Ismael Tocornal—The house and its grounds—Trees and their rapid growth—The Vineyards of San José—Some types of grapes and wine—Local and European prices—An irrigation canal—The science of the potato—Various species of alfalfa—Vegetables and fruits—Livestock—Don Ismael Tocornal as a public man—Breadth of mind of the Chilian statesman—The Ex-Prime Minister and the police force.

It was from the Santiago terminus of a local railway line that we started one morning, bound in the first place for the small town of Puente Alta, in the neighbourhood of which lies the hacienda of Señor Ismael Tocornal, who at this time was Prime Minister of the Republic.

The day being Sunday, the scene at the station was infinitely more animated than was wont to be the case on ordinary days. At the time of our arrival the platform was already thronged with the people bent on their excursions from the capital. Since the Chilian of all ranks seems to possess an almost equal amount of faculty and opportunity for enjoyment, the crowd presented a curiously varied range of types.

In the first place there was a fair sprinkling of

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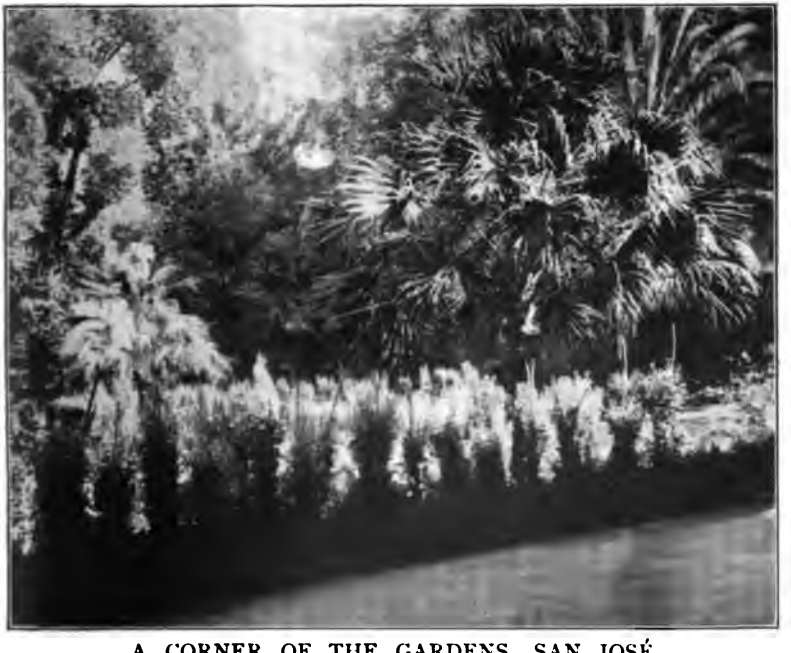
THE HOMESTEAD, SAN JOSÉ.



A CORNER OF THE GARDENS, SAN JOSÉ.

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those conventionally dressed beings whose appearance is much the same all the world over. The prospect of the day offered little out of the ordinary to them. They represented, in fact, stray rocks of tranquillity amid a sea of innumerable emotions.

Far more numerous were the sportsmen intent on employing the day for the purpose of a shoot. It was undoubtedly these and their paraphernalia which compelled the chief attention of the eye. There was an air of business about them which forbade even the least initiated to mistake their temporary vocation. With gun on one shoulder, game bag slung about the other, and hedged in by companies of pointers and retrievers, it was obvious to all the world that these were men hungry for feathers. Since there were some dozens of gunners and some scores of dogs, the outlook was alarming for the birds that day. Not that this fear could have been very widely diffused. For so enthusiastic have these hunters proved themselves that the game in the neighbourhood of Santiago itself has been reduced to a quite pathetic minimum.

But these particular hunters, however salient may have been their personalities, constituted but a very minor portion of the crowd. There were ladies, of course, gowned and hatted to perfection, who walked with the peculiarly easy grace of the Chilian. There were parties of a humbler rank, laden with homely but efficient picnic baskets and with the multitude of provisions which should support them through a somewhat arduous day. There were the peasantry too, the genuine people of the soil, the womenfolk, coal black in their *mantos*, the men draped in the various hued ponchos.

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The train was already in waiting, its composition a somewhat heterogeneous line of vehicles. At the side of one of these was crowded together a closely packed gathering of men and women, the arms of one and all outstretched towards a small window in the van. The effect of this forest of rigidly extended arms curiously resembled those pictures of Roman spectators at a crucial moment in a combat of gladiators. But these folk here were signalling no vital verdict; they were merely clamouring for the tickets which were emerging one by one from the small window of the vehicle.

Such was the Sabbath custom on this privately owned railway, it appeared—a labour-saving one to the company, but a little strenuous to the passengers. Although with some doubts as to the legality of the proceeding, we avoided the tumultuous neighbourhood of the official car, and took our places without further ado in the train, an arrangement which was found to work admirably, since in the end the mountain-like tickets came to the travelling Mahomets, after all.

The journey from Santiago was as lively as could be desired. Every moment of it, indeed, was filled with local colour and sound. Although keenly bent on enjoyment, the manners of the humbler folk were as irreproachable as those of their more fortunate neighbours. They chatted, and laughed, and sang with a subdued enthusiasm to the accompaniment of a guitar. But theirs was not the only music which the train gave out that morning. From time to time it was completely drowned in a cruder melody. This was when the baying and howling of the dogs imprisoned in a neighbouring van reached one of the

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crescendo periods which from time to time enlivened the journey. Not that this latter jarred in the least. Far from it. Subdued by the heavy rumble of the wheels, the effect of these various melodies was soothing to the ear rather than otherwise. It was as though the train itself were a thing of eloquent life, strolling through the sun-dried fields and chanting its strange chorus of joy!

It was perhaps an hour before the train halted at Puente Alta, the terminus of the small line. In a moment, men, women, and dogs streamed out on to the platform, the gunners to spread themselves over the countryside, the picnic parties to betake themselves to their various destinations where shade and perhaps running water might be found, while others went—goodness knows where! They probably went to the same spots to which one's unknown fellow-passengers are usually bound!

As to ourselves—who, after all, are the only persons of importance at this particular point of the journey—we were soon bowling along an efficient country thoroughfare behind some excellent specimens of that admirable type of horse which seems to prevail at the Chilian haciendas. Very soon we had turned off from the main road, had passed through a gate swung open by its attendant satellite and were thudding along in the shade of an alameda, one of those poplar groves which are so characteristic of the Republic.

Now this, as a matter of fact, was a peculiarly noble alameda. Its trees rose to an astonishing height into the sky, and distance had worn the line of blue which separated the two rows of branches far

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aloft as thin as a vivid thread. And the length of this tremendous aisle of cool and scented shade was on a par with the rest. It was with almost a start that one entered the brilliant sunlight again, and found oneself in the neighbourhood of Señor Tocornal's house.

The name of Tocornal, historical as it is both in the present and the past—if a bull of the kind can be overlooked—is in the existing generation especially notable for three things, statesmanship, viticulture, and a general interest in the land. Don Ismael for one, the owner of this hacienda of San José, is in the first place to be considered for the services he has rendered his country in his official capacity; next for the vintages, the most notable in the Republic, which his estates produce; and thirdly for his experiments in agriculture, which are yearly attaining a greater scope.

Thus a visit to his hacienda represents an opportunity rather unusual in the way of experiences. It is something quite different from a stay with a man, however prominent, who limits his energies to only one out of these three professions, each of which, by the way, is of peculiar interest both to the Chilian and to the student of his country.

San José, indeed, presents an ideal picture of the Chilian home. Of an architecture which harmonizes completely with the beauty of its surroundings, its lofty rooms and wide verandahs are haunts of coolness and shade. The rest may be left to the imagination. A full description of a private house must inevitably savour of the house-agent's catalogue. That such should be attempted by the mere amateur is an outrage

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of even greater depth than those committed by a certain number of these very professional agents.

In the case of the grounds the situation is a different one altogether. The charm of these, as a matter of fact, actually prohibits any attempt at passing them. Enchanted paths these are that lead among wonderful blazes of flower, thence through groves of heavy timber, and out from this once again into further masses of blossom and fresh clumps of exotic shrubs and palms.

So far as the trees are concerned, these are of special interest for at least two reasons. In the first place their variety is striking. Araucanias, Norfolk pines, different species of chestnuts, oaks, sequoias, acacias, to say nothing of the ubiquitous poplar and eucalyptus—these only represent a few of the most important growths, leaving altogether out of consideration the more curious specimen trees.

Although all these trees represent magnificent specimens of their kind, it is the sequoia which claims the chief attention from the experimental and commercial point of view. Of a great height, the average diameter of their trunks must be at the least four feet. This in itself need cause no surprise, in a country which is obviously so favourable to any growth of the kind. That which is really astonishing is that these sequoias, as well as all the other trees, are no more than twenty-five years old. Every one of these stately trees, indeed, has been planted under the supervision of Señor Tocornal himself within the last quarter of a century!

In order to realize to the full the extraordinary rapidity of this growth it is necessary to see these

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massive groves with one's own eyes. The soft timbered eucalyptus, of course, is capable of quite exceptional feats in the way of increasing bulk, but this corresponding quickness of growth in the case of a hard wood is rare and not a little instructive. The commercial possibilities naturally speak for themselves. Indeed, if an example of this kind is followed with any degree of enthusiasm whatever, it seems certain that these central districts of Chile, so heedlessly shorn of their native timber areas in the past, would very soon contain once again as much forest land as would answer for every practical purpose.

But we must leave these trees, and all else in the neighbourhood, including the pedigree fowls and the various other farmyard attributes, since it is necessary to pass on to the field of one of the most important industries of the place. The vineyards of San José bear a reputation which—to put it rather mildly—is second to none in the Republic. And here they are, stretching for scores of acres on end, a broad expanse of faintly yellowing green, generously splashed and mottled by the rich purple of the grape bunches. A famous vineyard in full bearing replete with that mystic glamour which is the attribute of no other fruit!

Although the bunches are heavy and close, the grapes from which they are formed—whether of this purple variety or of the white kind farther on—are of the small and delicate order, true wine berries such as are essential for the making of vintages of the excellence of those of Señor Tocornal. In order to give some idea of these it is necessary to leave this vineyard to bask in the hot sunlight, with the dancing

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butterflies as the guardian angels of its dreamy hours, and to descend abruptly to the practical. Not that the study of the actual fluid is necessarily devoid of romance. The instances to the contrary are innumerable throughout all ages and countries, even though the chief haunts of their modern contrivance, so far as we in England are concerned, may be the police courts. But that is not the fault of the wine. It is merely another instance of the death of poetry and the triumph of the material.

To come, however, to this practical side, the vineyards of San José are responsible for not a few vintages which would be considered excellent in any part of the world. The finest of the red varieties is one known as Tocornal Reservado, and of the white the leading position is claimed by the Steinwein. For ordinary purposes, and so far as general consumption is concerned, the red Pinot is the most popular and possesses a very important sale.

It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the quality of these finest growths of white and red is one which would scarcely be expected to be met with outside such districts as the Côte d'Or and the slopes of the Rhine. It is, indeed, difficult to associate it with a new country such as is Chile as regards its industrial development. For my own part—and the opinion is shared by a certain number of English visitors—it seems to me that the white wine shows, if anything, the more successful results of the two. But this is not the view of Don Ismael himself, who prefers the red, and who certainly should be in a position to judge.

In any case there is little to choose between the

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excellence of the pair, and the Pinot decidedly might have come from the sunniest of the Burgundy hills. Asked the reason why none of this found its way to Europe, Don Ismael shook his head, and then produced some figures which were sufficiently emphatic in explanation. The price which the wine realized in its own country was, it appeared, the equivalent of fifty shillings the dozen bottles. And Chile in such matters is a comparatively cheap country! No wonder none of these bottles had made their appearance in Europe, where under present circumstances, such a price would open the doors of the most famous cellars. As a proof of intrinsic quality and of local appreciation nothing could be more eloquent. Those wines, at all events, are prophets in their own country.

The vintage has already commenced at San José. In the storehouse the great vats are filled, and the fermenting liquid is bubbling and spitting its spray aloft. Soon there will be more casks to keep company with those in the cool, dark cellars underground.

But much will have happened in the other parts of the hacienda before this, and there is, moreover, much beyond this to see. We have not yet gone into the fields where the cereals and vegetables and fruits abound. As elsewhere in Chile, these are pleasantly fringed by hedges and plantations, to say nothing of the lofty alamedas which bound the sides of a certain number.

On the way you may see one of the secrets of the fertility of the spot. Rushing rapidly across the gentle downward slope, a broad canal sends along its eddying waters in a tumbled mass. On either bank is a narrow fringe of exuberant vegetation, brilliantly

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shot with the wild flowers that repose under the snow-like expanses which the great, nodding plumes of the pampas grass hang above them. It is one of the main feeders of the land, this. It can send out its watery tentacles in whichever direction it will, and this it does without cease.

It has been at work in the fields where the potatoes grow. For the potato, being a special hobby of Don Ismael, forms by no means the least important product of the estate. Never did a mere tuber revel in a keener enthusiasm than is lavished on these, and, indeed, nothing but science and labour combined with the productive powers of the soil could produce such specimens. They are under the immediate charge of an English expert, whose knowledge of the subject the ex-Prime Minister shares to the full.

A portion of this potato-ground is a veritable nursery in which those species which are considered likely to flourish especially are tested. It is according to such results that the larger areas are planted with the roots. Moreover, it is pleasant to learn that the commercial results of these experiments have proved successful in the extreme, an outcome which does not invariably attend scientific enterprise. These regal tubers have already attained a just popularity, and in the Santiago Restaurant the potato *à l'Anglais* is now becoming a popular dish. And these magnificent specimens served in their skins hail largely from San José. Thus the products of that hacienda have been responsible for the cultivation of at least one entirely new taste.

A similar process, on a less elaborate scale, is being carried on with alfalfa. In different fields here may

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be seen the species of Argentina, Peru, and Germany respectively. The general opinion seems to be that the local influences will in the end extinguish any difference between the three. But this remains to be seen.

Were one to enter into a description of all the vegetables and fruits, to say nothing of the cereals which are to be met with at San José this chapter would, I fear, prove interminable. Let it suffice to say that they comprise the majority of the species which are wont to flourish in these districts of Chile, and that their appearance is astonishingly good even for such kindly neighbourhoods as these.

Only the livestock of the hacienda remains to be seen. And, since so much has been witnessed already, the inspection is contrived in a most luxurious and restful fashion. All that is necessary is to betake oneself to some easy chairs in the shade of a group of the spreading trees, and lo and behold! the pedigree animals are brought round one after the other to pass in review. Led by their English and Chilian guardians, they are an imposing set—Durham bulls and hackney stallions for the most part, with the famous sire Administrador as the particular jewel of the latter. After which, having spent so many pages at the spot, it is time to leave the hacienda of San José—but not the personality of its owner, for that is a subject which merits some further remark.

It is refreshing and distinctly encouraging to reflect that in Chile the management of public affairs is left in the hands of such men as Don Ismael Tocornal. Indeed, I have never met statesmen who displayed a greater breadth of mind and a more efficient grasp

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DON ISMAEL TOCORNAL.

NATIVE FOREST GIANTS, SAN JOSE.

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of the particular situations which they have to handle than those of Chile.

Don Ismael undoubtedly possesses these qualities to an unusual degree. His absolute honesty of purpose and fairness of mind are emphatically acknowledged throughout the long length and inadequate breadth of the Republic. It has been, indeed, largely due to this justified fame that both masters and men, when involved in labour disputes—notably in those concerned with the tramways—have appealed for his intervention and, moreover, have accepted his decisions without question.

Indeed, I have the story from Señor Tocornal's own lips of how, when he had just concluded peace between masters and men in a certain industry in Valparaiso, it occurred to him that a dispute of a similar nature must almost certainly arise in Santiago. Determined to take no chances in view of the probability, he hastened to Santiago, sent for the representatives of both sides, and, striking while the iron was hot, initiated a *modus operandi* on an amicable basis, and thus gave a brilliant proof that prevention is better than cure.

But it would be impossible to dilate upon Señor Tocornal's abilities without entering into a discussion on Chilian politics in general of too exhaustive a nature. As these few lines are intended as a purely personal sketch of a representative Chilian statesman, it will be necessary to give only one more characteristic which will render some idea of the modern trend in Chile.

The ex-Prime Minister is an ardent admirer of the London Police Force. In this he is not alone, since

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it is not to be denied that the army of gentlemen—in the non-abused sense of the word—who guide and persuade Londoner and alien, have their appreciators in many quarters of the globe. But Don Ismael has carried his admiration to very practical lengths. He has conscientiously studied the various problems of the force at Scotland Yard itself, and has become intimate with its methods and traditions to a degree which is decidedly the lot of very few Englishmen.

The results of this are already evident in the police force of Santiago, who under any conditions constitute a fine body of men in themselves. They are being moulded on the London model—if Don Ismael had his own way he would even insist on the cultivation of that sauntering walk which, in the midst of a turbulent scene of excitement, is expressive of such calm and unruffled authority! This, of course, is merely one of the external features of the movement, which has been thorough and earnest. It is, indeed, a subject on which the ex-Prime Minister can talk for hours with the enthusiasm of the complete expert. His task is not complete in this respect, he will assert with emphasis, and I do not think he will rest until he has attained his end. But in the meanwhile the condition of the force is one of which Santiago may well be proud. It affords, indeed, only one more proof of the sane and efficient methods of modern Chilian statesmen.

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CHAPTER X

FROM SANTIAGO TO CONCEPCION

The railway as an aid to sightseeing—Aspects of the great central valley—Fertility of the soil—Variety of the local growths—Some rustic habitations—Rancagua—A famous fruit centre—The population of the platform—*Pan de Huevos*—Its flavour and shape—Station saleswomen—Some occupants of the highway—Peculiarities of male and female costume—The Poncho and its colouring—Natural woodland—The River Maule—An historical stream—Linares—A mound of melons—The Bio-Bio River—A famous battle-ground—A calculated coincidence—Beauty of the landscape—Concepcion.

THE express train which leaves Santiago for Concepcion and the South is a well equipped one, whether the journey be effected by day or by night. By far the more popular method of the two is to take the train which leaves in the evening, spend the night in the *dormitorio*—sleeping coach—and thus to arrive in Concepcion in the morning, fresh for the business of the day.

But this is not for the traveller who is intent on seeing as much as possible of the country through which he passes. In order to effect this with any degree of conscientiousness he should move in the daytime, and spend the nights wherever he can, and this, since no stone of the kind should be left unturned, should apply even to the comparatively humdrum form of journeying such as the railway offers.

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There are many, I know, who hold that little of interest can be witnessed from the interior of a railway carriage. In the case of a London to Brighton non-stop express, this is clearly true. Yet in the newer lands where the distances are great, the halts at the stations lengthy, and the train in general seems far less detached from its surroundings than are those hurtling things which swallow up the miles with such gluttony at home, observation even from a train has its favourable points. What is the use of lengthy stays in towns and their immediate neighbourhoods if the country which separates the various centres is entirely ignored?

There are, moreover, compensations for this day-light travel on the route from Santiago to Concepcion. In place of the *dormitorio* is a very comfortable pullman car, and at the end of the train is a small platform from which the various neighbourhoods may be surveyed as accurately as from the seats of a horse-drawn carriage. Thus even the most luxury-loving would find it difficult to discover hardship in exchange for the benefits of this chosen method of travel.

The train, as a matter of fact, wastes very little time in getting in close touch with the country. Scarcely has it run clear of the outermost houses of the capital when the great central valley of Chile comes to spread its fertility about it. Every yard of the land in this neighbourhood is cultivated; for it is peculiarly rich just here. Indeed, if you would buy a cuadra—which is a plot one hundred and twenty-five metres square—of the planted vineyard country which abounds here, you would pay some ten thousand dollars for the privilege, an amount which,

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roughly, is the equivalent of four hundred pounds sterling.

Not that vines are the only growths which sprout from the earth here. There are plantations of oak, acacia, pine, eucalyptus, Wellingtonia, willow, Norfolk pine, poplar, and of many other trees beyond. There are orchards and fields of maize, wheat, barley, and pumpkin. There seems, in fact, to exist nearly every species of the temperate products of a kindly sun and soil.

The train has rumbled over the bridge which spans the Maipo River. As a stream the river is a little disappointing just now. It is wearing the very thinnest of its watery summer clothing. Save for the few rivulets that trickle down the broad expanse of grey stone which forms its bed it is absolutely dry. Still, it would be unwise in the extreme to judge the powers of the Maipo by its present attenuated condition. The steep, lofty banks on either hand show plainly enough what the river can do when it is in the mood.

After a halt at Buin the journey is continued along the fertile valley. On the right-hand side is one of the most charming haciendas it is possible to conceive, the homestead itself set on an island in the middle of a lake, an island of just sufficient size to hold the house and its gardens, with a tiny wood in addition to complete the picture.

When this has fallen away the foothills of the parallel chains of the Andes, experiencing a sudden and unwonted impulse of sociability, advance across the plain to approach each other until, wearing the air of promontories set in the ocean, their outposts

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meet. There is a vision of cactus, bare soil, and great boulders as the train worms its way about one of the foothills. Then it has passed through a cutting into a further broad valley which extends beyond. The mountains have fallen away more rapidly than they advanced, as though the point of contact had left a vague terror behind.

As to the vegetation, it seems to have become even more exuberant than before. There are hedges of quince trees bearing aloft a heavy golden canopy of fruit. Among the orchards, too, are groves of gigantic fig-trees, and walnuts of a proportionately enormous size. In the gardens, cheek by jowl with these, are the flowers, and ornamental shrubs, with the magnolia, towering at times some forty feet high, conspicuous for its masses of ponderous white blossoms.

Indeed so generous is nature in this favoured spot that, instead of the wonted encouragement, it is necessary to restrain its spontaneous efforts. Thus the vines, loth to remain within the confines of their proper areas, have in many places leaped out joyously beyond them, and—like the rabbits of Australia in relation to the wire netting—have learned to climb objects which mankind never intended they should. The pumpkin has developed a similar tendency; but this is nothing out of the ordinary for this particular growth throughout Chile, where every conceivable plant, and shrub, and tree, swelling unduly with healthy pride, would jostle its neighbour to the extent of mutual damage.

The landscape has already altered in some respects. Streams, slender but full-flowing currents, have taken to meander here and there in rather

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notable numbers. The walls which line the roads and fields, in place of being contrived of mud pure and simple, are now fortified by an admixture of stone. Not that one has passed beyond the region of blackberry hedges; on the contrary, the heights attained by these amazing growths appear to increase steadily as the southward way is continued. They are climbing up the tall alamedas now to a really giddy point, whence they hang down again in correspondingly lengthy festoons—dry, green, and thorny waterfalls.

Here and there occurs a break in the vineyards and fruits. At such places are wide stretches of maize and of beans, and tree-shaded fields stocked with sleek Durham cattle, while, where it gets the opportunity, the mauve flowers of the wild lupin paint a thick carpet on the earth, a tint which blends admirably with the expanse of alfalfa flower.

The human interest is by no means lacking in this riot of nature. Indeed, considering the sparse population of the country, there is more evidence than usual here of the beings who control the destinies of these growths. Their habitations are sufficiently rustic to appear an integral part of the rural surroundings which hedge them about so closely. Reed huts these are for the most part, generous of ventilation, and shaded by pergolas from which hang either the serried bunches of grapes, or the weighty fruit of the melon.

Thus the variety of this pleasant valley is infinite. If there be any monotony in the scene, it is confined to the mountains in the distance. And it is only fitting that this stately background should remain

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unaltered and consistent. Otherwise attention might be unduly distracted from what is passing in the immediate neighbourhood. Here, for instance, is a real struggle between two contending forces! A great mass of pumpkin tendrils ablaze with yellow flower, and an equally imposing blackberry cluster have met in a confused mass, and have twined themselves together until the combined heap has risen in its struggle to a score of feet above the ground.

To the eyes of heedless mankind the aspect of this fierce combat is merely delightful. Indeed, no land could smile in broader and more apparent content than this. In its verdure and thronging abundance it is strangely reminiscent of the Minho Valley of Northern Portugal, a charming spot which, as a matter of fact, returning South Americans are fond of choosing for their residence—although these latter come from Brazil, and have no concern with Chile, nor with its central valley which so closely resembles the other.

The train is approaching a town of some importance. To the front the factory chimneys of Rancagua jut out above the poplar and eucalyptus which shelter the roofs. The station is crowded with all types of humanity, from the local magnate and the smartly uniformed officer to the humble lounger and the peasant in his *poncho*, with the great spurs of the country at his heels.

Rancagua is a noted centre of the fruit industry. Beyond this, the railway station, not to be outdone by the district in general, possesses a speciality of its own. This is *pan de huevos*, a species of bread made of eggs and milk. Of course, there may be other

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ingredients for all I know; but these are the sole ones advertised, and in any case they constitute the chief portion of their speciality.

Now *pan de huevos*, carried beneath protecting napkins in its baskets and served hot to the purchaser, is an extremely appetizing thing in the way of bread or cake, for it resembles the one as much as the other. There is nothing hidebound, moreover, even in the shape or size of this *pan de huevos*. It may be made in loaves some eighteen inches in length, flat as a flounder, and of the same build, tapering at both ends. Or again, it may be contained in the forms of small rolls or of ordinary biscuits; but in any case the substance is the same, whatever form it may assume.

The women who sell it are placid folk, very comfortable advertisements for their wares, stout, brown-faced and filled with a certain mature dignity. It is the same with their companions who sell the other classes of wares. For there is much besides *pan de huevos* at Rancagua. There are the inevitable flowers and fruit, and a multitude of very quaint sugary confections. These latter are notable for both design and colour. You may see a young girl, or even an elderly man—for the masculine taste in such matters seems extraordinarily comprehensive—nibbling at a green or pale blue guitar, and nibbling the strange thing for all the world as though he, or she, liked it.

Certainly the halt at Rancagua is sufficiently lengthy for many conversations, and many dealings, whether in *pan de huevos*, fruit, flowers, or sweetstuff. At length the train rolls southward once again, and

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the open country stretches itself to right and left. The walls which border the fields have begun to assume a different aspect now. The carefully tiled mud-brick has fallen away, little by little. In its place are erections of stone, loosely piled, but efficient.

Otherwise the landscape remains much the same, with the exceptions that the cypress trees have begun to assert themselves more prominently, and that the loquat and fig-trees seem to have swollen yet more in size. By the side of the line runs a high-road, and upon this rides a huazo very jauntily with his lady-love seated on a pillion behind him. I have called the girl his lady-love somewhat recklessly, since the word fits in so well with the necessarily affectionate manner of the progress. For all I know she may have been his wife! If any should find that the situation loses in poetry from the force of this circumstance, the fault lies with themselves alone.

Whatever may be the relationship between the pair, their outward appearance is picturesque enough. In colouring they seem to have taken an example from the butterflies, since the man's costume is far more brilliant than that of the woman. It is true that this is due to the poncho alone, but the flaming red and yellow of this make up for any other deficiencies in his dress. It is curious, by the way, to remark the popularity of these two colours in the matter of ponchos. Brown may run one or the other a close third; but such shades as blue or green would seem as rare in a poncho as red in a live grass leaf. What governs the taste in such things I do not know; but the edicts are undoubtedly arbitrary and uncompromising.

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A little farther on is a lowly *rancho*, a cottage of mud and reeds. It may be the home of the two riders—or again, it may not; speculation is futile on such a point. That which principally distinguishes the little homestead is a mass of very lofty hollyhocks which hedges it about, the tall spears of blossom outrivalling the hut in height. Then a little wayside station has sprung up on the left to draw the train to a reluctant halt. It seems a very little thing to stop so long a train. But like the cottage, it owns a salient feature which in a sense is independent of itself. This is a great wistaria whose trunk sprouts from the front of the platform and whose branches and leaves cover the whole structure. When it is in flower what a welcome it must extend to a panting and tired engine! Alas! Just now it has nothing but greenery to push out towards the carriage window.

The valley has shrunk together at Pelequen, and has widened again at San Fernando, where the milky, grey streams seem to have grown even more numerous. Just beyond here occurs the first symptom of a radical change in the landscape. A broad belt of natural woodland has spread itself right athwart one of the slopes. It is a band of rather lowly and humble trees, it must be admitted, insignificant babes compared with the forest giants which flourish further to the south. Yet these minor evergreen glades, enjoying their liberty and stretching out where they will, are pleasant things to contemplate. A few minutes later the cultivated fields have put in their appearance again, each backed by its ordered walls of green.

Beyond Curico is an expanse of broken and rather barren country. Then the train is rumbling over the

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fine bridge which spans the River Maule, an historical stream that has often run red with the blood of both Spaniard and Indian. In the neighbourhood is an unusual number of streams, each bordered by its dense, green walls of blackberry. Then again the native bush presses forward for a while, really important stretches this time of evergreen trees, varied here and there by expanses of thorny scrub. The woodland is generously intersected by rivers, and holds an entrancing collection of open spaces where the cattle graze in peace amid their sylvan surroundings.

And so to Linares, where the evidence of fruit and flower is almost more abundant than at any other spot that has been passed so far. Even the station itself has an important contribution to the field of plenty. Here is stacked a mound of melons which equals the proportions of those gigantic coal heaps that in a far more prosaic fashion are wont to litter the stations at home. Just at the back of it the rioting tendrils of the scarlet runners have succeeded in clambering even the loftier branches of the reluctant orange trees.

But it is time to leave these exuberant products of earth for awhile. The train is hastening over another bridge, while beneath runs the broad stream of the Bio-Bio, a river of even greater historical interest than the Maule, whose waters, moreover, have run redder than the first with the blood of Spaniard and Indian. For it was to the southern banks of this that the Araucanians clung with all the tenacity of their race, and it was across its flood that they plunged when bound upon one of their desperate incursions into the country already held by the invaders.

There is less talk of these dim ages just now than

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of the modern features of the river at this spot. There is the bridge, for instance, which boasts a rather curious, though recent, historical fragment of its own. This structure, its admirers will tell you, is exactly 1889 metres in length, and it was, moreover, completed in the year 1889.

Many hold this to be an amazing coincidence. Frankly, I am quite sceptical on the point. In fact, I have not the slightest hesitation in charging the engineers with the methods of the unscrupulous "poker-patience" player determined at all costs to make the game "come out." Will you convince me that, had the completion of the bridge been delayed until 1890, another yard would have been grudged to the length of the structure? The coincidence would have been cheap at the price! As it is, it has furnished a peg for some tens of thousands of chatty little exclamations all dealing with the same point in the course of some twenty-two years. Which justifies to the full the action of the engineers. It is no easy feat to make a bridge which in its turn shall make conversation!

In the meanwhile we have sped on past Chillan along more open country, in the hollow of which millions of bulrushes raise their stout heads. Then through a stretch of country that possesses nothing of importance save scrub and dried grasses. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been more admirably placed than this barren tract, could one but realize it at the time. The least pleasant spot on the journey from Santiago to Concepcion, it would seem to have settled itself just here as a prelude and fitting contrast to the most beautiful.

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The River Bio-Bio has come to roll once more by the side of the train. Since the first glimpse of the stream was vouchsafed it has gained greatly in breadth, and its broad current now runs between the mountains which hedge it in on either side. For mile after mile the train clings to the bank of the river, and all the while the landscape is undergoing a transformation. The first reaches resemble not a little the tidal rivers of South Devon, even down to the broad spits of exposed soil that in places lie flat above the surface of the water.

The hills themselves are wooded here and there with the indigenous evergreen trees of the country, while the cleared spaces are heavily burdened with the inevitable orchards and vineyards. A number of these vines would seem of an exceptionally adventurous disposition. Like the scarlet runners of the more northern district, they have escaped from their proper home, and have roved down to the very river bank itself to climb over the branches of the lofty evergreen shrubs.

The waters of the river have begun to show traces of mankind. A number of flat-bottomed punts are lying upon the banks, while an occasional steam launch is moving fussily to and fro. At no time will you see anything more important in the way of shipping here; for unfortunately the shallowness of the Bio-Bio permits nothing but the smallest craft. But these signs of navigation, such as they are, suffice to prove that Concepcion is drawing near.

All the while the mountains by the side of the stream have been growing in height and the woodland expanses in density until the scene has parted

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A SMALL SOUTHERN PORT.

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with its last Devonian characteristics in favour of a more imposing landscape that is not a little reminiscent of the Rhine. And then come the single houses, then the streets, and last of all the railway station of Concepcion.

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it is true, is of a somewhat rough and ready order; but the attendants are prompt enough, and in many cases exhibit really valuable symptoms of local colour and originality. Thus, when a waiter has come bustling up with a dish, and has laid it tenderly on the table, you need not be surprised if he pauses for a while to gaze in triumphant admiration at the work of the *chef*. Then his feelings will overcome him. "Nothing could be better done!" he will ejaculate, and, having thus vindicated the quality of his freight, he will depart in search of something equally admirable for someone else. They are friendly folk, these waiters, and apparently filled to the brim with a sense of loyalty towards the establishment.

But I think that the most salient feature of the Hotel de la France is an astonishing automatic piano which is enthroned in the neighbourhood of the bar. As I saw it, the thing in one sense represented the last word in matters of sound and sight. On the front of the structure was painted a brilliant scene, a Swiss or Italian village—I know not which—that nestled its white houses in the midst of conventional mountain scenery. When the affair lay dormant, so to speak, it was more or less of a neutral tint. There were the cottages, a church, and in the foreground a mill by the side of which was a waterfall. The picture was just a little indistinct and vague; that is to say until the insertion of a coin into the slot.

The power of money is wonderful. In this instance it woke up an immediate and astonishing wealth of life, colour, and sound. We gazed at the dawn to the accompaniment of "The Merry Widow."

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Little by little the sky became brilliant, until in a few seconds it blazed with the full midday glare. As for the waterfall by the side of the mill, it broke out into a torrent of red, white and blue, such as any other waterfall in the world might well have envied in vain. At this period an airship broke suddenly into the astonished sky, and sailed rather jerkily across as the red glow on the mountains deepened. It was an amazing and comprehensive spectacle.

Then, when the day had scarcely finished its breaking, and ere the tail of the airship had entirely disappeared, the night fell with dramatic suddenness. We knew that the night had fallen because a moon shone, and pleasant lights twinkled from the cottages, the church, and the mill. But the night was as short as the day, for almost immediately afterwards "The Merry Widow" died away and the frenzy of life faded from the picture. From the artistic point of view the thing may have been just a little violent; from the practical point of view it was undoubtedly a draw!

So much for the Hotel de la France. The rival establishment is situated in the Plaza, and is a building of a far more imposing kind. As an hotel it is admirable; indeed, I know of only one serious drawback under which the place labours. It suffers from a surfeit of nomenclature.

The official name—the one which occurs on the heading of bills and other such unnecessary documents—is the "Hotel Waechter-Piola." This is in itself somewhat of a mouthful, and the establishment has not mended matters by the introduction of a foot-note to the effect that it was formerly the "Hotel Haran." About one-quarter of the populace of Concepcion are

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content to know the place by either of these two names. But at least half of the town's inhabitants allude to the spot as the Hotel Plaza from the fact of its geographical situation. The remaining quarter are wont to choose any of the names of six other previous proprietors which may first occur to the mind. Thus the casual stranger on his first arrival is almost invariably imbued with the idea that there are an extraordinary number of hotels in the neighbourhood of the Plaza. Whereas there is nothing beyond this one nomenclatural chameleon!

In every other respect the establishment is quite to be recommended. It is provided, for instance, with a number of spacious and well-furnished lounges—to a greater extent, indeed, I believe, than any other place of the kind in Chile. The dining-room, moreover, is not only large, but inhabited by very attentive waiters, myrmidons at the temple of really appetizing fare. There is no doubt that this hotel of many names is highly to be extolled. It can certainly rival any other in the Republic.

Distant a little more than half a dozen miles from Concepcion is the port of Talcahuano, this latter place being connected by railway with Concepcion. As a port Talcahuano is of double importance, since, in addition to its commercial value, it stands for the naval base and dockyard of Chile. Here you may see the trim war-vessels of the Republic, some manœuvering or lying at anchor in the outer roads, spick and span and perfect to the last rivet, while others, invalided for the time being, are in dock undergoing the busy process of their repairs.

These Chilian battleships, cruisers, and torpedo

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craft, together with the anchored mercantile vessels, give life in plenty to the surface of the fine bay—a wide inlet which is still further sheltered by an island at its mouth. But the object of greatest interest of all in Talcahuano Bay is the *Huascar*, the old Peruvian warship, now Chilian, which rammed the heroic *Esmeralda*.

The civil port of Talcahuano exhibits as much activity in its own way as the naval station. The front of this is lengthy and the wharves extensive. These are backed by large warehouses which sport Spanish, English, and German names. All this portion of the town is very modern and provided with the most recent industrial appliances.

Talcahuano, however, is no one-sided place. It has other aspects beyond those of modern commercialism. Just at the back of these very up-to-date wharves and warehouses is a curious and interesting quarter of quite another order. There are no broad spaces, railway lines, and electric cranes here. In the place of these are narrow streets and quaint buildings which jostle each other as though in a strenuous struggle for elbow-room. Humanity here seems to have broken out from the conventional in sympathy with the buildings, and men and women in picturesque and utter negligé swarm in the narrow streets.

In the centre of this quarter is the market, a spot which caps even its immediate surroundings in the generosity of its local colour. The men and women are sauntering from one booth to another here, stepping casually over the bodies of bare-footed boys and shaggy-coated dogs reclining in careless peace in the dust. As to the booths themselves, they are perhaps

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the most curious objects of all. The majority have been erected for the sale of fruit and vegetables, and the actual structures are largely made up of the very wares which are exposed for sale. Thus the back and sides of one will be made up of little beyond strings of onions and peppers, and hanging masses of pears, grapes, plums and quinces. Another will be constructed of a fresh variety of fruits and vegetables; but in every case the effect is equally striking.

Within a stone's throw of this is the railway station, with its coughing engines and all its evidence of modern times. With the glow of the market colouring yet in one's eye, this latter scene is strangely commonplace. One will be sorry when its influence destroys the older scene, as, it is to be supposed, must inevitably be the case sooner or later.

In the neighbourhood of Concepcion are the coal-fields which are the property of the famous Lota Company in which one of the leading Chilian families, the Cousiños, have taken so beneficent an interest. It is true that the coal extracted is not of the finest, yet it serves most efficiently for all ordinary purposes, and—so small has the world grown!—these fields became the scene of the most fevered activity during the recent coal strike which prevailed in England.

These Lota mines, by the way, penetrate for a very long distance beneath the ocean itself. It is even said that when a vessel, floating in the full light of day above, drops anchor, the rattle of the chain is distinctly heard by the miners in the gloomy depths beneath. Personally, I am quite unable to testify as to whether this is a fact or not. If it be so, there is a curious and weird romance added to the miner's

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life—the value of which he in the natural course of events would be the last to recognize.

The very notable Lota Company is not concerned in its important coal mines alone. It has established factories, foundries and a brick-field in the neighbourhood. To the infinite credit of the concern be it said that it has expended an enormous amount of energy in adding to the beauty of the district from which it derives its wealth. The celebrated Lota Park—from the horticultural and picturesque points of view—ranks among the finest in the whole Republic of Chile.

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CHAPTER XII

FROM CONCEPCION TO VALDIVIA

An early start—The mystery of the small hours—Dawn on the Bio-Bio River—The atmosphere of the south—The introduction to the timber country—A park-like scene—Ercilla—Chilian forestry—Some local methods—Aspects of the evergreen forest—Timber villages—Indian nomenclature—The German colony—A long-settled community—Temuco—Catering and its enterprise—The Araucanian Indian—A sturdy people—Appearance and habits of the race—A picturesque quarter—An idyllic scene—The charm of the southern landscape—Wooden highways—Scenes on the journey—The Copihue River—Valdivia.

It is difficult to conceive a more interesting journey than that from Concepcion to Valdivia. Should you proceed in the ordinary way by train, an early start will be essential—somewhere in the neighbourhood of four o'clock in the morning. It is at such periods that the close proximity of the Hotel de la France to the railway station renders that particular hostelry invaluable.

There is no denying the fact that something mysterious and uncanny accompanies a start at this hour. Tappings on the door have sounded through the darkness, followed by the shufflings of retreating feet. Once you are dressed, and outside the lighted room, a shadowy form has loomed up through the outer gloom to take possession of such impedimenta

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as you may possess. Then down the stairs, to the entrance hall where the dim outlines of a couch are just evident by the door. From the surface of this ensues an upheaval of blankets as an arm protrudes to grasp a rope, which in some half understood fashion, causes the door to swing open.

The next moment a form as shadowy as the rest has glided up from the street, and has laden itself with the baggage. The door swings to and a chilly caress of night air emphasizes the fact that your stay at the Hotel de la France is at an end. Enjoying all the sensations of a thief or of an actor in an illicit amour—supposing, of course, that you have had experience of either joy—you will steal across the intervening space until the precincts of the station are reached.

There you will not be alone. Humanity is littered in various directions about the platforms. Oppressed like all else by the stress of the hour, its atoms present a strangely bundle-like appearance. Only one or two figures swathed in ponchos are pacing sombrely to and fro: the rest are strewn about in recumbent or sedentary expectancy. Then sounds the faint tolling of a distant bell, which grows to a clanging volume as the engine steams majestically up with the lighted carriages behind it.

Once under way it is not long before the dawn breaks, to reveal the early morning mists on the river Bio-Bio. Heavy curtains of white lie upon the broad waters: others float about the mountain tops, and send down long flaky streamers to join the lower stratum of mist. By the time the sun has conquered, Concepcion and even its river have been

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left far behind. The train has sped through an agricultural plain where the cattle are grazing in formidable numbers, then through a heavily rolling and comparatively treeless land of pastures, the brownish tint of which is broken into here and there by the vivid green of a coombe, or chine—by whatever English name you may choose to call a gully of the kind.

On the right-hand side is the modest range of the Coastal Andes, while on the left the main Cordilleras are plainly in view, snow peaks and all. Even to the casual observer it is evident enough that the snow line has now dropped down to within a comparatively intimate range of the general earth. Indeed, we have already entered a climate widely different even from that of the temperate regions of Santiago. Down here there is no necessity to shed the early morning overcoat or poncho even when the sun has soared high up into the heavens. On the contrary, there are times when the desire for a yet thicker garment is felt.

But the change in the landscape may well tend to render the traveller oblivious of any remaining sense of chill. Without warning the train passes over a bridge which spans a deep gorge. The thing is perfect in its way. Its steep slopes are thickly clothed in vegetation; a mill is poised on a small and perilously jutting promontory, and by its side a waterfall goes foaming and tumbling in a series of cataracts to the depths far below. In its way it surpasses even the landscape which adorns the automatic piano in the Hotel de la France at Concepcion!

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The spot, as a matter of fact, serves as a most appropriate introduction to the genuine timber country. It is true that in the actual neighbourhood of the line the woodlands only assert themselves little by little. In the first place they are represented by trees standing well apart the one from the other, each shading a portion of the pastures from which they rise. The effect is quite extraordinarily suggestive of an English park, and, indeed, the lands here are, compared with those further to the south, of old standing and mature cultivation. It is only later on that the charred and blackened stumps appear, the results of recent burnings.

The train has halted now at Ercilla, the first timber-town proper. There is no doubt that the difference in the appearance of the first wood-built town and in that of the last mud and reed village is striking in the extreme. Perhaps the most salient impression which the former gives when one has for some while become accustomed to the latter is a sense of compactness and of a dearth of loose ends. Ercilla, however, lacks nothing of the picturesque. With the tiled red roofs of its bungalows peeping through the verdure which so generously shelters the place, the town affords a pleasant picture.

After Ercilla the way lies through park-like country again, varied by an occasional broad stretch of ploughed land, until some hills draw in sight which might have been dragged straight from a corner of recently desecrated New Zealand bush. Covered thickly with the gaunt, blackened stumps of burned trees, they wear the look of desolation that is wont to accompany the intervening period between the

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destruction of the old life and the growth of the new.

There is, nevertheless, a vast difference between the methods of forestry as practised here and in New Zealand. In the latter country the timber and scrub is felled to the ground, and is there left to dry for a considerable while ere the fateful torch is applied. Here in Southern Chile, on the other hand, given a sufficiently parched season, the timber is burned standing and the great trunks—the outside of which only is charred—are felled when the undergrowth and scrub has been destroyed by the flames.

Although simpler and probably more practical for the country, there are, it must be granted, several serious disadvantages to this latter method. In the first place it is almost impossible to judge with any exactitude the area over which such a fire may spread, to say nothing of the waste incidental to burnings which may prove only partial. In any case, much good timber is necessarily ruined in the process. Nevertheless, as local experience alone is of value in such circumstances, and as the scarcity of the available labour must be taken into consideration, it is probable enough that this form of timber collection is the most fitted to the character of the spot.

What a relief after this area of dead and desolate wood to arrive at the splendid evergreen forest with all its stately and soft green life! When seen in such masses as these, surely the beauty of the giant evergreen glades exceeds that of any other timber. Even the pine groves which have now begun to introduce themselves into the natural forest, look dull and dark and ragged by the side of these others.

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ASPECT OF RECENTLY-CLEARED COUNTRY.

A SCENE IN THE TIMBER COUNTRY.

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Here and there the forest falls away, to give place to agricultural land, bearing upon its surface the mountainous straw heaps from which the corn has been thrashed. Pastoral country is not wanting, moreover, and here is a mounted huazo galloping after cattle, and menacing the animals with his goad, the long lance which in these parts seems to serve as efficiently as the lasso.

We have entered a country of Indian nomenclature, as Pailaheque, the name of the next station, indicates. This, too, serves a town of well-constructed timber houses. Indeed, the evidence of a forest country is now overwhelming on all sides. In the station-yard are great stacks of sawn timber, cheek by jowl with the bags of wheat. In the background are massive wooden fences, and the wheels of the bullock carts which ply cumbrously to and fro are of solid and massive timber from hub to rim. One realizes now that the finished appearance of these centres of civilization is due largely to the presence of the saw-mills. In the less favoured remote parts of South America it would be strange to see the *corrales* into which the cattle are driven constructed of anything beyond rough logs crudely but strongly fastened together. Here, on the other hand, all such yards are neatly fenced in a fashion that is quite European.

The train has penetrated by now into a region where the German element predominates. Indeed, so powerful is this that at Santiago it is customary to speak of the regions and towns in this Southern neighbourhood as being to all intents and purposes Teutonic. From the point of view of the casual

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traveller it seemed to me that this idea had been somewhat exaggerated.

At Victoria, an important centre, came the first genuine evidence of this German occupation, and it must be admitted that this was sufficiently notable. The German speech and Castilian spoken with a Teutonic accent abounded here. One of the girl fruit-sellers on the platform wore both the pigtails and the countenance of the land to the east of the Rhine, while there was something even in the appearance of the *vigilante* reminiscent of the same country. But to assert the actual predominance of any element of the kind seemed scarcely justified.

These German communities of the South, as a matter of fact, are in a strikingly flourishing condition, which alone appears to justify to the full the Chilian claims concerning the advantages to be enjoyed by the immigrants to this land. These now wealthy settlers, curiously enough, do not in any way think their presence in Chile due to that great wave of enterprise which has passed over their native country during the past score of years. The advent of the original colonist dates back, I believe, to a period some fifty or sixty years ago, and was the result of political disturbances in Germany. Thus the colonies in question are of old standing, and are concerned with none of the important modern movements.

The country in the neighbourhood is, in a limited sense, fairly cosmopolitan. Not only have we Germans thriving on Chilian soil; we are about to have several reminders that the Chilians themselves are flourishing in a land that once belonged to others. We are, in fact, drawing near to Temuco, in the neighbourhood

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of which a large settlement of Indians still exists. They would seem to have chosen their site well, for all the while the woodland grows more beautiful, and the undergrowth more richly varied. Here and there, where the glades are more open, cattle are grazing in the shade of the trees. Fortunate beasts, who can take their ease in these fairylike groves! Not, for their part, that the nature of the spot is likely to impress them in the least, providing the taste of the grass suits their meditative palates.

At the station before Temuco a group or two of Indians are already in evidence. But, since there are many more of them to come, we will pass them by and ignore these few stragglers until the train has arrived nearer to the spot where they abound in really notable numbers. Besides, this particular station is remarkable for something beyond Indians, although this something is of a far more commonplace order, it must be admitted.

A man has boarded the train, armed with a formidable sheaf of bills of fare. They represent the lunch which is waiting ahead at the Hotel Commercial in Temuco. As the new-comer passes along the train distributing this promise of repast conscientiously to each person, one cannot fail to be struck with such an amount of enterprise in so remote a spot. As it is, one can study this convenient menu, decide at one's leisure the dishes that shall mark this eventful break in the journey, and thus, having learned by heart the most tempting combination, one may descend from the train at the fateful moment, enjoying all the benefits of a firm mind added to an empty interior. It is certain that these glimpses into the future are not

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without their effect on the passengers in general. Never was a morning paper studied with more attention and thought than these forecasting slips.

Nevertheless, at Temuco itself, it is necessary to forget for a while even the import of these bills of fare. The Indians gathered at the spot hold out far more important claims to notice. There is a strong family likeness between each group of these copper-hued descendants of the fighting Araucanians. Men and women alike are sturdy, broad-shouldered folk, rather wide in countenance, rather high in cheek-bone, who bear not a little resemblance to the more untutored of the Maoris of New Zealand. That they come of a fighting stock is evident even now from their bearing, although the battles of their tribes are now relegated to the lumber of history.

In common with many others of the prouder native races of the world, their chief warfare now would seem to be with alcoholic liquor, and, according to all accounts, the struggle is one in which they have become thoroughly accustomed to be worsted. Not that drunkenness was a stranger to their race before the advent of the European. Far from it. But the process would seem even more conscientious now than was formerly the case, perhaps for the simple reason that there is more of the past to drown!

It need not be thought from this that the welfare of these sons and daughters of the Araucanians is altogether neglected. Their treatment at the hands of the Chilian seems decidedly considerate. Among other enterprises of the kind there is a mission in the neighbourhood of Temuco itself, under the care of clergy of the Church of England, who are reported to

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be doing excellent work in the ranks of these somewhat irresponsible natives. On the whole, astonishingly little is heard of these efforts of the South American Missionary Society, but I fancy that when the full scope of its endeavours become recognized the comprehensiveness of its labours throughout the continent, considering the paucity of the numbers employed in the work, will cause no little surprise.

Certainly just at the present moment there are no signs of vice in these Indians congregated at Temuco. The prevailing expression on the countenance of each is one of extreme good nature. Their costume is characteristic. The most striking garment of the men is a bold red species of poncho, while the women wear long shawls of the same hue, and carry their hair in two long black plaits. Neither sex is troubled with footgear; they have retained the use of their bare feet in all weathers, a matter on which they are much to be congratulated, did they but know it.

But in the meanwhile the long-advertised lunch is waiting at the Hotel Commercial. It is a perfectly excellent meal, served, moreover, with an alacrity that is somewhat rare in the remote centres, the proprietor himself assisting with a genial courtesy that is appetizing in itself. Undoubtedly the Hotel Commercial is strongly to be recommended. To those few persons who are likely to visit the spot I may explain that it is just without the station enclosure. The strategic position of a rival hostelry which is actually attached to the station endows it with a more general patronage. But in culinary merit and general excellence the latter

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is not for one moment to be compared with the Hotel Commercial.

The thoroughfares of Temuco hold few enough features that call for special attention. On the outskirts of the small town, however, is one street which differs widely from the rest. Its remarkable *ranchos* with their quaint, wooden, gabled roofs constitute a popular market, and the street is filled with picturesque humanity, Indians in their cloaks, and huazos in their ponchos are thronging in clouds about the bullock carts which encumber the way. It is noticeable here, by the way, that these bullock carts are frequently driven by women, whether Chilian or Araucanian.

As the train draws slowly out of Temuco to enter the forest country again it reveals a fleeting picture of Indian family life sufficiently idyllic in its nature. A stream runs through the woodland at the spot. Just visible in the background is a *ruca*, the typical conical-shaped hut of the Araucanian. On the banks of the stream itself is the family, sheltered by the spreading branches of the evergreen forest. The mother is busily occupied in washing clothes in the clear waters of the stream. The father is standing by the side of his house, his red cloak dappled by the sun-beams which dance upon it. His air is distinctly contemplative. Perhaps he is content that the washing is being achieved by other hands than his, or perhaps he is lost in placid admiration at the antics of his three children whose little naked bodies are revelling in the glittering current of the stream as they splash about the water with all the vigour of their tender years. It is a very fleeting peep of domestic life, this. It is

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possible that a longer scrutiny might rob the picture of some of its charm, who knows? So perhaps it is as well as it is.

After Temuco the railway stations bear a strong family resemblance for a time. Each, moreover, is furnished with its piles of sawn wood, in some cases many acres in extent. But the landscape is steadily growing more beautiful all the while. The mountains and forests are taking to themselves a grandeur which is accentuated by the smiling nooks which intervene. Here, for instance, is a shining stretch of river, overhung by the leafy branches of spreading trees, which is as lovely as any of those dreamlike backwaters of the Upper Thames to which it bears so strong a resemblance. The soft grass that spreads its carpet to the water's edge seems as green as any to be met with in England. A little above the spot, though, its glittering cascade visible through the branches of the trees, is an object to which the Thames is a stranger —a churning waterfall roaring and thundering in its descent.

By this time the twin ranges of the Andes have come to an end. They have lost their definite continuity in the confusion of the mountains, hills, and valleys which rise and sink in all directions. With the forest-covered slopes and the villages of wooden dwellings spread on any chance area of flat land, the landscape has grown to resemble Switzerland more and more. As for the vegetation itself, the pines and cedars have grown more frequent amid the evergreen, and the ground is covered now with the luxuriant growth of handsome ferns.

So far as the works of mankind are concerned, we

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have arrived within a country where everything possible is constructed of the all-prevailing timber. Even the paths which lead through the forest are paved with great logs laid side by side across the track. Judging by the pools of water and sheets of mud which lie in wait for the unwary traveller at the spots not covered in this fashion, the device must be something of a godsend to the inhabitants. As it is, the ox-carts go rumbling contentedly over the wooden surface. The construction of these latter has assumed a distinct peculiarity in this far south. The body itself slopes sharply upwards both to the front and back of the single pair of wheels. As a result of this crude but efficient structure, every chance object placed upon it remains in its place in spite of the tremendous gradients of the roads. The vehicle, in fact, is a cross between an ox-cart and a pocket.

More limpid rivers, flanked by pastures smooth and green as a billiard table, more hills, ploughed land, vineyards, and apple orchards from the boughs of whose trees the red and gold fruit hangs in serried masses, then the train has arrived at Antilhue, and the journey is nearing its end. As a place, Antilhue seems remarkable for very little that the neighbouring spots do not possess.

At the moment the station was notable for two objects alone. The first was a dull green native parrot perched on the rim of a basket carried by an Indian woman. At those periods when the basket was at rest the peace of both mistress and bird appeared sublime. But the parrot's protesting squawks when the woman carelessly swung the object to and fro

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A SOUTHERN FISHERMAN.

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were of a power to make the pair the centre of all observation. Judging, however, by the imperturbability of the woman, this method of progress appeared to be the ordinary and accepted one.

As a landmark by which to distinguish Antilhue from the rest of the country this incident may be somewhat lacking in importance. Intrinsically, I fear the other was scarcely weightier. It was at Antilhue that we first saw the copihue—those marvellously handsome and waxen flowers of a beauty of the kind which one can scarcely conceive to flourish outside the tropics, and which are yet to be found in abundance in these forests of the far south, completely outrivalling in brilliance even the great fuchsia trees by the side of which they hang.

We are coursing once more by the side of a river, this time an infinitely nobler stream than anything which has yet been seen. There are no shallows and no hesitancy between land and water here. The broad stream fills its bed generously from bank to bank. These latter are fringed by narrow strips of pasture, overhanging trees, and the inevitable blackberry clumps. Then the mountains rise sheer upwards on either hand, the forests on their side cut into by nothing beyond the "shoots" down which the hewn timber is wont to be sent headlong. Along one of them, broader than the rest, and used as a general pathway, are a number of oxen resembling flies on a wall as they toil up the sheer slope.

At intervals are wooden châlets with gabled roofs, structures which have nothing whatever in common with the traditions of Spain. There are men, too, working amid the timber and down below by the

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banks of the stream. There are boats here now, and a ferry woman flaming in a scarlet dress by the side of the shamed blossoms of some fuchsia trees. And then at length appear the roofs of Valdivia itself, nestling between the broad, shining river, and the walls of the mountains to the rear.

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CHAPTER XIII

VALDIVIA

A centre of timber, wheat, and fruit—The danger of wooden buildings—A recent catastrophe—The new town—The merits of Ferro-concrete—Soundless traffic—The Hotel Daguerre—An efficient establishment—Madame Daguerre—A jewel of hospitality—The journey by river—Mountains and mist—Some difficulties of navigation—Tiny ports—An everyday episode of the shallows—The harbour of Corral—Ancient Spanish battlements—The last stronghold of the colonial era—A peculiarity of the Chilian coast.

VALDIVIA is a most interesting town for more reasons than one. The casual dispenser of information will explain that it is one of the chief centres of the southern industries of timber, wheat, and fruit. But beyond this it has an individuality of its own, and just now this individuality is rather complex in its nature. Valdivia was originally constructed of wood. There was nothing strange in this. Indeed, the average inhabitant of the region could not well have imagined any other material out of which to form a town. So, as the population of Valdivia grew and its streets increased in numbers the houses continued to be erected of wood, until the place had attained to really formidable size.

Then came the fire—the fire that for the time being swept away Valdivia as completely as a candle is snuffed out by a careless finger and thumb. The

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flames roared through the streets and avenues and over the Plaza; they fed on block after block of timber dwellings, gaining ever in appetite as they licked more and more fiercely, until all that was left of central Valdivia was a heap of ashes. So far as loss of property was concerned, the catastrophe outquaked any earthquake that the district had ever known.. At the end of it, in fact, there was no Valdivia.

This occurred less than four years ago. In the interval a new town has risen up on the site of the old. As seems invariably the case in such urban crises, the calamity of the moment has entailed the benefit of years. The present town, in short, is of a design to which the old had never dared hope to attain. It is true that it is by no means completed yet. When the plan is worked out in all its details, Valdivia may safely challenge any rival city in the south of Chile.

The town—with the exception of its outskirts and of a few stray houses in the centre—no longer consists of wood. Ferro-concrete is the material of which the new buildings are constructed, and thus, humanly speaking, the danger of a recurrence of a calamity such as the first seems definitely averted. It is, indeed, a wonderful material, this ferro-concrete, and astonishingly popular in South America at the present day. In the rapidity of their erection these ferro-concrete houses bear a strong resemblance to the traditional, and actual, mushroom; but, once up, they appear quite permanent. It is true that, if crudely erected, the most ardent devotee of the material would be hard put to it to find a single speck of beauty in the

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affair. Nevertheless, with the employment of a little art and taste the substance seems to prove amazingly amenable.

I have said that the town is no longer of wood. But this, after all, applies only to the houses. The pavement of the streets throughout the place is of this most useful material. Whatever is the cause, whether it be the thickness of the timber or some special manner in which it is laid, the effect of this pavement on the noises of ordinary traffic is quite exceptionally soothing. Horses speed by on hoofs which are practically soundless, and the wheels of the ox-carts circle round almost innocent of any rumble.

One of the results of the latter phenomenon is apt to startle the new-comer. The weird long-drawn cries of the ox-driver must have become familiar to a visitor to the country long before his arrival at Valdivia. But it is almost certain that he has never heard them without their accompaniment of thudding hoofs and grinding wheels. So, if he be seated in a room overlooking the street, and hear all of a sudden these mystic noises without the key which demonstrates their cause, he may well wonder for a moment or two what dreadful occurrence is at hand outside.

It is the same throughout in this town of silent feet, and hoofs, and wheels. Were there a sufficiency of rapid traffic in the streets I imagine that the life of a pedestrian would scarcely be worth five minutes' purchase, since there is so remarkably little to warn him of the approach of the weightier occupants of the roadway. When I was in Valdivia, however, there were many streets along which the latter could not pass. A number of the thoroughfares were under repair,

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for, as part and parcel of the scheme for the town's regeneration, the drainage system was being renewed on modern lines, and the streets were "up." Here again the ubiquitous timber was made to play its part. One passed along wooden terraces specially constructed for the occasion, and by an elaborate system of wooden gangways over the variety of yawning abysses which occupied the places usually devoted to the thoroughfare.

Valdivia lacks nothing in the way of ordinary public gaieties. The Plaza, for instance, in the centre of the town, is freely patronized by all classes alike of an evening when the regimental bands play. The chief hotel of the town, the Hotel Daguerre, gives on this Plaza. As a hostelry this establishment is very strongly to be recommended. Indeed, southern Chile is notable in this respect from the fact that, although many of its attributes are necessarily as unfinished as those to be found in similar remote spots elsewhere in the continent, it can produce a number of examples of efficient and really well-kept hotels.

The Hotel Daguerre represents one of this latter class. Although quite modest in its actual dimensions, the establishment is scrupulously clean, the *cuisine* good, and the attendance excellent. The place is owned by a Frenchman and his wife, and the good lady overflows with all the most admirable qualities of a hostess. In a book of this kind the personal note is always vexatious, but there are times when it is difficult to avoid. For instance, how can I instance the good qualities of Madame Daguerre without giving my own experience of them? As a matter of fact, they became evident almost as soon as

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I had arrived at the hotel. It was then that Madame Daguerre in person arrived on the scene, bearing one of the most appetizing tea-trays conceivable.

"I have taken upon myself to bring *cold* milk, and there is jam," she explained. "That is what Englishmen like, I know."

She was right. But she had broken every local canon bearing on the science of afternoon tea! In connection with this particular function throughout Chile, hot milk is as much *de rigueur* as jam is rare. This applies even to the restaurants in Santiago and Valparaiso itself. And here was Madame Daguerre, one of the brightest jewels of public hospitality in the entire Republic, twinkling unseen in the land of Southern Forests! This preliminary feat, however, was a mere minor thing. The lady's limitations did not occur at this point; the excellence of her management prevailed throughout. She was worthy of the largest hotel, of the most central point of the land. I, for one, would go and stay there.

Valdivia, strictly speaking, is not a port, since the picturesque river, on which it is situated, does not possess sufficient depth of water to float any vessel of real importance. Corral is the spot from which the passengers and merchandize of the place, if waterborne, are translated to the outer world.

In order to get from Valdivia to the Port of Corral it is necessary to board a launch and to ply down the river which connects the two. The journey is one of the most beautiful in this district. It may be made under widely differing conditions, it is true. The atmosphere here is either of a purity that renders all the landscape clear as crystal, or else this latter

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may be densely and mysteriously shrouded in white wreaths of cloud and mist. All depends on the season. In summer you may count on the former conditions with a practical certainty; in winter it is necessary to take the chance of either. For the purpose of our own experience let us take the gloomier state—acting on the principle of those numerous artists who love to adorn with a heavy cloud the sky of a spot which is popularly held as unalterably blue as the sapphire itself. There is merit in the unexpected.

At the point of departure the river is narrow, set on both sides with the buildings and gardens of Valdivia. For a while the works and structures of mankind have matters pretty much their own way; but presently the majesty of the hills comes to shut out all but a rare roof or two which exist, as it seems, on sufferance. Indeed, the stream is now closely hemmed in by these mountains. One great promontory stretches itself out behind the other to dip its foot in the waters of the river. Dim capes these, each backed by its lofty slopes where the huge ferns send up their weighty fronds amid the trees, and where the blackberry patches fringe the stream itself, and the cabbage palms hold aloft their tufts in the few open places.

The launch is proceeding with extreme caution along a very tortuous course. The river has grown far wider now, and this surface extravagance has cost it many feet in depth. As a result the maze of shallows is complicated to a degree sufficient to tax the ingenuity of the most consummate pilot. In fact, the little craft is doubling and dodging like a hare chased by greyhounds — fleecy pale

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greyhounds that come streaming down from the mountain tops.

Now and again she swerves abruptly towards the land, and comes to a halt before some tiny settlement. Perhaps this station of call may be represented by nothing beyond a single roof, a little timber châlet shrinking timidly in the face of the waves of verdure which threaten to engulf it on all sides. It is a spot set about with soft fronds and a multitude of evergreen sprays lit up here and there by the scarlet of the fuchsia and the glowing crimson of the waxen copihue flower.

From each of these places shoots out a small boat, crude of plank and rather primitive in design. Sometimes it brings a fresh passenger to the side of the launch; at others it bears away one who has arrived at the solitary home—it may be a beshawled woman or a man in his striped poncho. At times, it is not possible to leave the wayfarer in such convenient fashion at his very front door. Then, it may be, the small vessel stops opposite a narrow trail of red earth, which doubtless leads to some homestead in the midst of the forest.

As the journey proceeds the mountains grow higher and the mystery of their appearance deeper. No doubt sunlight has its advantages, advantages which in countries such as this are apt to pall and be forgotten. As it is, these shrouded mountains leave so much to the imagination, and it is imagination, after all, that counts in this and other matters. There is an idyllic forest nook, for instance, that the moving mist has laid bare for a while—a poem of glades and leafage encompassed in its frame of fleecy white. It

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is as though the curtain has been drawn aside to afford a fleeting glimpse of some country of the fairies. Then it has gone, shut in with jealous haste by the floating wreaths, whose passage reveals a new corner to the right or left.

It is all very tantalizing and enchanting—rather like the occasional soft light in the eye of a woman versed in such pastimes. There are, I believe, some even of these sufficiently near to nature to understand the value of the part compared with that of the whole. This landscape in its way is equally absorbing, and one is brought to earth from its contemplation in much the same way. There is a sudden grinding, a gentle lurch of the launch, and then the craft remains motionless. One had forgotten the existence of the shallows!

After a pause—not of dismay, for this event is an everyday one to the small steamer—there is a flurry of the screw and a throbbing of the hull. The manœuvre somewhat resembles the buzzing of an entrapped bluebottle endeavouring to free itself from the meshes of a spider's nest. The attempt is ineffectual, and the pantings die sullenly down to silence. But the machinations of the skipper are not yet at an end. The passengers are shepherded to the stern, and the strategic position of the craft thus improved. Then the screw churns the water again with renewed vigour, and this time the launch slides away from the shallows, and floats in comparatively deep water once again.

Presently the mountains recede on either hand, while right across the horizon to the front rises a more distant range. In a short while the launch is

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ducking and rolling to the waves of a large expanse of water, which bears every resemblance to an inland lake; for a promontory has shut out the sight of the river now, and the hills in front conceal the entrance to the open sea. But this phenomenon, as a matter of fact, is no uncommon one in the inlets of the neighbourhood.

At the foot of one of the hills, its houses and buildings well defined against the green of their background—for here, too, the verdure presses to the water's edge—is a charming little port, in the neighbourhood of which rise some large iron smelting works. At one point this is broken into by the long line of some old Spanish fortifications, which still retain their original form, although the bastions are crumbling and the walls overgrown. Historically, this place possesses no little fame of its own; for it was here at Corral that the Spaniards, driven from the central portion of the land by the victorious Chilians, made their last stand.

At that period Corral was very remote from the centres of civilisation, and it was as much due to this as to the natural strength of the position that they succeeded in retaining this last corner of the land for the time they did. It was Cochrane, who in the end by a sudden assault dislodged them from this final place of defence. And this is all that remains—the dark stone of the old fortress with the domed sentry turrets jutting upwards here and there. On reflection, though, this is not all; for the worn battlements are repeated again at a point nearer to the mouth of the harbour where the ruins of a twin fortress stand. But these are not visible from Corral itself.

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At the moment there are two steamers in the bay, an English and a German—in these days and in these waters one may almost count on seeing the flag of the latter where the former flies. Beyond these are a number of sailing vessels moored closer to the shore, their upper masts seeming to blend with the timber on the hills. Except for the occasional rattle of a winch all is very peaceful, for the evening grey is gathering, and the work of the small port almost done. The hour is signalled by the great flights of the homeward-bound ducks, and the movements of the numerous other water birds.

Could you look beyond the headlands you would see a widely different scene. There rolls the great swell of the open Pacific, an ocean which is notoriously misnamed in this quarter. It is the haunt of the whale and of the albatross this, and a fairly wild one too; for where the waters end the surf beats in fury upon an ironbound and apparently unbroken coast. It is indeed a peculiarity of these regions that soft and green inlets such as these are no more to be suspected from the ocean than is the ocean from the sheltered bays. The inhospitality of the southern Chilian coast is only apparent from the distance. Closely approached, it yields up its domestic secrets and smiles freely.

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CHAPTER XIV

SOUTHWARD FROM VALDIVIA

Beauty of the landscape — Some questions of climate and flora — Araucanian huts — Quaint stockhouses — Osorno — An agricultural town — Some characteristics of the place — Local industries — A hostelry of dubious excellence — The black vulture — His attachment to the spot — Popularity of the scavengers — Street scenes — Aspects of the winter traffic — Drovers and their calls — Indian wayfarers — The parrots of the south — A local equestrienne — A curious stirrup — Comfort in the saddle — A sinister pedlar — The hawking of weapons — Reflections on the trade — The riches of Osorno — The verdict of the hotel-keeper.

SOUTHWARD bound again from Valdivia, the passage leads through a country wilder and more beautiful than any yet traversed. The gorges are deeper, the mountain slopes bolder, while the rivers and streams run in timid secrecy along the narrow valleys, their waters overhung by thick curtains of vegetation through which they glitter only at intervals, fringed by fern, foxglove, and fuchsia, and the giant leaves of the native rhubarb.

The vivid scarlet of the *Copihue* is more frequent now than before, and every chance clearing is covered with the generous variety of blossom. It seems curious that, so far as the natural abundance of verdure and flowers is concerned, these colder regions should be even more productive than the warm lands to the

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north. Doubtless the moist climate which prevails down here plays its part in this and compensates for the comparative lack of heat in the sunrays.

Indeed, now that we are to the south of latitude forty the difference in the temperature is not to be gainsaid. Previously, one had donned an overcoat with a certain reluctance, much as though the performance were carried out for show rather than from the force of necessity. Now those who are provided with rugs add the warmth of these to assist the functions of the overcoat with no sense of shame whatever.

Thus wrapped up, one surveys the flowers and those multitudinous other evidences of a balmy climate with something of amazement. It is difficult to reconcile the sight of them with the sensations of the temperature. Moreover, here is another puzzle. In those spots unoccupied by the dense standing forest the blackberry bushes assert themselves as prodigiously as ever. And in these regions the multitudes of berries are in a more advanced condition than those to the north! There must be a reason for this; but what it is I know not.

Here and there the sight of an Araucanian home is obtained. Sometimes this is represented by the traditional *ruca*, the conical reed hut with its lowly entrance door; at others this is replaced by a more modern contrivance, a small wooden dwelling thatched with reeds. Of the inmates themselves there are few enough signs. Here is a man splashing through the puddles of a forest path, and here are a couple of children clothed in the accustomed red shawls, carrying water in a rough pail from a stream. Very little

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beyond. There is nothing exceptional in this; for in no part of Chile will you find a surfeit of inhabitants, very much the reverse, in fact.

In the clearings of sufficient importance to permit agriculture are some buildings of quite another order, but equally quaint in their way. These are round wooden houses, which are employed for the purpose of storing the harvests and the like. From the distance these curious circular erections bear a strong resemblance to the martello towers of our own southern coast in miniature; it is only a quite near approach which reveals the fact that they are built of timber.

Nearing Osorno, one of the last centres of civilization in southern Chile, the forest falls away, to give place to an agricultural and pastoral country. Indeed, the immediate neighbourhood of this now important town lacks much of that natural beauty which characterizes Valdivia to the north, and Puerto Montt just a little distance to the south. In its place are somewhat commonplace undulations and hills, prolific yielders of agricultural wealth.

In the town itself there is little that is especially striking. In appearance the place differs as widely from the cities of central and northern Chile as do the other towns of the south. Not only are its wooden buildings gabled and painted; but the numerous balconies with which their fronts are frequently decorated are reminiscent of Switzerland rather than of anything concerned with Spanish architecture.

In many respects Osorno is distinctly advanced. Its plaza is a pleasant place, well laid out, and shaded by a number of very fine specimen trees; its shops, mostly owned by Germans, are remarkably reasonable

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in their charges for goods considering the latitude; while its club, for a provincial town, leaves nothing to be desired. At the time of year when I visited the latter institution its *patio* was filled with pansies and flowering may bushes, thus diffusing a scent of strangely European order.

Osorno has the reputation of being a very "warm" town. It is supposed, in fact, to harbour an unusual number of wealthy inhabitants who live in rather modest and retired fashion, notwithstanding their riches. This is likely enough; for, in addition to its status as an agricultural centre, the town is notable for some important tanneries.

In the matter of hotels Osorno is somewhat behind its neighbours, judging at least from the establishment in the neighbourhood of the railway station. The host here is a Frenchman; but it must be admitted that there is a vast difference between his house and that managed by his compatriots in Valdivia. The reason may be that this poor fellow in the farther south is a bachelor. In this respect a hotel-keeper undoubtedly resembles a doctor. Part of his essential stock-in-trade is a wife! As it is, the couple of Indian maidens—rather coarse-featured, large-lipped, flat-nosed, and celestial-eyed—leave something to be desired. It is true that one could eat one's dinner from the floor—from the chance remnants, in fact, of the meals of the previous week. But then there would be little to choose between this and the table-cloth, since the latter is coated with an almost equal liberality.

There are certainly times when the limited interior of a tent is preferable to the more pretentious

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premises of a building such as this. But, given good company, it is easy enough to make light of such matters. There is, indeed, no other remedy. Moreover, from the balcony of the place a good bird's-eye view is obtainable of the life of the town. So let us thither, to forget the very soiled comforts of the inner premises.

Viewed from a spot such as this, the particular feature of Osorno which will in all probability leap first of all to the eye of the casual stranger is the astonishing number of black vultures with which the town appears to be permanently furnished. Circling overhead is a cloud of the birds, the ragged edges of their wings clearly defined against the sky, while almost every roof top is decorated by one or two of the stout black bodies, perching expectantly. Every now and then there is a downward swoop from above, and a harsh rattling of heavy claws on zinc, as a new-comer arrives to take his place among the others on a roof.

The reason why these coal-black scavengers have grown so attached to Osorno is known only to themselves. They exist in the neighbouring towns, but merely in quantities which are quite insignificant when compared with these hosts at Osorno. In any case, whatever may be the explanation, here they are in their thousands, and the inhabitants of the town are the last people in the world to complain of their presence. For, seeing that these creatures have adopted the art of scavenging as a means of livelihood, and not in the light of a mere profession, their efforts are naturally more efficient than those of any paid toiler.

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If I have given descriptive precedence to these birds, it is merely, as I have explained, for the reason that they are the first objects which catch the eye. So, having dealt with the sky and with the roof tops, we will descend to the street. There is animation here in plenty, both on the wooden sidewalks and on the muddy surface of the road itself. To expect unmuddied roads when the weather is breaking up at the end of a summer in southern Chile would be unreasonable in the extreme. It is obvious that the riders who splash past realize this to the full. Heavily booted they are to a man, with long leggings which extend to the thighs and reach upwards again to cover the body as far as the waist. With red, yellow, or brown poncho over this again, the rider is prepared to brave any weather that blows.

Here are a number of ox-carts plodding into town, the heavy, solid wheels sinking deeply into the roadway to the accompaniment of the drivers' calls. What is there about oxen—and mules as well—that evokes such uncouth sounds from their drivers? These particular animals seem to have much the same effect on humanity all the world over. Perhaps sound, in sufficient volume, is in itself an antidote to the obstinacy characteristic of both breeds. If so, there should be little of this characteristic left in the oxen of southern Chile.

After this a number of Indians stroll by with the careless saunter of the aboriginal. Their bare feet make light of the mud, and they themselves seem impervious to all weathers. Indeed, the double black plaits of the women's hair glisten as though they had only recently been drenched by a shower,

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SOME TYPICAL SOUTHERN WAGONS.

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which is possible enough, considering that the rains of early autumn are already upon us. Notwithstanding the nonchalance of their gait, it may be important business which brings these aboriginals into town. For they halt at a spot a little higher up the street, and mingle with the small crowd which is waiting outside the hall of justice. But whether they are present in the light of principals or witnesses, who knows? And I much fear that there are very few of the general public who care.

Here is a cart coming in likewise from the country, a vehicle laden to the brim with the great red and green apples on which the southern districts pride themselves. There are more ox-carts too, but this time the cries of the drivers are answered and challenged in an unexpected fashion. Just overhead a flight of dusky green parrots is winging its way, and their fevered squawks outrival any similar efforts on the part of human beings. Then they have passed like a direct flash through the lazy, hovering black vultures, and these latter have once again the air all to themselves.

A very stout middle-aged lady, attired in a black costume and with a dark shawl about her shoulders, has reined in her horse at the door of the hotel. A youthful mounted male attendant has slipped lightly to the ground, and has hastened forward to assist her in the business of descent.

As the lady withdraws her foot from the stirrup the peculiar pattern of this useful object becomes apparent. It is shaped exactly in the fashion of the mid-Victorian carpet slipper, and is doubtless extremely comfortable to the foot. But in the event of a fall

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it is difficult to see how its employer could fail to be dragged in a most merciless fashion. Nevertheless, it is difficult to associate this goodly lady with any violent mishap of the kind, for her mount is every whit as rounded and sober and deliberate as is its mistress. It is only when the latter—after considerable pains and trouble and much strenuous assistance from the attendant youth—has dismounted that the enormous spread of saddle upon which she had been seated is revealed. In area it is little less than an ordinary armchair. It is obvious that the comfortable lady loves elbow room, even in the saddle!

The next arrival is a person of a very different order. He is a rider, too, but one who lacks the placid appearance of the lady. His saddle is laden with a large pack, and as, having dismounted, he lifts the object from its place, the weight of the thing is evident. A few minutes later the man is exposing his wares in the hotel. He is nothing more nor less than an itinerant armoury. He has pistols of all kinds for sale, including the latest automatic patterns, and daggers and long knives, and an amazing variety of swordsticks.

Without a doubt this pedlar is a very sinister person! As he takes up one specimen after another of his grim wares, and advocates its lethal propensities with an earnest pride, it is impossible to subdue a certain feeling towards the man which approaches contempt. One is indeed glad to discover that the inmates of the room are to a man provided with all necessary means of defence, and that the salesman's chances of a bargain are small. All this, of course, is

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probably highly unreasonable and unjust. Legally the man has as much right to hawk his wares as has any reputable gunsmith to expose his in his shop window. All the same the trades of the two are very far apart. There is something about this man that suggests a temptation to murder. Indeed, as he handles the long knives caressingly, he appears the very incarnation of the tempter to devil's work, the instigator who is himself safe from all risk. A respectable citizen, a drunken Indian, or a known criminal—it is all the same to him who his customers may be, so long as his revolvers, swordsticks, and knives are scattered in sufficient quantities about the countryside. For all that, however much blood may be indirectly upon his head, the thought of it affects neither his appetite nor his thirst. Just now he is enjoying a glass of wine with the best of them.

But after all, why all this gratuitous bitterness? This humble pedlar of death is not the first in his trade. He has existed throughout the centuries, and probably finds business rather bad in these times. Not so the landlord, who, for all his slovenly and unkempt personality, is a very genial fellow. Business with him is flourishing; he even gives out this seldom admitted fact with effusion. Osorno is rich now, he explains. Its inhabitants may possess comparatively modest exteriors; but they are warm men; well-lined as to the purse, and properly endowed with the courage of spending. No second-rate wines, whiskies, or cigars at Osorno! Its people would have nothing of these—and he would not give them if they would!

It is good to hear this—and, of course, to take the

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statements at their just value. If a landlord may not crow within his own hostelry, where else may he have that privilege? In any case there is no doubt that Osorno is rich. And, as the landlord gazes towards the idle array of weapons, he laughs.

"They don't want these here now," he says, "they have the plough and the spade, the steam saw, and the axe. There's more effected with them in a day in these parts than with those other things in a year. For myself, I'm glad."

He is not a bad fellow, after all, this landlord, although I fear his hotel possesses more undesirable objects and fewer comforts than any other in Chile.

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CHAPTER XV

SOME PHYSICAL AND INDUSTRIAL FEATURES

Geographical characteristics of Chile—Questions of length and breadth—Some features of the three zones—Climatic alterations—Atmospheric phenomena—Industrial progress in southern Chile—Benefits of the railway—Rivers and roads—Former and present methods of transports—Bridges and floods—The increase in the wealth of the southern communities—Methods employed in the lumber industry—The Chilian and his statistics—The merits of propaganda—Emigrants and their aims—Questions of population and industry—Increase in the imports and exports—Mineral possibilities—Chilian coal—Other products—Needs of the country.

THERE is probably no other country of the same area in the world which provides such geographical variety as Chile. The reason for this lies, of course, in the extreme length and insufficient breadth of the country. As regards coastline, the arrangement is undoubtedly admirable, but it has its disadvantages, not only to the inhabitants of Chile, but to the makers of maps all over the world. To fit an adequate map of Chile into an ordinary book, for instance, is an impossible feat so far as a convenient form is concerned! The unfortunate thing has a habit of trailing out beyond the pages in the most unreasonable fashion.

Indeed, when it is considered that the length of Chile exceeds two thousand six hundred miles—its *broadest* stretch, by the way, scarce attains to a tenth

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of this—this great geographical variety becomes easy enough to understand. The strip of Chile, in fact, occupies more than half the length of the western coastline of the entire continent of South America.

For the purposes of classification Chile is popularly divided into three zones, the northern, the central, and the southern. From the student's point of view these divisions extend themselves very conveniently, since it would be sufficiently difficult to confuse one with another. The northern zone, for instance—where the far-famed nitrate flourishes in its beds—is, roughly speaking, a barren and rainless territory. In the central regions the climate is exceptionally well adapted to agriculture, pasturage, and to the general ramifications of both industries. Here sunshine and rain alternate at comparatively reasonable intervals, although the former largely predominates. The southern regions, for their part, exhibit an aspect altogether different from the first two. The face of the country here is densely covered by forests of evergreen timber which are soaked in turn by the summer's rains and winter's snows. The climate of these southernmost districts, in fact, is one of the most moist of the world.

There is no doubt that in the course of time the frontiers of these particular zones will not be so rigidly defined as is the case at present. Even at the present moment the tendency of the characteristics of the central zone to spread themselves at the cost of the others is just becoming apparent. Thus agriculture is eating downwards into the forests of the south, and, with the clearing of the masses of timber the superabundance of rain is becoming lessened. To the north, irrigation and the sinking of wells are beginning

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to paint the edges of the desert green, and the advent of the fruit and shade trees has induced a few showers where such blessings were previously to all intents and purposes unknown. This transformation, however, is only in its first infancy, and, of course, does not apply to the nitrate fields, where such an occurrence would be a calamity of the first magnitude. It is, indeed, probably unnecessary to explain that rain and nitrate are impossible bedfellows, and that the fall of the first threatens the utter destruction of the second. The prospect of a prolonged deluge of rain in the nitrate fields, were such an event within the range of possibilities, would cause an industrial horror such as has never been experienced in those wealth-bearing provinces.

For the purposes of very rough reference it may be said that Santiago and Valparaiso, the capital and chief port respectively of the Republic, are situated in the middle of the central zone, and that from these points aridity increases to the north and humidity to the south. There are many phenomena, however, in the general climate of Chile which compare rather remarkably with those of the neighbouring countries. Thus the mean temperature of Iquique in the far north is no more than 65° F., while that of Valparaiso does not exceed 59°. Thus it is in a bracing and exhilarating atmosphere that the wheat, maize, grapes, vegetables and all the other products of the fertile centre flourish so prolifically.

From the picturesque point of view the southern districts of Chile are peculiarly interesting. But at the present moment they are worthy of notice for other reasons beyond this. Much has been happening

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in this timber and agricultural country of late; but very little has been heard of it.

The recent industrial progress in southern Chile has passed almost unnoticed, mainly for the reason, it is to be imagined, that very few large interests are directly involved. The movement, moreover, has been of that steady order which is somewhat imperceptible to the general eye. Perhaps no greater contrast, not only in landscape and products but in commercial conditions as well, could exist than that which prevails between the northern and southern districts of Chile. In the barren north the great nitrate industry partakes necessarily of a certain element of speculation. In the wooded south the agricultural and forest products are among those least likely to be affected by chance vicissitudes and fluctuations of markets. The most important of these are represented by timber, wheat and fruit—I am now referring to the districts to the south of the coal-bearing region at Lota.

Until the recent prolongation of the railway many of these districts were forced to remain in a more or less stagnant condition owing to the want of transport facilities. The country, it is true, is fed by an exceptional number of rivers and streams; but the great majority of these are quite unsuitable for the purposes of navigation, and, even of the number which serve to this end, a certain proportion are apt to run almost dry during various seasons of the year. As to the roads over the solid earth, the nature of the country is all against their uninterrupted use throughout the year. It is true that in many instances great efforts have been made to render these permanently

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serviceable, even to the extent of placing heavy logs of timber side by side upon their surface. It is obviously impossible, however, to extend a system such as this to any very appreciable lengths. The intervals, in consequence—which, of course, constitute the greater portions of the roads—are at the mercy of the water which trickles down the sides of the confusion of hills, and at that of the swamps which lurk in the valleys below. Thus the passage of the laden ox-carts through the forest-covered hills and valleys was largely dependent on the conditions of the weather.

With the extension of the railway, which is now practically complete to a point as far south as Puerto Montt, the impetus given to the districts affected is not to be underrated. This is as noticeable in the case of the saw mills and cereal production as in that of the more perishable fruit. It is true that the timber industry in general has been somewhat inclined to over-estimate the carrying capacity of the railway, with rather unduly formidable stacks of sawn timber waiting at many of the stations as a result. Some dissatisfaction, in consequence, has been expressed by a certain number of those interested, whose expectations, as a matter of fact, had been rather in excess of practical possibilities.

There is little doubt, however, that transport facilities will improve steadily with the maturing of the railway organization. As has been the case in so many countries of the kind, Nature has shown itself hard to tame. The southern rivers, for instance, have proved themselves exceptionally treacherous in their relations with the bridges which first spanned them.

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In summer a few faint tricklings which scarcely sufficed to moisten the wide stony beds, in winter a raging torrent which filled these very beds to overflowing—it must be admitted that the latent possibilities of these rivers was to be estimated by nothing less costly than actual experience. Hence the sweeping away of bridges wholesale, and the periodical dislocations of traffic which lasted in many instances for a demoralizing length of time. On each occasion, however, the last structure has been replaced by one more solid and better adapted to the nature of the work, until the point has been arrived at when it will have to be a very notable flood indeed which will affect the stability of the bridges. Even so, the vagaries of these southern rivers are not to be underestimated, nor should the continued possibility of such catastrophes be lost to mind.

In any case the benefits of these railway lines need not be minimized on account of the minor calamities of the past. The increase in the wealth of the southern communities has been strongly marked since their advent. Moreover, their presence will probably cause the introduction of other methods than those at present customary in the timber industry. The general method of clearing land which has prevailed so far appears to be not a little wasteful. There is no axe and saw work in these neighbourhoods such as applies to the lumber industry in Canada and in so many other parts of the world. Here, in a conveniently dry season, the timber is burned standing. Only the largest trunks, much charred, remain, and the wastage of material is in consequence serious. In the past no doubt this has proved the most practical method; but

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in the future it will be difficult to justify a continuance of this trifling with abundance.

It is this timber industry which will in all probability benefit the most from the southern railway, since, with the exception of the apples which the south produces so bountifully, the quantities of fruit with which the central parts of Chile are stocked renders its consumption largely local, although, of course, there is no reason why the entire Republic should not shortly export its fruit in bulk. Cattle, moreover, failing a more weight-saving means of transport, can always be made to tramp to the nearest port on their own legs, while the cartage, again, of wheat and cereals is a simpler matter than that involved by the great bulk of timber. If for no other reason than this the lumber industry of southern Chile may be followed with some interest; for the large area concerned is undoubtedly a factor which will have to be taken into serious consideration before long.

The Chilian is wont to be a little behindhand with the statistics concerning the welfare of his country. Just at present, indeed, he does not seem to take the full interest in these figures which the progress of his country warrants. It may be that he is better occupied, but in any case the trait is an unusual one in South America. For the average dweller in that continent possesses a weakness for statistics which occasionally results in a perfect debauch in figures. That he should require to know the quantities of live stock, cereals and minerals which constitute his possessions, and that he should want to put on record the places where these are to be met with is

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reasonable enough, and this as a rule he performs very efficiently.

But certain countries, owning really enthusiastic statisticians, go far beyond this. The computations here are wont to attain to a range which is startlingly comprehensive, and will even include the exact chemical components of the various soils throughout the Republics even in those districts where the matter must largely be a question of supposition, to say nothing of giving the average number of ears of wheat which will sprout from the various districts in a given square yard. With very little encouragement one of these figure lovers would undoubtedly estimate the various numbers of hairs which the different climates cause to grow on the tails of the cattle, a knowledge which might, of course, prove of benefit to a certain number of the community.

The Chilian, on the other hand, takes these matters somewhat casually, and, as a result, it must be admitted, the full progress made by his country is not always clearly shown. This applies alike to the industries and to the population of the towns. Even in the case of Santiago and Valparaiso there is no doubt that the numbers of inhabitants are in excess of those usually given, for the simple reason that the period which has elapsed since these were arrived at is now considerable.

In many respects it is doubtless to his credit, but the fact seems clear enough that this western Republic has not taken that same advantage of the modern science of propaganda as have its neighbours. It seems curious that the time should have arrived when it has become necessary for countries, as well as

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for soap manufacturers and whisky distillers, to advertise. Yet the thing seems to have proved itself beyond the possibility of hesitation. Without the necessary shop window tactics the broad, rich lands of Canada and Australia would be lacking many of the hundreds of the capitalists and many tens of thousands of the colonists who now reside within their frontiers. It is the age of advertisement, a rather noisy, clamorous, and insistent age. All this providing that there is something legitimate at the back of the advertisement, which is emphatically the case with Chile.

There is only one appeal of the kind, of course, which makes any real impression on those in the older continent who are casting about them in search of fresh fields for energies or capital. The average emigrant, whatever his status, is anxious to set out for a land where money is made more rapidly than is possible in his native country. So long as this is certain Patagonia or Klondyke will suit him equally well. And Chile, although it may possess a fewer number of great fortunes than those claimed by some of the South American countries of larger area, is essentially a land where money is made with comparative ease. Added to this, it possesses the advantage—which it appears to me cannot be valued too highly—of including pleasant surroundings in its financial programme. This is no doubt that cash may be bought at too expensive a price. In this respect Chile is generous in the extreme.

From the time of the liberation of the country the Chilian government has always taken an active interest in the problem of immigration. It must be

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admitted that the response has been comparatively small. Unless it lies in the neglect of the "shop-window" policy, it is difficult to understand the reason for this, since, to say the least of it, there is no Republic in South America better adapted for the introduction of European settlers than that of Chile. That the distance from the old continent has played its part in the past there can be no doubt. But this state of affairs no longer obtains.

It does, indeed, seem a remarkable thing that in these days of stress, competition and over-population in so many quarters of the globe a country of the area and fertility of Chile should be populated by a little over three million folk—a mere handful of humanity as things are counted at present. Yet so it is, and it is from this cause that the industrial advance of the western Republic has not been so rapid as that of some of its neighbours. Not, indeed, that this brake upon the wheel of progress is likely to hold good for much longer as matters stand. The forward march is rapidly increasing in the ratio of its rapidity, and it is certain that the time is not far distant when the pace of this advance will cause no little astonishment in Europe.

What an arresting picture Chile, fully populated, would afford! To conceive the various industries adequately manned, is to imagine a hive—and a hive, moreover, of gold. Imagine the mountains fittingly inhabited by miners, and the outflow of copper, gold, silver, and all the remainder of the Andine mineral wealth! Picture, too, the yellow harvests of wheat which would carpet the surface of so many fertile valleys at present untenanted, and the maize, alfalfa,

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FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES.

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barley, fruit, and vegetables which would flourish in so many spots the soil of which just now resounds to nothing beyond the hoof beats of a rare and solitary rider's horse. There are the factories, moreover, to be imagined in the neighbourhood of the coalfields on the coast, and a larger host of other industrial monuments than can be set down here.

That all this will occur in time there cannot be the faintest shadow of a doubt. Even as it is, the trade of Chile has very little of which to complain. The totals of the imports and exports of the country speak with no little eloquence on the point. Thus, whereas in 1900 these amounted, after a steady and continuous increase, to, roughly, £22,000,000, the corresponding figure for 1910 exceeds £45,000,000. Now this condition of affairs is doubly remarkable when it is considered that it has come about unaccompanied by the slightest popular symptoms of what is generally known as a "boom."

In equally rough figures the value of Chilian exports alone for this period amounted to £24,500,000. Of this total the mineral products absorb over £20,000,000, and of this latter again nitrate claims a very large proportion, little less, indeed, than nine-tenths of the whole. Next in order of importance to the minerals come the animal products, with the vegetable output a very close third.

So far as the minerals, apart from nitrate, are concerned, the stupendous possibilities of increase in the output are testified to by every mining engineer who has ever visited the Republic. The possibilities in the pastoral and agricultural world are not so generally realized, probably for the reason that those

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Chilian industries are somewhat overshadowed in the public eye by the enormous corresponding areas in the sister Republic of Argentina. For all that, it would be a serious mistake to underestimate the Chilian prospects in this direction. The fertility of the majority of the central and southern valleys is extraordinary, and nothing beyond irrigation and artesian wells is necessary for the transformation of many of those others which at present remain in a comparatively barren condition. The natural facilities, moreover, for either process are present in a surprisingly large number of instances.

Reverting to minerals once again, we should not forget the comparative importance of the Chilian coal industry. The present yearly output of this attains to a value approaching a million sterling, and thus takes second place only to copper, the value of the yield of which is practically double this amount. Although much is heard of the guano industry, the production of this, translated into pounds, shillings and pence, appears quite insignificant, since its total scarcely exceeds £30,000 and is thus less than a tenth of that of iodine, which tips the scale at over £400,000. In order to conclude with the commercial aspect of Chile's minerals it may be said that borax constitutes another important source of wealth, the corresponding figure for this attaining to some £350,000, while that of gold may be placed in the neighbourhood of £90,000 and that of silver at nearly £800,000.

This represents the industrial situation as it stands at the present moment, supported as it is by little more than three million inhabitants, of which, of

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course, only a minor proportion is made up of adult male workers. There is no doubt that, politically and socially, the Chilian community is at the same time one of the oldest standing and one of the most advanced in the Continent. Industrially, nothing beyond the fringe of the country's true wealth has been exploited. The reason does not lie in any lack of enterprise. It is to be met with in a circumstance, which in some respects is more easily remedied—a crying want of a sufficiency in the number of brains and arms which should cope with the problems of the soil.

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CHAPTER XVI

LITERATURE AND THE CHURCH

The Chilian Press—The Santiago *Mercurio*—The Valparaiso *Mercurio*—An historical paper—Some extracts—The dignity of South American publications—Progress of the Press—Don Agustin Edwards—Work of a distinguished Chilian—Publications founded by him—South American literature and its translation—Chilian verse and romance—Some notable writers—Chilian historians—The accomplishment of Don José Toribio Medina—Chilian painters—Cheap literature—Education in the Republic—Primary and advanced—Church and State—Relations between the two—Don Luis Galdámes on the religious situation—The passing of fanaticism.

THE Chilian Press is in every sense up to date. Indeed, when the comparatively small population of the country is taken into consideration, the number and variety of the various publications is as remarkable as is the circulation which falls to the lot of the majority. So far as the chief daily papers are concerned, the leading organs of the country are the *Mercurio* of Santiago, and the *Mercurio* of Valparaiso. The latter is the oldest publication in Chile. It was, indeed, with the exception of the *Aurora*, the first of its kind ever printed in the Republic. Dating back eighty years, it has continued without interruption to this day. Notwithstanding its age, the newspaper shows not the slightest symptom of weariness, and,

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under its present editor, Señor Perez de Arce, is very unlikely to indulge in anything of the kind.

A glance through the files of this paper will suffice to reveal all the modern history of the Republic. But this "glance" is a mere mannerism of speech, since the process will occupy some days, or weeks, according to the degree of conscientiousness latent in the searcher. The evolution from the first toilfully-printed pages to the really fine organ which the concern represents to-day is interesting in the extreme. The early numbers, however, are those which, of course, contain the quainter and more picturesque features.

From the popular point of view it is the more trivial of these which are frequently of the greatest interest. Many of the early advertisements are printed in English:—

"Martial and Dobson have the honour to announce to the public the opening of their house, the Commercial Hotel, situated leading to San Francisco, in front of Mr. Woodington's. Those gentlemen who may honour them with their commands will find an excellent dinner daily, by a bill of fare, or a Table Monthly at a very moderate price. Also dinners sent out."

Alas for the mutability of human affairs! Less than a week later we read the following astonishing communication:—

"Monsieur Martial ayent dessous son associacion comme Monsieur Dobson a daté du premier Decembre. Tout en prun credit que le dit sieur Dobson ferro a datté du jour de la dissolution. Monsieur Martial nén sero mullement résponsable."

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It would be interesting to know the nationality of this Monsieur Martial, and the depth of the feelings which caused him to announce the dissolution of his partnership in language which savours crudely of French, Italian, and Spanish all at the same time. It is certain that Dobson and Martial had fallen out, and that their joint catering was now nothing more than a memory—a bitter one, if their affairs were as involved as Martial's phrases.

The *Mercurio de Santiago* is edited by a Chilian of note, Señor Julio Perez Canto, a gentleman who has in the past served his government as ably as he is at present serving the general public. Among his other works is one on his native country "Chile," which has recently been published in England, and which constitutes a most masterly *résumé* of the politics and general affairs of the Republic. Thus the *Mercurio de Santiago*, together with its sister organ in Valparaiso, carries a weight which places it in the very forefront of South American publications, and the literary aspect of both are of an order which might well give points to a large number of our home productions; for their standard is commendably high.

So far as mere housing is concerned, there is no doubt that these leading South American publications are infinitely better served than the corresponding organs of the first rank in England, or throughout Europe as well for that matter. The building of the *Mercurio de Santiago*, for instance, is one which should inspire a brilliant article from the most reluctant and diffident journalist of its staff—not that I ever met any among the number who were deserving of either epithet. There are many in London who would

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welcome its lofty entrance hall, grand staircase, and the generous spaciousness of all its apartments, but who, alas! stand very little chance of enjoying anything of the kind. As to the printing department; it is a hive of all the latest inventions. The dignity of their craft is admirably maintained by these South American publications.

The very great progress which has been made by the Chilian Press will be evident enough when it is explained that in 1860 there existed only two papers of account in the whole of Chile—the *Mercurio* of Valparaiso and the *Ferrocarril* of Santiago. Now, to say nothing of the organs of the capital, every town of importance throughout the Republic is represented by quite a formidable number of its own publications, which, of course, do not confine themselves to its local affairs, but are served by an efficient cable service.

By far the greatest patron of the Press in Chile is Don Agustin Edwards, one of the most brilliant and notable statesmen in the Republic, who, having served his country in many capacities, including that of Minister for Foreign Affairs, now fills the post of Chilian Minister to Great Britain with such complete success. The enthusiasm with which Don Agustin has thrown himself into the encouragement of journalism speaks admirably for his energy, considering the innumerable calls upon his time. As it is, not only are he and his family the proprietors of such leading organs as the *Mercurio de Santiago*, the *Mercurio de Valparaiso*, *Las Ultimas Noticias*, and others beyond, but he has founded a number of publications besides, and, in fact, is himself the pioneer of modern Chilian journalism. Among the successful

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publications which he has founded are *Selecta*, a magazine of an unusually high class, sumptuously illustrated; *Familia*, a very well-produced illustrated magazine much in vogue in family circles; *Zig-Zag*, an altogether up-to-date and well-produced publication of a more popular order; *Corre Vuela*, a cheaper illustrated weekly; and *El Peneca*, a magazine for the children.

To have founded so comprehensive a range of successful publications represents no small feat in itself. But Don Agustin Edwards has been responsible for much more than this, since, an expert in journalism and all the various technicalities of the profession, he has himself nursed these publications from their early days, and has personally supervised their later progress. When it is considered that all this is in addition to his duties to the Republic and to his landed estates, no wonder the name of Edwards is one to conjure with in Chile!

It is not extraordinary that, from the popular point of view, very little of South American literature should be known in England, since even of the literature of old Spain "Don Quijote" is perhaps the sole masterpiece which has penetrated to the rank and file of British readers. Much of this ignorance is doubtless due to the difficulty of rendering the rounded and elaborate periods of the Castilian tongue into adequate English. It may safely be said that no works lose more of their native flavour in the course of translation than those of Spanish authors. To the student of the substance itself of art such translations must, of of course, always be invaluable. But, as regards the force and witchery of language, if these works are

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not to be enjoyed in their vernacular they might just as well be left alone.

It goes without saying that all this applies to works of pure romance and imagination, whether in prose or verse. It holds good even in the case of Ercilla's great epic, "La Araucana", which sings of the fierce Indian wars in southern Chile, and perhaps even with regard to works of a talented living novelist of the Republic, Don Alberto Blest Gana. Nevertheless, among the notable fund of contemporary literature which Chile is in the course of compiling there is much, more especially in the way of historical works, which comes under quite a different head, and which should be translated far more freely than is already the case.

Since the days when it first assumed its settled status as a Republic Chile has been peculiarly fortunate in its historians. The work which men such as Vicuña Mackenna, Amunatégui, and Andres Bello effected during the past century is deserving of an appreciation which should not be confined within the bounds of Chile. Two other distinguished writers whose fame is equally well deserved have only recently died, Don Luis Montt in 1909, and Don Diego Bárros Arana in 1908. The greatest work of the latter was the *Historia General de Chile*, perhaps one of the most comprehensive books ever written on the subject.

At the present moment probably the greatest historical authority throughout South America is the famous Chilian, Don José Toribio Medina, whose work of research and publication has now been continuing for nearly forty years. How stupendous these labours have been will be made clear from the fact

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that Señor Medina has now published no fewer than one hundred and eighty volumes dealing with the various phases of South American history. It must be admitted that at the first blush it is difficult to reconcile this enormous output with the quality of the work for which this great writer is famed. The explanation lies in the circumstance that Don José not only writes history, but lives history; it is, in fact, the science to which his entire life has been devoted. In view of this, it is certain that every one of the academic honours which have fallen to his lot have been richly deserved.

Señor Medina now stands to all intents and purposes alone as the standard authority in his special field, and as this, he is, I think, now acknowledged in every civilized country in the world. Among his most important works are those which deal with the offices of the Inquisition in Lima, Cartagena, Santiago de Chile, the Viceroyalty of the River Plate, Mexico, and the Philippines, while other equally important volumes describe the voyages of de Solis, Leon Pancaldo, Diego Garcia, Estibaro Gomez, Gonzalo de Acosta, Sebastian Cabot, and the exploration of the Amazon River.

Although this really remarkable historian owns a private library of nearly thirty thousand works, his enthusiasm has not permitted him to be content with the publications and documents of his own country. In order to further his work of research he has travelled to many quarters of the globe, and has visited London on various occasions to spend long periods at the British Museum. Of such an historian Chile may well be proud!

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In the newer countries the art of painting has never succeeded side by side with that of literature. The reasons, of course, are technical and fairly obvious. Nevertheless, the display of talent in Chile is very much in excess of that which prevails in the majority of the countries of South America, and at least two names, Don Pedro Lira and Don Rafael Correa, have stood out as worthy of general admiration.

It is claimed by Chile that the cheap prices at which books are to be purchased in the Republic has been of invaluable assistance in the general education of its people. There is undoubtedly much to be said for this claim, not only for the works of Chilian authors, but the translated editions of the classical and popular literature of other races, are to be had at a cost which places them within the reach of all. It is certain, too, that the average Chilian has already begun to take advantage of this, and to graze in literary fields which were undreamed of by his ancestors.

So far as the ordinary schooling is concerned, Chile is now fairly well served. Some three thousand elementary schools exist throughout the Republic. These, however, are not all based upon a single model, as, although the State is responsible for the great majority, a certain number are conducted by private or special enterprise. Since Chile has not separated Church and State many establishments of the kind are in the charge of the former, and would seem very ably managed.

For the purposes of the more advanced education at least seventy branches exist, and the *Escuelas Normales* are responsible for the higher branches, as well as for the various forms of technical education. It is

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from these that the various professors and doctors are called into being. So far as the militant branches of public service are concerned, the naval school is at Valparaiso, and the establishment for the army cadets at Santiago.

No rupture, as I have pointed out, has occurred between the Chilian secular authorities and the Church, and the results of this internal harmony would seem entirely satisfactory. Notwithstanding this, there is no doubt that the influence of the Church over the men of the country has waned to a large extent. On this head, perhaps, I cannot do better than quote from Don Luis Galdámes:

"A religious change is to be noted throughout the entire country. It is not that the populace is separating itself from the Church, for at least three-quarters of the people continue to be as sincere Catholics as was the case in former generations. Neither does the cause arise from any hostility towards the Church on the part of the remaining and non-Catholic portion. The Protestants to be met with in the Republic are practically all foreigners—British, North American, or German—who respect all creeds. The free thinkers themselves are not organized against the Church; they are simply individual folk who do not feel themselves called upon to comply with the tenets of any religion. Even the radical party contains in its ranks men who would never consent to a fight against the accepted dogma. That which is occurring is something quite distinct from all this. The evolution presents different symptoms; those of tolerance and religious indifference.

"It is now no longer a point of honour in one of the

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creed to abominate any other creed but his own, or those men who support and represent any of these others. In order to judge a person the question is no longer asked as to what religion he practises and what are his beliefs. Men are curious rather concerning his honour, his habits, even his fortune and his family. If anyone should remain who still takes into consideration the religious beliefs of such a person, he would, in the ordinary course of events, be stamped as a fanatic. Such is the fact. Moreover, it is clearly evident that the majority of people do not consider or practice the religious observances such as fasting and confession as was formerly the custom during certain seasons of the year. . . . . It is only the women who as a general rule fill the churches and reverently follow the biers.

"Even the political influence of the clergy is diminishing. That type of political priest, aggressive and stormy, who characterized the period of theological war, has become rare. This has proved of benefit to religion itself. It is respected all the more from the fact that it mixes less in the quarrels of men. . . . Thus the Republic has arrived at a religious peace and an absolute freedom of creeds, which, if it is not implanted in the laws as clearly as has been desired, exists on the other hand in something more ponderous than laws. For it is firmly rooted now in the customs of society and in the very soul of the people."

It is a very true picture, this, of the present relation between Society and Church as they exist in Chile. Whatever may be the views of the inhabitants, it must appear as satisfactory in the eyes of the average foreigner. It seems to me, for one, that that political

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discrediting and persecution of the Catholic clergy in so many Latin Republics is at least as lamentable as was the arrogance of the priests in the days of their power. Chile has so far sailed safely between the two extremes. Although the absolute dominion of the priest no longer throws its shadow over the land, the consolations of a respected religion are still at hand for those who desire them. If there was fanaticism on the one side, it seems to have passed away without having bequeathed a similar legacy to the other, as has so often been the case. The situation, in fact, has been arrived at by a rational policy of give and take, which is characteristic of the Chilian.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE FRUIT AND FLOWERS OF CHILE

Questions of quality and quantity—The Chilian pear—The apple and its culture—Districts in which it flourishes—Vines and their trunks—Size of the Chilian walnut—Chestnuts and acorns—Blackberry Land—Abundance of the plant—Its uses—Local neglect of the berries—An opportunity for a jam manufacturer—Chilian roses—A garden at Viña del Mar—Beauty of the blossoms—Possibilities of the Chilian soil—Market-gardening—Experiments on the part of leading Chilians—A remunerative industry—The *Palma Chilena*—Popularity of its fruit.

THE Chilian is very proud of his fruit, and, it must be confessed, with no little reason. In many countries of South America the fruit of the temperate zones attains to a great size, but its flavour on the other hand is wont to degenerate in proportion to the increase in bulk. Chile is peculiarly fortunate in this respect. Its fruits not only reach a formidable size, but preserve the desired taste unimpaired.

It may be stated with certainty that nowhere in the world is the climate better adapted to fruit growing than in Chile. The new-comer might well imagine this ere he had seen a single tree or its products; but a sight of the fruit itself is sufficiently convincing on the point. In the central districts the aspect of the fruit of the temperate regions is somewhat amazing. The finest specimens of pears grown here, for instance,

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present a picture that I have scarcely seen rivalled even in that wonderful haunt of choice fruits that flaunts its windows in Piccadilly just to the west of St. James' Street.

The proudest Chilian pear, indeed, is a yellow-gold object some six or eight inches in length and stout in proportion. This particular product is fairly ubiquitous throughout the country, since its cultivation commences well in the north of the fertile central districts, and begins only to decrease to the south of Puerto Montt, which is the southernmost point of the regularly populated area of the Republic.

The dimensions of the Chilian apple are as formidable as those of the pear. In appearance it is not quite so inviting, since its colouring contains much of that peculiar carmine shade which is characteristic of the Devon cider apple. Nevertheless the flavour is eminently satisfactory. A local industry of no small importance is the manufacture of "Chicha," a species of cider, which is as palatable as any other.

As, of course, is only to be expected, the apple-growing districts are far more restricted than those devoted to the pear. It is only to the south of Concepcion that this fruit will consent to flourish with genuine exuberance. In these southern districts, however, the conditions are peculiarly favourable, and the quantities of the apples now grown are not a little remarkable in themselves.

Undoubtedly, in order to obtain a really comprehensive idea of the proportions of the Chilian fruit, one should be in a position to compare them with the products of California. But, alas! I have never visited California, and thus am unable to place these

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fruits of the north and of the south side by side even in the territory of the mind. It is true that the very excellent products of California are much in evidence in London, where they make a brave display. But whether these are the largest and best of their species no one who has failed to visit the country itself is in a position to say.

Of course, not all the Chilian fruit attains to the size and flavour which I have now in mind. In such matters as these, although Nature consents to provide the quantity, it is left to mankind to raise the quality to its highest possible pitch. It must clearly be understood that, in writing with such an awestricken pen, I am referring only to those fruits which have had the benefits of special and intelligent cultivation.

It is unnecessary to refer to the grape here, since the vineyards of Chile are described in other places. There is one characteristic of a certain number of these vines which is deserving of mention at this juncture, since it corresponds in a sense with the great size of the fruits with which we are dealing. The Chilian grape, as a matter of fact, being a wine berry, tends to be small. But the trunks of some of the vines attain to a prodigious size. In the vineyards in the neighbourhood of Los Andes I have remarked many of these the diameter of which could not have been less than six inches.

That which has been said of the fruits applies with equal justice to the nuts. The walnuts of Chile deserve every ounce of the local fame which is theirs. Alas! it is necessary to proceed once again with the gargantuan strain, even at the risk of this theme

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becoming wearisome. Now these walnuts could not, with any sense of the fitness of things, be placed in the neighbourhood of an ordinary bottle of port. So much would they dwarf the wine that a man blessed—or cursed—with a genuine thirst would recoil from it in utter dismay at the seeming insignificance of its quantity.

It is, indeed, a wonderful walnut this, equalled only by its local brother the chestnut. As to the acorns—well, it is the same tale once again. I have not noticed that the Chilian pigs were unusually fat. But this is their own fault, certainly not that of the acorns. Imagine a leg of mutton the size of the entire sheep, and here you have the phenomenon which the Chilian acorn must present to the pig who has been accustomed to a fare of the less corpulent seeds of the oak.

Were a typical name to be sought for the central and southern districts of Chile the first one which would occur to the traveller would undoubtedly be Blackberry Land. Indeed, throughout all the fertile districts the development of the blackberry has attained to phenomenal proportions. The sight of this astonishing growth appeals far less to the local dweller than to the traveller. The farmer, for one, looks upon the thing as a curse, and with no little reason. It has undoubtedly robbed his fraternity of innumerable square miles of pasture. He may do all in his power to discourage its vigour; he may burn it, and cut it, but still the blackberry, perfectly undismayed, springs up with renewed vigour, and contrives to flourish with an astonishing zeal.

It is no unusual thing here to see clumps of

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blackberry bushes that attain to a height of twenty feet and more, endowed with a density, moreover, which is perfectly unknown in Europe. Even its bitterest enemies cannot deny that the plant has its uses. It forms for one thing an impenetrable hedge, and one may walk for many miles along blackberry lanes, entirely shaded and shut in on either hand by walls of dense green.

The fruit of this Chilian blackberry is in proportion to the luxuriance of its foliage. And this is saying much. Indeed, I do not know where else in the world these enormous bunches of berries can be rivalled. It is not necessary, as in Europe, to pick off a solitary specimen here and there. All that is needful is to stretch out a hand towards one of the countless swelling clusters and to fill it with the fruit by a single movement. Twenty or thirty handfuls of the kind would fill a basket of ordinary size. Think of this, you who plod patiently along the side of the English hedges, and, plucking the berries toilfully one by one, watch for hours the slow rising of the black tide!

But if you ask the average Chilian concerning the utility of these berries you will find him profoundly uninterested. It is true, he will say, that the poorest of all the poor will take it into their heads to gather them from time to time. But why should they be interested in such things as these when grapes, pears, figs, apples, and peaches are ready to their hand for plucking? The answer, of course, is conclusive enough. Out of a superabundance it is only the choicest which really matters. It becomes clear then why the countryman does not bother his head about

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the blackberry, and why the great bunches of heavy fruit die and rot on the branches.

Nevertheless, what an opportunity lies here for an enterprising jam manufacturer! Who could measure the extent of a blackberry harvest such as this? The number of hundreds of square miles occupied by the bushes is of necessity equally vague. Certainly, however, there must be thousands of tons of the fruit which every autumn burdens the thorny branches, and this in the southern districts alone, where the shrubs are by far the most abundant. Some day perhaps the time will come when they will rank among the treasured products of the world. At present they are under a cloud. They come, in fact, in the same category as the New Zealand thistle, and the once detested rabbit of Australia.

As a land of flowers Chile is admirable. So far as the wild species are concerned, the number of blossoms which fleck the woods and pastures of the temperate districts in spring and autumn is amazing. But it is the cultivated specimens which I bear in mind just now. That which applies to the fruits of Chile applies also to its flowers. The land abounds not only in quantity but in quality. This fortunate state is perhaps most of all evident in the roses. It has been my fate to see roses in many quarters of the globe; but never have I seen these grown in such utter perfection as in the gardens of Chile.

The most favoured haunt of all for these particular flowers is generally held to be Viña del Mar, and, to particularize still further, one of the spots where the culture has been brought to its greatest perfection is the garden of Señor Magellanes. This

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gentleman happens to be an enthusiast on the subject, and he has found a field to his hand which has well repaid his ardour. Indeed, his roses are sufficiently beautiful to render breathless any one who takes a genuine interest in their growth. That they abound in tremendous profusion is nothing in itself. A mere display of that kind may be witnessed in innumerable places where the soil is favourable and the climate is balmy. That which is most rare is that here every one of these clumps and festoons of blossom will bear the closest inspection. Of whatever species it may be, each is perfect in shape, petals, and colour. Each, in fact, when taken away from the mass of its glowing brethren, is a complete picture in itself.

It is the same whether the flowers hang from pergolas, or cling to walls, or adorn the great standard bushes with which the garden is so thickly set. There are all species here, and each would seem to have reached the zenith of its possibilities so far as they are at present known to the enthusiast. I have heard much of Cashmir, and of the quality of the roses which grow within its frontiers. But if these can approach within measurable distance of the beauty of these Chilian specimens, that land must be favoured indeed.

Señor Magellanes himself has much to say on the topic of his especial hobby. According to him, so favourable to the rose is the climate and soil of Chile, that were a professional grower to come out from Europe for the purpose of experiments in new species and hybrids, the results could not fail to be amazing. Judging by the present standard of growths

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there is certainly no exaggeration in this statement. At present the difficulty seems to be that the local field offers small financial inducements for any such enterprise. The number of Chilian rose-buyers is necessarily restricted. Perhaps in years to come the world in general will take an interest in an enterprise of this kind. Then it may well be that Chile will become a centre of rose culture which might confidently compete with those of any other continent.

Not a few of the leading Chilians, it may be said, have devoted themselves to market gardening, in the majority of cases rather as an example to be held up before their less fortunate brethren of what the land, scientifically treated, is capable than from the desire to add to their already plentiful incomes. Undoubtedly one of the most prominent of these gentlemen is Señor Izquierdo, whose establishment in the neighbourhood of Santiago is practically unrivalled throughout the Republic.

In such cases as these, as I have said, the procedure is largely experimental, worked from patriotic motives as it is. There is no doubt, however, that from the purely commercial point of view the profession of market gardener in the neighbourhood of such towns as Santiago, Valparaiso, and Concepcion is an extremely profitable one, since the industry is not yet overcrowded, the generosity of the earth phenomenal, and the prices obtained rather out of proportion to the facility with which the produce is raised. To the vegetarian Chile represents the highest paradise on earth.

Among the youngsters one of the most popular

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growths in Chile is the *Palma Chilena*—the Chilian Palm—a handsome and lofty specimen of its tribe. It produces large bunches of a species of nut with a green exterior, somewhat similar in shape to an exaggerated filbert, although its outer covering is soft. When this is cut away a hard shell is revealed, exactly resembling a miniature coco-nut. In flavour, moreover, the kernel is almost identical with this latter.

Among the schoolboy tribe the *Palma Chilena* is popular to a degree. Seeing that the shell is peculiarly hard, its efficient manipulation affords a severe tax on his ingenuity. Indeed, it is worth while to follow the procedure of one of these youngsters laden with one of the weighty green branches, more especially in a railway carriage where stones and other such instruments especially created for the breaking of nuts are non-existent. In this lamentable situation a reliable substitute is to be met with in the nearest window-frame, which must be brought down with no little force on the hard shell. There is no doubt that the conscientious crushing of nuts is responsible for not a few shattered railway window panes. But what would you have, since it is necessary to extract the kernel? Provided the end is achieved, the fate of the instrument must always remain a matter of detail to the genuine schoolboy. Besides, the railways and the glass belong to the State, the natural protector of youth.

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CHAPTER XVIII

THE NAVAL SPIRIT OF THE CHILIAN

The birth of the Chilian Navy—The days of early glory—A famous sea fight in the war against Peru—The defence of the *Esmeralda*—A one-sided action—Heroism of captain and crew—A stirring end—Gallantry of the *Covadonga*—A tale of a midge and an elephant—How the *Independencia* was outwitted—A great day in Chilian naval history—Sea literature of the Republic—Admiral Silva Palma—*Cronicas de la Marina Chilena*—A tale of the capture of Pisagua.

CONSIDERING its necessarily short history, probably no navy has won a greater sheaf of laurels than that of Chile. As an infant it came to life during the stormiest period of South American events. Nursed vigorously by Cochrane, the fleet was enveloped in the smoke of battle almost as soon as its sails were first unfurled. The glory with which this improvised fleet covered itself at the very start of its career has, fortunately for the nation, never become worn or sullied.

On May 21, 1879, in the course of the war against Peru, this was exemplified to the full. The day is one of the most famous in the naval history of the Republic. Then, it happened that two small Chilian vessels, the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga*, were lying off the port of Iquique. In size neither exceeded eight hundred and fifty tons. Each of

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these ships was wooden, entirely innocent of armour, and the armament of each was twelve 4-pounder guns.

As those two were lying off the nitrate port two vessels of the hostile fleet came down upon them. These were the *Huascar* and the *Independencia*. The inequality in the striking power of the two forces was all but ridiculous. The *Huascar* was a turret ship of over a thousand tons, carrying guns which discharged 300 lb. shell. The *Independencia*, for her part, was an ironclad of over two thousand tons, carrying, among her other armament, twelve 70-pounder guns.

For all this astonishing discrepancy in naval strength the Chilians never flinched. The *Esmeralda* stood up to the *Huascar*, and for hour after hour suffered a pitiless avalanche of the heavy shell, blazing away her own small popguns in sublime defiance all the while. At the end of four hours the *Esmeralda* was a shambles; nevertheless the courage of the surviving crew was as undaunted as ever. Then at the last the *Huascar* bore down upon her small opponent with all the force of her iron weight, and rammed her fairly to the sound of smashing and splintering woodwork.

Even this appalling moment found the Chilians prepared and eager for revenge. As the ram of the Peruvian ship pierced the *Esmeralda*, Captain Arturo Prat, the commander of that vessel, leaped on to the deck of the *Huascar*, sword in hand, shouting for boarders to follow him. The men, welcoming the attack with an ardour as great as that of their leader, were rushing in his wake. But only one of these had

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succeeded in gaining a foothold on the Peruvian vessel when the warships suddenly drew apart, and Captain Prat and Sergeant Aldea, alone on the hostile deck, fell beneath the Peruvian bullets, victims of their own gallantry.

The *Esmeralda* was now without her commander and the majority of her crew. For all that, none on board dreamed of surrender. Twice again was the helpless wooden vessel rammed, and then she sank with the Chilian colours still flying gallantly from her mastheads.

The tale of the *Covadonga* is less tragic, but equally stirring. The little Chilian ship made as though she were fleeing in terror from the burly iron *Independencia*. The Peruvian, smoke rolling in clouds from her funnel, followed in pursuit, until—in yachting language—she "took the mud," and remained stranded. This was exactly what the captain of the *Covadonga* had intended should happen to her. No sooner was the *Independencia* fast by the heels than the *Covadonga* returned, and steaming within close range peppered the Peruvian ship with her little guns, regardless of the ironclad's formidable armament. It was a piece of colossal and heroic impertinence.

In the end when the *Huascar*, the hull of her own opponent now beneath the waves, hastened up to the rescue, the captain of the *Covadonga* considered it time to depart. So he fired his last shot, and steamed away, well satisfied with his share in one of the most gallant naval actions on record. No wonder the 21st of May, 1879, is a great day in Chilian naval history.

There are navies which are marine merely in name. They savour of the land rather than of the

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sea. The Chilian fleets, on the other hand, are salt from anchor chain to rudder. The spirit of the men is that of the ocean; they are, in fact, sailors as we in England understand the tribe. The breath of this is strangely evident in their literature—for the Chilians have a literature of the sea, unconscious of any other passion but that of the waves, strong, clean, and very briny, something, indeed, redolent of the art of a Marriott or a Clark Russell.

Among the writers of these rollicking sea-tales is the retired admiral Silva Palma, and when one has read his book, "Cronicas de la Marina Chilena," it is obvious that the work can be no other but that of a sailor. With his permission I am culling a chapter from this. It is true that this particular fragment is not descriptive of work in the open ocean; but it possesses the merit of historical accuracy, and is eloquent of the part which the Chilians played in the war against Peru.

This is the beginning of the admiral's tale:—at daybreak on November 2, 1879, a section of the Chilian Squadron and a goodly number of transports were advancing towards the port of Pisagua.

As soon as the dawn routed the mists which had covered the peaks on the coast, the *Cochrane* and the *O'Higgins*, comprising the first division, and the *Magellanes* and *Covadonga*, forming the second, dashed resolutely inside the harbour in order to bombard the forts which guarded its entrance to the north and south.

On board reigned complete silence and calm. Nothing broke the stillness but the throb of the engines and the rushing of water against the ship's

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sides. No bugle note, nor voice of command; there was nothing to show that in those ships were hundreds of men full of spirit and life—men who were prepared to die for the flag which would cover them and serve as their shroud should the fortune of war so will it.

Everybody was at his post; the guns were loaded, and, obedient to the training hands of the gunners, were turning slowly, to point their mouths in the direction of the forts which it was intended to bombard. The commanders, for their part, were directing the course of each ship by signals. The navigating officers were marking off the distances which separated the vessels from the forts—three thousand five hundred metres!—three thousand!—One thousand nine hundred metres! The southern fort opened fire, and her shell passed whistling overhead. This was the signal for the four vessels to blaze away in turn and to begin the fight.

The *Cochrane* and the *O'Higgins* had been told off to deal with the southern fort. Maintaining an accurate and deadly fire, they kept its parapets continually covered by the dust and smoke produced by the explosion of the shells. This engagement lasted until a shot from a gun commanded by the petty officer Francisco Brito striking one of the hostile cannon placed it out of action, and disabled almost the entire garrison of the fort. After this the batteries were silenced, and the mission of the vessels fulfilled.

The transports now approached the shore, and the boats which held the troops of the first landing party were lowered. Simultaneously the warships, no longer occupied with the batteries, drew near in order to cover the disembarkation, as the forces of the enemy

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were posted in readiness behind rocks, houses, and mounds of nitrate.

Before the boats had reached the shore this second engagement became general. The warships came into action again, blazing away at the enemy who, for their part, fiercely engaged the advance parties of the Chilians as they landed. It was not long before the town was in flames, and not only the town but the nitrate as well, producing a conflagration and clouds of smoke which in many places was asphyxiating.

To add to all this, the configuration of the bay, bordered by its lofty mountains, formed a tremendous and echoing amphitheatre for this action, in which every cannon and rifle shot, every explosion of nitrate, was repeated hundreds of times, making the most hideous and terrific din. The place had become a genuine inferno.

I have said that the first contingent of troops was disembarked from the boats. I was wrong. The boats had missed the landing-stage, and had drawn up alongside a mass of rocks. Worst of all, this particular spot was situated in the centre of a half-moon of land occupied by the Peruvians who, secure in their trenches on the hills, were enabled to shoot down our men with impunity. But Amador Barrientos never faltered. Snatching up the flag from his boat, he leaped ashore, and standing on a hill, unfurled for the first time on that soil the Chilian tricolour in order to point out the way of glory to those in the boats.

The second contingent arrived at this same spot under even worse conditions than did the first. Crowded on to rafts they were towed towards the

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rocks. There, for some reason or other, they were left, ere they had actually reached their destination. It looked like good-bye to all. What was to become of these poor fellows, unable to land or to pull out to sea, while their crowded state did not even permit them to make proper use of their arms? They could only wait and recommend their souls to God.

While this was occurring the enemy had entrenched themselves just above on the zig-zag line of the railway, and thus, absolutely dominating the steep slope of the hill, were able to prevent any of our men from scaling it. The situation was critical, and the discontent general. On all sides bitter complaints arose as to the haphazard way in which the operation had been carried out.

This handful of brave men was undoubtedly in a trap. Neither the troops who had disembarked nor the warships could dislodge the entrenched bodies of the enemy who were causing such damage. Staff officers returned to the vessels to implore the commanders to open fire on the mountain-side. In every case the answer was the same. The elevation was too great to permit of any gun being trained on it.

The situation had become serious; faces grew grave and anxious. As luck would have it, the gunnery lieutenant of the *O'Higgins* was struck with a good idea. He pointed out to his captain, Montt, the advantage of running all the guns, with the exception of one, to the port side, so that the vessel might heel over to such an extent as to make possible an attempt to reach the desired spot on the mountain by means of the only gun left on the starboard side.

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Within five minutes the *O'Higgins* was completely careened. On the starboard side only one gun remained, its muzzle seeming to point to the sky.

Lieutenant Herrera gave the distance; nine hundred and fifty metres! Brito, the captain of this gun, prepared himself to handle it. Quite indifferent to the probability that, placed at such an angle, the peril of the weapon's recoil would be considerable, he put his whole soul into the business of aiming. We on board were hanging breathlessly on that shot. Brito, with all the calm of a veteran, refused to hurry himself. With his twisting fingers he signalled to the right, to the left. All our minds and eyes were centred on the man. The gun roared, and Brito was crushed back by the recoil. He remained upright and gazed at the trench. A general hurrah! and a roll of drums from all the vessels was Brito's reward for a famous shot.

The shell fell into the very midst of the enemy's position, and thus opened the way for the troops who were able to charge up the mountain without further delay. At the same time, seizing the opportunity, the boats which had carried ashore the first contingent were able to return to their ships in search of reinforcements.

The *O'Higgins* had sent several, among them a boat in command of Lieutenant J. Santa Cruz, which had for a crew a coxswain and twelve oarsmen.

This boat, which a short while before had set out with stout hearts beating for their country, now returned toilfully, pulled only by four rowers, and steered by Lieutenant Santa Cruz's one sound arm. The other hung wounded by his side, and the rest of

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the crew, dead or wounded, lay in the bottom of the boat, where floated a great pool of blood.

The boat was immediately relieved of its mournful cargo, and a new crew proceeded with the work of disembarkation. Brito, his gunnery work over, was the first to jump in. He took charge of the helm and went in search of fresh adventure.

Here ends the admiral's tale, which I have translated literally, thinking that to attempt to amend it would probably be to mar it.

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CHAPTER XIX

LAND AND OCEAN COMMUNICATIONS

Chilian Railways—Some financial objects served—Details concerning rolling stock and management—Meals and their methods—An episode at San Rosendo—A dinner battle—The Chilian railway station—Properties and population of the place—Spectacular effects—The mercantile side of the congregations—The Transandine Railway—Its triumphs and difficulties—Benefits brought by the line—The advent of the "globe trotter"—Questions of power and permanent way—The correspondence of communications—Snowsheds—The cattle of the Andes—The passage of the heights—A sketch of the solitudes—Steamship lines—The Pacific and the R. M. S. P.—General increase in the size of liners.

THE railways of Chile are, as a general rule, controlled by the State. A rather notable exception to this is afforded by the Chilian Transandine Company, which runs from the frontier to Los Andes. Beyond this, there are one or two private lines, the mileage of none of which, however, is very considerable. From the passenger point of view, the principal State lines are undoubtedly those which connect Valparaiso with Santiago, and Santiago with the south.

These latter concerns are entirely the property of the government. As a financial investment they cannot be said to have proved profitable, since the annual loss accruing from their working amounts to an uncomfortably large number of millions of pesetas.

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This, however, must not necessarily be put down to inefficient management. Indeed the Chilian authorities are rather prone to regard their railways as something beyond mere highways of iron. There is no doubt, for instance, that many a person who might otherwise possess a claim for a pension against the State attains much the same object by means of a post on the railway. Thus, although the ideas concerning employment are liberal in the extreme, the actual financial result, so far as the government is concerned, is far less extravagant than might popularly be supposed.

From the point of view of the travelling public the situation is satisfactory enough, for the price of the fares is commendably low, and, if some of the local services may suffer from an occasional fall-out with the time-table, the main line trains are not only notably punctual, but very well found and staffed in addition.

The international trains and the expresses which ply between Valparaiso and Santiago are provided with restaurant cars. On the remaining routes the older-fashioned custom obtains of descending at some given station for meals. Occasionally this leads to bustling scenes, but on the whole this service is well managed.

On one occasion, though, a meal of this kind was productive of an effect such as is seldom seen in a Chilian Station Restaurant. The time was just before Easter, and all Concepcion seemed to have made up its mind to journey to Santiago for the Holy Week. As a result the railway officials were in despair, and sleeping-car after sleeping-car was added to the night-express, until, in the place of the usual single "sleeper,"

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no less than half-a-dozen were attached to the lengthy train.

The consequences of this became evident at San Rosendo, at which place it had been advertised that dinner would be served. When the passengers streamed out of the train it was as though a flight of locusts had descended upon the hapless restaurant. The scene that followed beggars description. It was a battlefield of diners, waiters, and cooks, with a deep fringe of hungry men and women on the outskirts eagerly anticipating the first opportunity to leap into the fray.

Never before have I seen waiters run so fast and furiously, while hundreds of dishes clattered simultaneously like thunder, and the loud clappings of the customers beseeching attention sounded like the incessant rifle-fire of a general action. One would have thought that these noises—to say nothing of a dozen more of other kinds—would have sufficed. But, according to the restaurant, they did not. The proprietors of the establishment had provided a couple of guitar players for the occasion, and the softer notes of the instruments continued to blend resolutely with the clashes and bangings of the feeders and the fed.

One could not help rendering due honour to the restaurant for the presence of the guitar players. They were frankly *de trop*, and their notes were more or less stifled. But this present of music was a generous act! In any case the passengers had nowhere else to dine save at this restaurant of San Rosendo, and the thing undoubtedly represented something in the way of discount! I doubt even

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whether the guitars were capable of adding to an ordinary thirst. The orchestra was the outward evidence of a large-minded spirit, and renewed one's faith in the disinterestedness of monopolies, including trusts.

Even during the normal period of the year, by the way, it is as well, if travelling by night, to book a berth in a "sleeper," some days ahead of the actual date of the journey. Otherwise, disappointment may ensue; indeed, it frequently does, for the night trains are popular and almost invariably crowded. If oblivious of this fact, the traveller may find the comfort of his journey not a little lessened.

The railway station in Chile does not merely represent a place where trains come, and halt, and go. In addition to its mere properties of transit, it serves as a social centre and as a market. This is more especially noticeable in the case of minor provincial towns, where the long gaps in the time-table lend a certain importance to the advent of each train. In anticipation of an event such as this the platform is wont to be crowded by folk who have resorted to the spot for no other purpose than to see, and—in the case of the gentler sex—be seen.

Thus, should you arrive at one of these stations, more especially if the day should be a Sunday, you need suffer no anxiety concerning the fate of the people who continue to parade up and down the platform after the last whistle has been blown. It has never been their intention to submit to any other lot than that of being left behind. When the train has gone the gathering disperses. The lines of young girls who have been strolling arm in arm break up;

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the youths go about their business or their pleasure; the more mature folk saunter soberly home, and in a short while the station will be comparatively deserted. An event of the day has come and gone; it remains but to await the next.

With these spectacular folk go the rest who have come to the station for purely commercial purposes, for the most part straw-hatted women who have brought their fruit, flowers, cakes, and sweetmeats for sale. It is not to be denied that, without their wares, the station would have lost much of its colour. The glowing baskets of peaches, pears, and grapes make up a rather wondrous picture in themselves, and as to the great bouquets of flowers, what more could one want? These are no effeminate and diaphanous sprays such as float airily in less solid and generous regions. They are massive pyramids of closely packed blossoms, a little heavy and mid-Victorian, it must be confessed. But the honest things are eloquent of abundance, and are fascinating enough in their way.

To return to the practical side of this great industry; now that the Transandine Railway, which links Argentine with Chile, has had time to develop its traffic since the completion of the lines at the *Cumbre*, it may fairly be considered whether these lines have succeeded in fulfilling the purpose for which they have been extended. As is almost invariably the case in such enterprises, the unexpected has arisen to play its part. It cannot be said that the circumstances have made smooth sailing for the enterprise. There have been disappointments as well as triumphs, although, happily for the

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companies involved, the latter have outweighed the former in importance. A difficult surface for the permanent way, and quantities of winter snow at times in excess of anticipations, constitute the two principal drawbacks.

The benefits of the line, however, are already in evidence, and, as regards Chile in especial, are to be remarked in the everyday life of the nation. This applies, of course, to the passenger traffic rather than to the carriage of goods. Indeed, one of the most striking results of the junction of the Argentine and Chilian lines is to be seen in the type of passenger carried. When the journey over the pass had perforce to be made on muleback—on a road, moreover, the natural ruggedness of which was frequently accentuated by landslips, flooded streams, and encumbering snow—women, children, and quite elderly folk were very rarely to be met with.

Now that the journey from Mendoza to Los Andes can be made without descending from the train a revolution has occurred in the class of travellers. The human cargo is not be distinguished from that of any other long-distance train. As a natural result the numbers carried have increased prodigiously, and—judged merely from the point of view of the traveller—the difficulty with which the companies have had to contend has not been to find travellers, but to supply sufficient accommodation. This was especially noticeable in February and March of last year, when to the numbers of people with direct interests was added for the first time in the history of these particular parts a quite notable proportion of foreign "globe-trotters."

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There is not the faintest doubt that the response of the public has more than justified the enterprise of the Transandine Railway. But this very response has proved the need for effecting more than has yet been done. At the present moment the number of coaches which go to make up the trains is strictly limited, and apparently this must remain so until a more powerful engine is provided for the slopes of the Chilian side, and until certain sections of the permanent way in those neighbourhoods have been rendered more secure. The former evil should be simple enough to remedy; not so the latter, considering the treacherous nature of the rock which in some spots infests the track. But, in view of the acknowledged excellence of the work already achieved, I do not see why in the end even this difficulty should not be surmounted.

Judging from the practical workings of the new route up to the present, the gain in point of actual time saved has proved rather less than had been anticipated. This, however, is of relatively minor interest, since a few hours either way are as nothing compared to the all-important facilities of a through route. At the same time one may regret that a closer agreement has not been arrived at with the Chilian State Railway, which takes up the journey from Los Andes to Santiago and Valparaiso.

At the present moment the connection is often unsatisfactory from a passenger's point of view. It is, for instance, just a little irritating on a somewhat belated arrival at Los Andes, after the completion of seven-eighths of the journey, to find that the train which should have effected the last lap has already left.

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The result is an enforced night at the hotel, which is the property of the railway company, and the average passenger, ignorant of the more intimate workings of the line, is apt to accuse the Transandine Railway of a deep-laid plot against his purse. But this company has no more control over the Chilian State Railway than has the latter over the Transandine. However that may be, some more definite arrangement between the two lines will undoubtedly be necessary in view of the increasing passenger service. On a very recent journey over the line, I noticed that the number of snowsheds at the various exposed points had been greatly increased, while more were in the act of construction. Since a thoroughly efficient employment of these safeguards is only possible after local tests and an experience which has now been gained, the service will doubtless benefit considerably from their presence in the course of the winters.

The possibility of a block on account of the snow-drifts affects, of course, the transport of cattle no less than that of passengers. And there is no doubt that this carriage of cattle will eventually become one of the most important features of the line, since this method of transport obviates the serious loss in weight suffered under the old system when the herds were driven in necessarily trying circumstances over the bleak and pastureless heights.

To sum up, notwithstanding the inevitable difficulties which attended the start, there can be no doubt that Chile is already obtaining really noteworthy advantages from the Transandine Railway. When the projected rival line—which will probably

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cross the mountain chain at a point some four hundred miles to the south of the existing railway—has been completed, the Western Republic will no longer have cause to complain of its isolation from the rest of the world.

The benefits which have already accrued from this line of steel may be judged from a sketch of the cattle transport as it was before the introduction of this railway, and, indeed, as it still remains to a considerable extent to this day, for the railway is not yet able to take all the four-legged passengers who somewhat reluctantly offer themselves. In order to witness the thing we must leave the plains and climb up to the bleaker territory.

From out of the heart of the lands of vast solitude the peaks of the Andes are soaring boldly upwards, climbing giddily against the blue of the sky. No vestige of leaf or of verdure of any kind relieves the surface of the mountains. Peaks and chasms, precipices and plateaus, all are gaunt and utterly bare. Not that colour is lacking. Far from it. The naked masses of rock are painted in a hundred hues. There are blue, red, green, grey, yellow, pink, white, and scores of shades which hesitate between the more defined colours—strange tints which would defy any but the eye of a trained artist to name.

Of these others, some are extraordinarily bold. Many, indeed, it would be easy enough to associate with paintings on canvas, but that they should be met with daubed by unaided Nature on such a surface as rock would almost pass belief were they not there in all their brilliant majesty to convince the eye of the doubter.

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Here and there the darker hues are accentuated by a patch of brilliant relief. Wedged in the hollows and crevices, and spread over many of the small plateaus, are sheets of glistening snow. Far down below it is autumn still, and there the air remains balmy and the sunrays warm. But here it is otherwise. The light winds that pierce the gullies strike with a biting chill in defiance of the sun that hangs so brilliantly overhead. The boulders which hedge in the narrow head waters of a stream near by are hung with long and stout icicles, the work of the previous night. They are the first threats of the early winter which is about to take the neighbourhood in its grip.

A mile or so distant is Lake Inca, the great sheet of water which, by reason of some freak or other, has come to fill in one of these loftily pitched valleys. Just now it is as a sheet of clear cut sapphire from the sides of which the coloured rocks leap upwards. Not a branch to hang over its surface, not a leaf which may fleck its transparency. Nothing but water and rock, beautiful in colour both, but infinitely cold, frostily repelling. One could not lie by the shores of Lake Inca, even to bask in the rays of a midsummer's sun. Apart from the more adamantine confusion of the rock, the spot was never meant to be approached in so intimate a fashion. It is a place that gives a frosty welcome, whatever may be the state of the atmosphere. You may look for a while, but then you should pass on and leave the deep waters to their solitude.

Not that this loneliness is confined to the shores of Lake Inca. At the first glimpse the steep slopes which shut in the horizon on all sides seem entirely

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destitute of life. Here and there is a cairn, and at one point the lowly dome of a small shelter hut constructed of massive stone swells out its roundness to the jagged edges of its surroundings. Lower down the slopes are other, and ruder, shelters—rough walls of piled stones behind which man and beast may crouch for a while, and thus preserve their bodies from the stormy blasts of a winter's squall. But these few insignificant stony things are merely eloquent of man's passage; they tell nothing of his presence.

Nevertheless, a closer scrutiny will reveal more than this. High up on one of the mountain-sides is a collection of tiny dots which appear to be moving slowly down the rocky wall. The progress, viewed from the distance, seems infinitely slow. For a while there is a forward movement; then the atoms bunch closely together in a halt, the whole standing out as a single mass, until the specks advance once more from the main body, and the patch of life slowly disintegrates.

It needs no peculiar intelligence to discover what comprises this procession. The distant specks are cattle which have just crossed the frontier, and are entering upon Chilian soil. They have tramped stolidly up to the *Cumbre*, the topmost stretches of the lofty pass, where the gigantic figure of the Christ rises benignly to guard the loneliness. Now they have just entered on their downward way, a career the end of which can spell nothing but very sudden death.

Fortunately for them they are profoundly ignorant of anything of the kind. The significance of this leaving the land of their birth and of this crossing

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the frontier means nothing to them. If anything at all occurs to their bovine brains it is doubtless the fact that they have finished the long climb, and have begun the descent. If they are wondering at all, it is in all probability as to which is the more arduous of the two, and whether a stumble uphill is preferable to one on the down grade. And it must be admitted that these are the most important matters of the moment.

All the while the procession has been creeping down the mountain-side. The dots have assumed colour and shape, and here and there the figure of a mounted man pricks up above the rest. As they draw still nearer the sound of the long-drawn human calls and of the bellowings of the oxen comes clearly wafted across the keen, thin air. Yet for some reason or other one cannot help regarding the whole collection with some feeling of surprise. They are strange men and beasts, these. It is as though they have come into life from the back of nowhere, to pass like ghosts along these solitudes of rock and snow.

But this is only until they have approached quite near. Then the men have clearly become human, and the beasts undoubtedly animals. The red, yellow, and brown ponchos of the riders stand out in marked contrast to the stone and snow of their background. Their lassos are whirling overhead to descend with a smart thud upon the backs of the hesitating cattle. And their prolonged calls sound distinctly now, wailing out above the trampling noises and the bellowing of their charges.

Thus the procession passes slowly by, a trailing company of waving horns and lumbering bodies.

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Between the various squadrons ride the men, each jealously guarding the particular section in his charge. What an existence, will exclaim the dweller in towns! To pass one's life making these passages through the aching loneliness of this unclothed land, and all for the few pesos with which the toil is rewarded at the end of the week! This may be so; but every one to his *métier*. These riders may be thinking similar thoughts concerning the life of the townsman, who knows?

In the meanwhile the progress of the troop has continued. It has struck upon a small plateau, and the way is more easy just now. But there is much to do ere the first sagebrush and cacti of the lower lands are sighted. And, rising from behind the topmost range of jagged peaks are great rounded masses of cloud of unusually dense and solid appearance. There is snow in the air, and soon enough it will be upon the ground. How rapid and deep will be the fall is the secret of those clouds alone.

In any case the menace is no empty one, as the *paisanos* know full well. There may be need to seek such shelter as the inhospitable region can afford, or the company may with luck have reached more sheltered and warmer lands ere the flakes fall in grim earnest. *Quien sabe?* Should the former prove the case, the herd will, likely enough, lose some of the number of its mess, and a few more horns and bones will lie bleaching on the rocks. If the latter, the outcome will be a stroke of good fortune for all. Even for the cattle, since it will allow them to complete the already short span of life allotted them.

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In the meanwhile, since there is nothing to be done, it is best to take the matter philosophically. No one understands this better than these drivers. *No hay remedio*—there is no alternative, they will gravely explain. So the entire procession goes thudding and stumbling and crashing downwards with minds as equable as the exigencies of the road permit.

Far down below are pastures and cities, flowers and streets. It is a question of patience. So far as that is concerned, it is simple enough. No other frame of mind would be possible in this tremendous and awe-inspiring convulsion of rock which seems to hang half-way between earth and sky. As to the procession, it has passed on its way. It has become once more a collection of ants clinging to the mountain-side.

Chile is now well served in the way of steamer communications. The most important companies involved in this trade are the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the Lamport and Holt Line, the West Coast Line, the Merchant Line, the Gulf Line, and the German Kosmos Company. This, of course, only relates to the foreign companies. The Chilians themselves have shown notable enterprise in sea traffic. Their tonnage equals that of the Germans, and is consequently half that of the British, who hold the leading place in this respect. The chief Chilian enterprise of the kind is represented by the Compañia Sud-Americana de Vapores, which possesses a fleet of steamers totalling very nearly thirty thousand tons. Beyond this a number of lesser firms exist, many of them managed with equal efficiency.

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Communication with the Far East is provided by the Japanese Line Togo Kisen Kaisha, which connects the West Coast of South America with Japan.

Now that Santiago and Valparaiso have been brought within a couple of days' journey from Buenos Aires the services of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have become of direct and important value to Chile. The advantage of being able to employ such magnificent steamers is naturally very great. Indeed, could the Chilian of a dozen years ago have seen himself sailing northwards to Europe in a giant fifteen thousand ton vessel replete with lifts, and in fact, everything else that goes to make up a floating palace, one can imagine his amazement. Not that he would by any means be alone in this; for there are few enough persons in the entire world who, even a dozen years ago, foresaw the type of vessel which the public has now grown to expect and to demand.

To descend from generalities to detail, perhaps one of the most striking evidences of the advances of these South American Republics may be looked for in the type of vessel which serves them. Until a few years ago, the liners which plied from Europe to the East were wont to exceed in size those which sailed to the south-west. Now it is these latter which have caught up with the others, and have ultimately exceeded their dimensions in a notable degree—one, moreover, which bids fair steadily to become more accentuated. In connection with South America, moreover, it is not only the Royal Mail Steam Packet which has made important strides; for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which is now

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amalgamated with the Royal Mail, has increased the tonnage of its vessels, and has brought them completely up to date. Thus at the present moment Chile has little of which to complain concerning the manner in which she is served by her liners.

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CHAPTER XX

QUESTIONS CONCERNING VISITORS AND ACCOMMODATION

The advent of the North American—Some contrasts with European methods—Northern enterprise—The beef trust—Its present situation and its possibilities—The battle of the *Frigoriſicos*—Questions of temperament—The nomenclature of the Americas—The right to the title "American"—Professor Hiram Bingham's views—An interesting theory—Some potential complications—Hotels in South America—A field for investment—The need of suitable accommodation—Some instances of enterprise and its success—The South American as a waiter—What might be done—The necessity for European staffs in first-class hotels.

THE influx of the North American into South America is now an accomplished fact. The phase has come about with a rather exceptional suddenness, since half-a-dozen years ago the sight of an American in the southern continent was as rare as a frost in Brazil—or perhaps it would be more polite to say as sunshine at Cape Horn. Indeed, now that he has come, it must be admitted that our American cousin, considering his very short acquaintance with the countries in question, has made his presence felt to a proportionately far greater extent than his European rivals. A peculiar interest attaches to his presence just at the moment in view of the difference between his methods and those employed by the representatives of European commerce and industry who have been

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in more or less continuous occupation of the field for rather more than a century.

It has been frequently held up against the British residents in South America than their insular methods combined with their want of understanding of the Spanish—or rather South American—character has prevented them from getting into satisfactory touch with the inhabitants proper of the various States. In many instances the charge is sufficiently well grounded, but in any case the failure is only comparative, and it is pointed out as a rule by men anxious to see their compatriots rival the success of their European competitors in this direction. On the other hand, there are, of course, many British who from force of prolonged residence and intermarriage with the daughters of these southern lands have attained to a position of genuine intimacy with the descendants of the Spaniards or Portuguese as the case may be.

The case of the North American is entirely different from any of these. He has come down to the southern continent somewhat late in the day, it is true, yet for his own purposes the time would seem as propitious as any other, since he has chosen the moment when industrial and commercial concerns of modest dimensions are in the act of being swallowed up by imposing amalgamations. It is with this movement that the men from the States are concerned, rather than with the humdrum and gradual business expansion that was the aim of those others who laboured in these countries before him.

A certain number have invested in land, it is true. But these purchases have not been effected

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with the idea of settling on the soil. On the contrary, the investments have been of a speculative order, and these negotiations have been carried out merely with a view to the possibilities of a rise in price. Moreover, since the majority of such transactions have been concerned with the "outer" camps, they are likely enough to prove successful. But this, of course, does not in the least affect the main point, which is that the American, as a brand-new-comer, is bound to rely upon his advisers rather than his own experience in all such matters. This state of affairs naturally does not apply to those great companies which are now for the purpose of industrial development obtaining a foot-hold in the continent which bids fair to be permanent.

It stands to reason that the amalgamation of large interests which is popularly known as the "beef-trust" comes within this latter category; that is to say, this industry has undoubtedly made its appearance in South America with a view to staying for good. Here we come to a clashing of interests in which the North American finds himself very much on his own ground. It is true that the conflict to which I refer is not in any sense national. The struggle, indeed, is merely between those *frigoríficos* which have been acquired by the United States beef interest, and those others which still remain in local hands. Nevertheless, the enormous importance of the issues at stake does not seem to be generally realized.

In the event of a continued competition matters must necessarily remain much as they are. In the event, however, of a victory on the part of the Northern trust—or by whatever name these interests

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may choose to be known—the consequence cannot fail to result in the entire control of the South American beef market by the United States. Whether this will prove beneficial or the reverse to the general public on both sides of the ocean need not be considered here. We are concerned merely with the situation as it is, and it must be admitted that it is in this latter direction that the United States financiers are most likely to prove successful in the more or less immediate future.

The reason is, as has been explained, that in affairs such as these the North American is on familiar ground. In other respects his chances of rapid success are more doubtful. The fact is that he has come down to South America in a hurry. He is prepared and anxious to "hustle"; but he has left out of consideration the fact that the word still remains Greek to the majority of South American ears. Whether his tried energies will eventually succeed in carrying the day remains to be seen. It is quite certain that, almost to a man, he labours under the disadvantage of an ignorance not only of the Spanish tongue, but of the temperament and general peculiarities of the average South American.

In the ordinary course of events these facts alone would suffice to destroy his chances of progress. But then the Northern American has not come down to South America in the accepted fashion of the past. He has arrived in the possession of a multitude of dollars, with the avowed intention of taking full charge of the various industries which most nearly concern him. Notwithstanding its completely recent

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origin, the issue has already become one of the most important in South America to-day.

In connection with this there is a point which has only lately attained to any importance, since in the past contact between North and South America has been rare in the extreme—as is proved from the fact that to this day the North American, if he is pushed for time, travels from the States to Southampton, and thence to the ports of the Southern Continent. This point concerns the nomenclature of the Americas.

In view of the present wholesale visits of the North American to the South this topic is rapidly becoming a vexed question. The inhabitant of Chile, Argentina, Brazil, and of the remaining important Latin Republics has lately taken to raising the question: is he, too, not an American, and, if so, why should the Yankee arrogate to himself the sole right of calling himself by this name? This point has been commented on by Professor Hiram Bingham in a recent valuable work, "Across South America."

The author, writing as an American in the Southern Continent, has not been slow to notice the tendency of southern races on this point, as the following paragraph will show:—

"Another local peculiarity also in Chile is that many of the citizens bitterly begrudge us our attempted monopoly of the title of 'Americans'. . . they speak of us as *North* Americans or 'Yankees,' and they call our Minister the 'North American Minister,' quite ignoring the existence of Mexico and Canada."

Professor Bingham, commenting on this, maintains that his countrymen are fully justified in their use of the term "American":—

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"The people of the United States of Brazil are Brazilians, and those of the United States of Mexico are Mexicans by the same right that those of the United States of America are Americans. To be sure the world generally thinks of our country as the United States, quite forgetful that there are several other Republics of the same name. It is a pity that a euphonius appellation cannot be manufactured from one or both of these two words. We cannot distinguish ourselves by the title of 'North American,' as that ignores the rightful claim to that title which the denizens of the larger part of this continent, the Mexicans and Canadians, have in common with us. It is not a point of great importance, and it seems to me that in time, with the natural growth of Chile and the Argentine Republic, their citizens will be so proud of being called Chilenos or Argentinos that they will not begrudge us our only convenient and proper title."

Now these remarks on the part of a cultured and unprejudiced—Yankee, shall we say, for the sake of peace?—are valuable, in that they make it clear that there is more justification for the appellative claims of his countrymen than is generally supposed. Putting aside all question of national pride and sentiment, with which the greater Southern Republics are now as fully endowed as any other folk, I doubt whether he has brought his argument to a logical conclusion. Put in the form of crude Euclid, one continent equals another. Therefore the two Americas equal Asia and Europe. Thus, supposing that the French Republic were to term itself the United States of Europe, its titular pretensions would be merely half as great as

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those held out by our Atlantic cousins at the present time. It is an interesting point, and one which is now continually presenting itself in South America. That a remedy will have to be found in the near future is certain. For the moment, however, we need not follow the question further, lest utter chaos and confusion ensue.

From the subject of the American, one passes on almost automatically to that of hotels. It is probably not only in the minds of the British that these Transatlantic cousins of ours are more intimately associated with hotels than any other nation. Why this should be so might be difficult to explain. The fact remains that those who have not had the opportunity of coming into intimate contact with him do associate the American with lightning lifts and cocktails; but chiefly hotels. Those visitors from the States who now find themselves in the Southern Republics are not a little addicted to grumbling at the species of accommodation offered them in the various towns. In many cases these complaints are undoubtedly justified.

This is a field for investment in South America which, although it is comparatively a small one, deserves the attention of those British investors who can look into the details with proper care. The truth is that in its progress the southern continent has left its hotels far behind. This peculiar condition is one which, I suppose, cannot fail to be remedied soon, but in the meanwhile the gaps which good establishments of the kind should fill are yawning very widely, and the sooner a new order is instituted the better it will undoubtedly be for both proprietors and public.

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This lack of suitable accommodation is one which at present prevails all over the continent. Enterprising as he is in most other respects, the South American still submits to treatment at the hands of many hotel keepers, which is a legacy of the days when a Spanish innkeeper lorded it over his guests as few modern employers of labour would dare to treat their servants.

It must not be understood from this that no progress has been made in the larger cities. Almost every year sees some small advance. The older establishments are adding to the number of their bathrooms, increasing the size of their restaurants, and patching up the glaring deficiencies in comfort little by little.

It must be admitted, moreover, that each new establishment of the kind shows some improvement over the last. South Americans themselves are now complaining bitterly of the poor quality of the accommodation offered them, and are enthusiastic in their promises to support any venture which will give them the opportunity of spending their money to better advantage. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that there is no intention whatever on my part to recommend the experiment as anything in the nature of a gilt-edged investment; on the contrary, the attendant financial risks are doubtless as great as those of similar enterprises in other parts of the world.

One of the maxims that seems most aptly to apply to this rather amazing continent is that it is better to do nothing at all than to do it by halves. This most certainly may be taken to heart in the matter of hotels. In this respect the few ventures which have

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been started with enterprise and confidence have met with complete success. As an instance, I can give the erection of a great building in Buenos Ayres some four years ago, a modern hotel, in fact, which can compare in almost every respect with similar leading establishments in London and Paris. Its construction, it must be admitted, surprised the Buenos Ayres world. Condemned as a white elephant, the experiment was promised a very rapid extinction. For the first year the result remained in doubt. Now, however, the establishment is turning would-be guests from its doors, and was even doing so in February, a season of the year which was supposed to be as dead as August in London. Indeed, at the present moment it is no exaggeration to say that Buenos Ayres could scarcely imagine itself without its leading hotel.

Meanwhile, the residents of Rio de Janeiro, that city of palatial buildings, where money flows as freely as water, and where sixty-horse power touring motor-cars ply the streets for hire, will explain sadly to the visitor the utter lack of a modern hotel worthy of the name. The same consideration applies to Montevideo. It applies with equal force in Valparaiso and Santiago here on the western side of the Andes, across which the commercial folk and visitors are now flocking in ever-increasing numbers.

It may be asked why, if the need is so pressing, do not the inhabitants of the larger cities build hotels of the kind that is required? The difficulties are too great. In the first place, although it would be simple enough to provide an effort of the kind with local capital, the obtaining of local talent, in the shape of

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managers, waiters, and staff in general, is quite out of the question. The average South American of the humbler classes is generally a friendly and well-disposed person enough, but he was never intended by nature to form part and parcel of the establishment of a modern hotel.

There are exceptions, of course, but this as a general rule may be taken for granted. It may be that the fault is not his, but in any case, never having had an opportunity of seeing how things are carried out in an up-to-date hotel, he must necessarily remain ignorant until an example is vouchsafed him. As it is, he has a weakness for smoking cigarettes and reading the daily papers while waiting for his *patrones* to finish their courses, which is a little disconcerting to those unaccustomed to the ways of the country.

It is precisely this condition of affairs which militates chiefly against local enterprise. There are undoubtedly many residents in each of the cities I have named who would gladly associate themselves with hotel enterprise, but who are naturally loth to take the trouble to send all the way to Europe for the purpose. And it is from no other continent that the practical assistance can be derived.

In order to start an establishment such as I advocate, it may be necessary in the first instance to import from the older lands the entire staff, from the management itself down to the lift boys. This, of course, constitutes a serious difficulty, although it might eventually be overcome. In the course of time local assistance, properly trained, would probably be forthcoming, as, indeed, is proving the case in Buenos

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Ayres at the present moment. How rapid is the increase of travellers to South America, and how urgent has become the need for some first-class hotels, can never be realized by one who has not visited the continent.

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CHAPTER XXI

THE NITRATE WEALTH OF CHILE

Chilian minerals—The deserts of northern Chile—The home of nitrate—Character of the country—Communications with the coast—The association of interests—Nitrate and its advantages over rival products—Some characteristics—An estimate of the contents of the beds—Methods of extraction—Possibilities of the future—Origin of the deposits—Some theories—A product of the sea—An upheaval and its result—Details of blasting, crushing, and transport—Further processes—An abnormal winter—A natural protecting agent—Practical results of nitrate application—Its effect on the production of cereals and root-crops—Other usés of the mineral—The farmer's ally.

WITH the exception of tin, which appears to be practically a Bolivian monopoly so far as South America is concerned, Chile can boast supplies of almost every important mineral. Copper is second in the country's list of exports; gold and silver mines are worked—and have been worked ever since prehistoric times—in certain districts, and Chile of to-day provides two-fifths of its own coal supply, importing the rest in returning nitrate ships which are glad to receive cargo on their voyages to Iquique, and other of the ports that serve the Atacama desert. Iron, platinum, borax, and manganese also, have been worked to an appreciable extent, and there lie in the ribs of the Andes many other sources of prosperity, waiting the arrival of prospector and miner.

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The rainless, barren deserts of northern Chile, however, yield more than sixty per cent. of the country's revenue from mineral sources. It is an odd reflection that from these lifeless wastes, devoid of any scrap of vegetation, comes a world-supply of fertilizing energy for the gardens and fields of other lands. It is a somewhat astonishing territory, this of the nitrate. Parallel with the shore, a strip of country extends for more than four hundred miles, destitute of grass or trees, with a clear sky overhead; for—theoretically—rain never falls here. In the parched earth lie the nitrate beds, whence the Chilian government derives annually about five millions sterling in export duties alone. From this some idea of the total value of the industry may be gained. Seeing in this desert territory a goose that lays such bright golden eggs, the government has passed special laws for its protection.

Lying as they do from fifty to a hundred miles inland, and two thousand feet or more above sea level, the nitrate deserts are linked to the coast by a number of short railways, which, together with the ports engaged in this greatest of Chilian industries, owe their existence mainly to British capital, though a certain amount of Chilian and of German money is locked up in nitrate enterprise. At one time the various companies controlling the industry formed an association for the protection of their own interests, and, by agreement with the government, limited their annual output in order to maintain a standard price for their products. This limitation of output, however, is no longer enforced, and the latest available statistics concerning the nitrate area show a total

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annual output of over two million tons. The nitrate itself is used not only as a fertilizer for agricultural purposes, but also in the manufacture of explosives, while among the by-products of the industry iodine is exported to the value of half a million sterling annually.

The majority even of the actual users of nitrate of soda are ignorant of the origin and process of manufacture of this wonderful fertilizing agent. It may be remarked that Chile holds a monopoly of supply. From time to time rumours are heard of similar great nitrate deposits existing in other parts of the world, but analysis of these discoveries has up to the present merely revealed common salt with a trace of nitrate, or some other compound which would not repay the cost of working to an extent to interfere with the Chilian export trade. Thus it is not likely that the monopoly will ever suffer from competition. A rival product known as nitrate of lime has indeed made an appearance, but it is so deliquescent that air-tight packing is required, and it must be used immediately the packages are opened. Nitrate of soda, on the other hand, is completely free from any such disadvantages. It is packed in bags containing about 200 lb. apiece, and can be stored anywhere and used at any time.

The existence of the great beds of caliche, or raw material from which the nitrate is obtained, is entirely due to the rainless character of the north Chilian deserts, for the mineral dissolves at once on contact with water, and can therefore only be found accumulated in rainless localities. The extent and mass of the deposits is such that their exhaustion at the

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present rate of consumption is a problem of scarcely greater gravity than that of a country's coal supply. Señor Alejandro Bertrand, formerly Director of Public Works in Chile, and now Government Inspector of nitrate propaganda, reported officially to his government in 1908 on this matter of the exhaustion of the caliche beds. His estimate of the quantity still available for working places the minimum contents of beds now in process of being worked at 220 million tons—that is to say, at least a hundred years must pass before the fields already explored are exhausted.

This estimate does not include the "dumps" on the various properties, vast heaps of caliche like the mountains of crushed ore that have accumulated about the pit heads of the Transvaal, and that, subjected to the modern method of working, would yield millions of tons of nitrate, since they were accumulated in the days when the extraction of the commercial product was a cruder business than it is now. One great feature of Chile to-day is the extreme modernness of all machinery employed in its commercial enterprises: the very latest and best form of plant is used in the nitrate *oficinas*, in the copper industry, and, in fact, in all projects that call for the use of other than mere manual labour.

In addition to the caliche beds now being worked, and the dumps that await re-treating, there are large districts in the nitrate region still unexplored. It is more than probable that the fields in process of exploitation represent only a part of the nitrate wealth of Chile, and that the figures given by Señor Bertrand in his official report may be doubled, and perhaps trebled, in order to arrive at an estimate of the extent and

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quantity of the nitrate deposits. In any case, their exhaustion is not a question with which the present generation—or the next, for that matter—need trouble itself to any great extent.

The origin of the deposits is a subject of dispute among geological experts, but the theory to which most credence is allotted is that of a marine origin. It is known that, viewing time from a geological standpoint, the upheaval of the Andes is a comparatively recent occurrence, and in this connection it may be noted that the Pacific coast of South America is still rising slowly—a fact which goes to prove that the process of upheaval is not quite complete. The caliche deposits are all situated at a height of over two thousand feet above sea level, in a rainless desert absolutely innocent of any form of vegetation, and it is generally accepted that these great beds of salt are made of the residue left by the evaporating of sea water in great basins, heaved up and cut off from their parent ocean by volcanic agency in prehistoric times.

The only weak point in this hypothesis is the absence of bromine, which might naturally be expected to exist in marine deposits. The rather notable lack of this has given rise to an alternative theory to the effect that the caliche is the result of centuries of land drainage from the higher country to the east, but here the existence of iodine steps in and confronts the theorist. Iodine, as a matter of fact, is contained largely in sea plants, but not in any animal bodies, and in only very few land vegetables to the extent which its prevalence in these deposits presupposes. The mere fact of the caliche being so rich in iodine

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lends weight to the hypothesis that seaweed and marine plants, in the course of decomposition, went to the formation of the deposits.

As for the nitrate itself, its origin may be supposed to lie in the decomposition of marine vegetation together with that of fish and animal matter, from which nitrogen has combined with the sodium compounds of sea water. Skeletons of birds, animals, and fish are found under the caliche from time to time, in much the same way that the impress of ferns and plants is found in seams of coal; deposits of guano are also met with, and with these phenomena as data we may assume that there was a time in the formation of the earth when the caliche beds lay far below sea level, except for little islets which, like the guano islands of the present day, thrust out above the waters. There came a tremendous series of volcanic outbursts and earthquake shocks, leaving dry land where water had been, and that portion of Chile which is now a waterless desert was flung up from sea level, bearing with it enough of sea water to form a great, slowly evaporating lake. When the lake had dried away, the caliche remained.

Above the salts, when the water had dried away, was formed a layer of sand and stones, with traces of nitrate existing in it. Over that, again, the fouling and impurity of these tideless waters slowly settled and hardened as it dried from mud to a compactly cemented mass, a sort of hermetical sealing for the salt treasure beneath. Then the winds of many centuries—for it is sufficiently common knowledge that in such geological changes a century is but as a day in a human life—blew about the rainless plains,

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bringing dust and fine loose sand that now lies inches deep on the cement in the manner of a lid which guards Chile's greatest stores of mineral wealth.

This theory certainly sounds the most lucid and probable of all those which have been brought to bear on the subject. Failing a better, it may be adopted with no little confidence, and so one may account for the existence of the beds. To-day the inheritors of this geological savings bank deposit make it their business to clear away the loose sand, blast through the "costra," or cement-like crust, and work down through the layer of stones and sand until they come, at a depth of ten to twenty feet, on the nitrate ore, as one may call it. All blasting is done by means of explosives manufactured on the spot by the various nitrate companies, and, when the surface rubbish has been cleared away, the caliche is hewn out, broken up into blocks, and carted away either by rail or mule transport to the works where the various products of the raw material are extracted and refined.

The process of extraction is a fairly simple one. The caliche is first crushed by machinery somewhat akin to that used in quartz stamping, and, emerging in a more or less powdery state, the mineral drops into cars which convey it to the boiling tanks. These tanks, heated by means of steam pipes, extract all the soluble constituents from the caliche, and the liquid containing these is run through canals to the crystallizing pans, where the nitrate crystallizes as the solution cools. After this crystallation has been accomplished the liquid that remains is drawn off and pumped on to the iodine department; when the iodine has been

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extracted, this "mother liquor" is returned to the boiling tanks to serve its use again.

Four or five days go to the drying of the nitrate in the crystallizing pans. It is then subjected to various further processes in order to remove all moisture. Finally, it comes to the "drying floor," and remains there until it is packed in the bags with which nearly every English farmer is familiar, and swung off to the coast by rail for export from Iquique, Antofagásta, or some other port that serves the fields.

While, in the Andine region, the winter season of 1912 will be remembered as the stormiest and bitterest which has prevailed for many years, it will be remembered in the history of the nitrate territory as abnormal in character by reason of the fact that rain fell—the first occurrence of the kind in the course of nearly half a century. The coast towns were free from dust for the first time in man's memory, and certain wiseacres shook their heads and prophesied a speedy end to the nitrate industry, for rain and caliche cannot exist together. It must be admitted that, at a first glance, it looked much as though Chile's main source of mineral wealth were about to be washed away.

A little reflection, however, will show that these fears were groundless. It would take more than a day's rain to wash away two hundred million tons of caliche, even if the mineral were thoroughly exposed. Only in those portions of the fields where the miners are actually working is there any exposure, for, as has been explained, the unworked beds are covered in by the cement-like, air-tight *costra*, or crust, a protecting layer several feet in thickness, and proof against

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months of rain. In spite of the storms of an abnormal season, the nitrate folk may sleep soundly in the assurance that work and caliche await them when they waken.

It is safe to say that no fertilizer produces results equal to those obtained by the application of nitrate of soda, for no other form of manure supplies an equal quantity of nitrogen in assimilable form to growing plants. A few instances may be given of the increased grain yield due to the application of nitrate; every case quoted is of a practical experiment, and in some instances these experiments have been conducted year after year, in order to obtain an idea of average results.

The application of 129 pounds of nitrate per acre to a wheat crop gave a grain yield of thirty-seven bushels per acre; whereas the identical soil, minus the nitrate dressing, produced 13·1 bushels per acre. In another case the increase was from nineteen to thirty-seven bushels per acre, and the net profit to the farmer £3 10*s.* for every acre to which the nitrate dressing was applied, for the increase in weight of straw was correspondingly greater than that of the grain.

A crop of barley, treated in the same way, gave equally startling results. Unmanured ground yielded only 15·3 bushels of grain and 8·8 cwt. of straw per acre. The application of nitrate of soda alone to similar soil gave 30·5 bushels of grain and 18·2 cwt. of straw, while nitrate applied in conjunction with other mineral manures produced 43·6 bushels of grain and 27·4 cwt. of straw. It may be explained that the three crops, differently treated, grew side by side in the same field.

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In one experiment made with oats, the use of nitrate of soda in conjunction with superphosphate increased the yield of grain by thirty bushels per acre; in another case the increase was thirty-two and a half bushels. Root crops benefit to an extent almost as great; for the application of nitrate to a crop of mangolds increased the yield to forty-five tons per acre, unmanured ground identical in character in other respects producing only twenty-one and a half tons per acre—not quite half the yield of the nitrate treated area.

These are instances of the energizing power of the world's most active fertilizer, and they are average instances, not isolated cases. Well may Chile guard her nitrate fields by special laws, and value them as her greatest asset. There are other uses for the mineral beyond that of a fertilizer; it plays an important part, for instance, in the manufacture of explosives, but the agriculturist uses twenty times as much as all other industries combined, and, since the farmer feeds all, the whole world owes Chile a debt for this, the farmer's ally.

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CHAPTER XXII

THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES OF CHILE

Primitive inhabitants—Their relics—Guidance as to era—Evidences of a later age—Questions of climate and dwellings—The three main native races—The Indians of the north and centre—Characteristics of the dwellers in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego—The Araucanian—An unconquered race—Dwelling places—Character of the Araucanian country—Costume and customs—The council and rites of war—Various weapons—Method of fermenting liquor—Araucanian superstition—Defeat of the Incas—Influence of their civilization—The introduction of beasts and plants—Advent of the Spaniard.

THE early history of Chile, although it cannot, in point of interest, compare with that of its northern neighbour, Peru, is nevertheless infinitely richer—so far as the pre-Spanish period is concerned—than that of the Southern Republics on the other side of the Andes. With the exception of the districts in the farthest south, the population of the country consisted of tribes more or less settled and stationary in the place of the nomadic companies which were wont to prowl the plains of Argentina and Uruguay. Beyond this, the history of the land is one into which the Incas have entered to play their part, and to leave behind them the traces of their once proud dominion.

Chile, moreover, can claim as remote a past for its mankind as many of those lands which—in a strictly modern sense—are popularly held to be older. It is

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true that the knowledge concerning these primitive inhabitants is of so slender a nature as to amount to practically nothing at all. The early dwellers here left behind them no other index to their existence than a few crude relics. Here and there have been found primitive stone weapons, and equally rough implements for the chase and for the ploughing of the earth of the kind such as are commonly to be met with in those countries in which palæolithic remains are encountered.

Since many objects of precisely the same nature have been retained in common use by the inhabitants of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego even to the present day, it is likely enough that the mere discovery of these primitive instruments would have proved very little as regards era were it not for the fact that they have been met with in strata which held the remains of mammoths and other prehistoric animals. It is this alone which warrants the certainty that Chile can stretch back her story into the full darkness of the unknown ages.

There are some slender indications, moreover, of a later and rather more advanced period which must have prevailed in central Chile. It is true that the evidence of this is little less limited than that of the first. The sole traces, indeed, of this age are confined to some rude carvings of animals with which the rocks are decorated in two or three places. But this in itself suffices to prove a condition of civilization in advance of those earliest stages of men such as the crude weapons represent.

As much, of course, can be gleaned from the resting places of these simple implements as from the

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nature of the objects. The neighbourhoods in which they have occurred are precisely those in which the student of the conditions of the country would have expected to meet with them. In such a quest it is essential to take into consideration the influences of climate and surroundings upon a completely savage life.

It was in the valleys of the Andes that these early natives found shelter and game, and on the coast that they met with the most equable climate and with the abundance of fish with which the Chilian seas are stocked. It is consequently to these particular regions that the discovery of the remains in question is confined.

In brief historical notes such as these there is little else to be said on the subject of the earliest inhabitants of Chile. There is, indeed, nothing of the kind which satisfies any purpose of practical interest until the period which immediately preceded the advent of the Spanish *conquistadores*. Here we find the country peopled by three main races, of which two were more or less intimately related, although the third—that of the southernmost Indians—was entirely distinct.

The Indians of the north and of the centre call for little comment. Although sprung from the same stock as the warlike Indians who existed to the south of the Bio-Bio river, they do not appear to have been endowed with anything approaching the valour or the physical strength of the Araucanian proper. At the period of the advent of the Spaniards this people had submitted themselves to the dominion of the Incas for a century, more or less, and, since the rule of these latter was benevolent, they had contentedly resigned

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ARAUCANIAN INDIANS.

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themselves to a position of vassalage rendered all the more endurable by the added comforts which the Inca civilization introduced into their lives.

From an historical point of view the Patagonian and Tierra del Fuegan Indians were of little more account. Shut off as they were in the southernmost corner of the continent, scanty in numbers, existing in a climate of sufficient rigour to render life a continual struggle for survival, they have at no time played any appreciable part in the history of Chile. Even to the present day they and their mode of life have remained largely unaltered. Wandering here and there to drag the fish from the cold waters, or to follow their scanty game through the winter's snow and summer's rain, fate would seem to have marked them out for solitude and hardship throughout the ages. Indeed, perhaps their chief claim to fame lies in the fact that they have been made the ignorant subjects of much unfounded legend.

It was the Araucanian—the man who inhabited the districts midway between these two comparatively feeble peoples—who has earned for himself a deep niche in the affairs of Chile. The principal haunts of this formidable race were comprised in that stretch of territory which extends from Chiloé northwards to the banks of the Bio-Bio river.

The Araucanian shares in common with a very few native races of the world the distinction of never having been completely conquered by force of arms. His race, indeed, was the toughest nut which South America had to offer in the way of militant aborigines, and upon its hard shell the sword of the *conquistador* spent itself largely in vain.

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The surviving members of the nation, although to a certain extent degenerate, suffice to give an idea of the race as it was. Even now their appearance bespeaks physical power rather than grace. Of somewhat short stature, their want of height is amply compensated by the notable sturdiness of their build. With coarse black hair falling over their broad shoulders, thick-lipped, and copper-coloured in complexion, they possess much of that curious air of the Eastern Asiatic which is so characteristic of the South American native tribes.

The life of the original Araucanian, although immeasurably superior to that of his neighbour to the south, was sufficiently crude. His costume consisted of a scanty covering of skins, and for headgear he wore a cap of the same material. Since it is the fate of no species of humanity whatever to be satisfied with the more conventional necessities of covering, whatever these may happen to be, the Araucanian, in common with all the rest, was addicted to a certain degree of display. But the range of his ornaments was confined to shells and small pebbles.

The huts of these folk were rough but reasonably solid affairs of branches and thatch. These *rucas* were conical in shape, and indeed, of a similar design to those of the North American Indian braves. As a matter of fact, these particular dwellings are not yet out of date in the country which once belonged to the Araucanian, and in certain districts where the Indian survives they are still to be met with, although, as might be expected, of a rather more elaborate order than were those of the original owners of the land.

This country of the Araucanian is undoubtedly

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INTERIOR OF AN ARAUCANIAN *RUCA*.

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one which was admirably adapted to give full advantage to the fighting qualities of the race. Mountainous, wooded, and intersected by innumerable streams, the land presented unusual opportunities for either attack or defence to those intimately acquainted with its mysteries. The moist climate of the winter season, moreover, lent an added advantage to those accustomed to its vagaries, since it was wont to act unfavourably on those who came down from the dry north to conduct an arduous campaign amid such different surroundings. It was not only the Spaniards who found this out. The Incas had discovered it to their cost before them.

It is, of course, the customs of these Indians which afford by far the most interesting features of their race. Although completely savage in themselves, a certain organized elaboration is to be met with here which is entirely lacking in the contemporary tribes in the same latitude to the east of the Andes.

Into the limited ideas of government and order which they possessed entered those socialistic ethics which were wont to pervade the aboriginal tribes, of whatever stock, throughout the entire continent. These prevailed both in the everyday life of peace and in war time. Thus, when a family desired to build for itself a new *ruca*, its neighbours and fellow tribesmen were invited to assist, and the invitation was wont to meet with an unfailing loyalty of response. It is true that, when actually initiated, the work was intermittent. Feastings and titanic bouts of inebriety were wont to lighten the labours of construction. But this in itself was offered as no inducement to the co-operation. It is certain that, were each working

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for himself alone, the same heroic bursts of enjoyment would have marked the drudgery of the mere constructive proceedings.

Chieftains in the proper sense of the word only existed in time of war. They were elected at the councils which preceded the outbreak of hostilities, when speeches were made, and the applause was signified by leaps into the air and by deafening stamps of the feet upon the ground. According to Señor Luis Galdámes, it was the man who proved himself most eloquent in harangue and most noisy in this muscular form of applause who usually secured the position of general-in-chief. Which, judging by precedent in other parts of the world, does not seem in the least unlikely.

The summons to these councils of war, by the way, was wont to exhibit a certain degree of organization. When one of these was decided on, a guanaco was killed, and an arrow dipped into the blood of the animal. This was then sent to the elder of the neighbouring community, who passed it onwards until the muster roll was complete. The custom, of course, corresponds to those which obtained in similar circumstances in many European countries in the past, and is undoubtedly eloquent of a truly warlike spirit.

These councils of war comprised by far the most important ceremonies which were known to the Araucanians. The ritual was chiefly conspicuous for its material side. The original guanaco whose blood had served for the call was eaten while others were captured and slaughtered in order to keep the carcase of the first company. As may be imagined, there was

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no stint of liquor on an occasion such as this, and the experts in the extremely homely manufacture of the spirits were hard put to it to keep the supply commensurate with the demand. But this particular process deserves a later note to itself.

The council of war at an end, there followed the last and grimmest of the preparations. These were concerned with both superstition and symbolism. Thus the head of each warrior was adorned with the feathers of birds in order that he might be imbued with the speed of those creatures. The body, moreover, was rubbed with the skins of pumas and foxes, so that the virtues of bravery and cunning might respectively be transferred to it. To quote the historian Luis Galdámes once again, these particular skins were frequently donned by the Araucanians when on an expedition of war. They were, moreover, worn in a quaint fashion. That is to say, the tail of the animal protruded from the man at exactly the spot where his own would have been looked for, had he been possessed of such an appendage. The effect of this upon the first Spaniards who set eyes on them from a distance may be imagined. The *conquistadores* were convinced that they had tailed warriors for opponents! They had become accustomed to expect wonders; but this completely dumbfounded them.

The military feats of these Araucanians must be held all the more remarkable when the simplicity of their arms is taken into consideration. In common with so many other South American tribes, one of their characteristic weapons was the *boleadoras*, the three balls of stone attached to the ends of a rope of

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sinew or hide. As an arm of offence this was as much to be dreaded in their hands as in those of any other South American tribesmen. But for close quarters the most formidable instrument of all was the heavy club of hard wood which their muscular frames enabled them to wield with remarkable force and dexterity. It was this terrible club which undoubtedly won for the Araucanian many of his battles, and which in later days frequently rendered vain even the finest Spanish armour. Beyond these, the only other arms on which the southern Indian relied were the spear, and the bow and arrow, the points of either weapon being of hardened wood or of bone.

I have already referred to the manufacture of those fiery liquors which played so large a part in the fierce life of the Araucanian. This process was of a kind more interesting than savoury. The making of the various liquors was entrusted to the womenkind. These, having collected a sufficient number of native fruits—among which was the strawberry—for the purpose, would chew the substance, and would retain it in their mouths until the saliva was thoroughly mixed with the substance. Then the mess was placed in the sun in order to undergo the process of fermentation. Whatever may be said of the methods, the product was completely efficient in its inebriating qualities, a fact which was fully appreciated by the Araucanian who, it must be admitted, was a proficient drunkard by temperament. This peculiar process of spirit manufacture, by the way, was by no means confined to the south of Chile. In Paraguay, and in the extreme north of Argentina, and in other neighbouring parts as well, the same

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methods are in use to this day by the Indians, although the art of mastication is employed upon different material.

In his superstitions the Araucanian, although infinitely below the intellectual level of the Incas, had attained to a degree of elaboration which was proportionately superior to that of the Charruás and the other kindred tribes to the east of the Andes. He was a confident believer in spectres and omens, from which he drew his respective terrors and comforts as the case might be. His witch-doctors, moreover, had attained to some degree of power, and had instituted a fairly comprehensive ritual of their own. The casting and the curing of spells was, of course, one of the principal of their arts, as was the discovery of those who had employed these means in illegal fashion.

In such a case illegality was usually constituted by the fact that the maker of spells was outside the ranks of the witch-doctors, and thus in a sense an amateur. The smelling-out of the culprit was entirely at the discretion of the professional sorcerer, and, since there was seldom any guilt, or even intention, outside the order of this latter, the resultant punishment of death nearly always found an ignorant and innocent victim.

Here we have the Araucanians as they were until about a century before the event of the Spaniards. An important event, however, occurred in the first half of the fifteenth century, which, although it did not in the least affect their independence and frontiers, ended by exerting a certain influence on the race. At that time the Inca Emperor Huayna Capac cast

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his eyes southwards, and sent down an army through the desert, parts of which are to-day so prolific in nitrate.

The hosts of the Incas won their way successfully through the sandy waste, penetrated to the central regions, and met with no difficulty in subduing the inhabitants of those fertile valleys. But when they had advanced yet farther to the banks of the Bio-Bio River the tide of victory altered abruptly. Here they came face to face with the fighting Araucanian in his own lair. Charged by the fierce hordes, battered by clubs, transfixed by spears and arrows, and mutilated by the whirling *boleadoras*, the Inca army recoiled, and was flung neck and crop northwards again beyond the Maule River, which for so long as the Inca dominion continued remained the frontier between it and the tribesmen of the south.

Nevertheless, although the Inca was not destined to enter in person the Araucanian territory proper, the influence of the greater civilization which he brought in his train was not long in making itself felt amid the hills and forests and streams of the unconquered folk. Indeed, the material benefits with which the Incas had endowed the people of central Chile were not inconsiderable.

Thus it was only after the arrival of the Incas that the llama was introduced into Chile and became known, not only for its wool, but for its qualities as a beast of burden. It was these practical conquerors, moreover, who taught their new subjects how to tame the guanaco, an animal which the Chilian had always known, but which until then he had regarded in no other light but as a yielder of food. Then again the

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A GUANACO IN ITS WILD STATE.

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comparatively wise men from the north were responsible for the introduction of new seeds and plants, notably that of the maize, to say nothing of a fresh system of government and of highways, all of which came as a revelation to the untutored folk amongst which they entered.

In the natural course of events these various benefits did not remain confined to the country directly beneath the rule of the Inca. They passed to the south of the Bio-Bio River, and little by little were accepted and taken advantage of by the Araucanians. Thus we see this race of warriors, although unaltered in temperament, already imbued with the faint beginnings of a civilization which was not their own, when the advent of the Spaniard worked a disturbance among the race, infinitely more formidable than any aroused by their native enemies.

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CHAPTER XXIII

FROM THE TIME OF DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT DAY

Incidents which led to the discovery—Pizarro and Almagro—Rivalry between the pair—Their respective characters—The *conquistador* and his inevitable methods—Almagro's faith—The guile of Pizarro and the Incas—Start of the expedition—Route of the pioneers—The hardships and dangers of the way—Losses of the force—Arrival in Chile—An unexpected reception—Indian treachery—The disillusion and return—Almagro's death—The expedition of Valdivia—His partnership with de la Hoz—Solution of the arrangement—The founding of Santiago—Indian hostility—Life of the pioneers—Extension of the province—The wars against the Araucanians—Valdivia and the manner of his death—Colonization of Chile—Earthquakes—Grim visitors—The beginnings of education—Agricultural and industrial progress—Ambrose O'Higgins—The War of Independence—Final victory of the patriots—Cochrane and Bernardo O'Higgins—The first railway—War with Spain—The *Guerra del Pacifico*—The civil war of 1891—Victory of the constitutional forces—Present situation of the Republic.

In dealing with the story of the Spanish discovery of Chile, it is not necessary to touch on the subject of Columbus. Even at the risk of ingratitude to the shade of the great navigator it is not to be denied that some relief is to be experienced from this very fact. So many men and things began with Columbus; the ramifications, indeed, of his vast exploits are so far reaching, that it is with something akin to triumph that one may start off at a branch of

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South American history somewhat remote from its parent stem.

Curiously enough, there was very little pomp, circumstance, or applause connected with the first entrance into a country which is now one of the most important in South America. Indeed, the proprietorship and government of Chile was very little sought after in the first instance. It was grudgingly accepted by its first *conquistador* as compensation for his acquiescence in a bargain unfavourable to himself. But for the jealousies which arose between the pioneers it is likely that the land shut off from the north by the great coastal desert would have had the scheme of its colonization delayed for some decades.

The first expedition to Chile dates from the time when Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro realized that their ambitions had outgrown even the rapidly widening frontiers of their conquests in Peru. This new country with its vast extent and amazing riches had grown too small to hold at one and the same time the pair of daring, astute and illiterate adventurers, whose former close friendship had dissolved little by little, as the swelling power of each clashed more and more with that of his former comrade and subsequent rival.

Of the two the character of Almagro was undoubtedly the more open and simple. Although playing for his own hand, as was the custom of every *conquistador* of the period, he was yet inclined to yield to his associates a large degree of that loyalty which his nature instinctively prompted. It is true that any complete indulgence in this was limited by

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the force of circumstances, since it behoved every *conquistador* to keep an unremittingly wakeful eye on the movements of his neighbours. Nevertheless it may be said with certainty that Almagro yielded to his fellows far more of this loyalty than was ever given him back in return. Not that this natural generosity had the slightest effect in preventing acts which, judged by the standard of to-day, would be termed treacherous at the best, criminal at the worst.

All this again was as much the fault of circumstances as of the man. When adventurers, whose early days had been spent in comparative obscurity and poverty, found themselves in their own capacity struggling for the command of empires and countries into one corner of which their native Spain might have been compressed, no kid-glove or rose-leaf methods were wont to enter into the business. In the fierce competition of the period, one moment of wavering or of amiable weakness might mean the difference between an almost regal dominion over tens of thousands of leagues and the captainship of a small company of soldiers; for nothing was easier than this comparatively tremendous fall to those who did not clutch with sufficiently resolute fingers at the daïs of their power.

So it was that in these campaigns and intrigues the blows were struck with an apparent callousness and cruelty which are revolting in themselves. Yet in the early days without such as these none could climb to the top of affairs. Lamentable though it may sound, mercy was a luxury which imperilled the position, and even the life itself, of the *conquistador*. And it was not for any failure of the kind that he

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had won his weary way from Europe to the new lands of feverish promise.

To return to Almagro, who, equally with Pizarro, laid claim to the richest spot in Peru, its capital "El-Cuzco." In the end it was Pizarro's comparatively guileless partner and rival who consented to depart, leaving the astute Pizarro in possession of the coveted town in the meanwhile. There were reports of a country to the south that, according to the Indians, was seamed with gold. So Almagro left the substance in the hands of Pizarro—apparently oblivious or careless of the notable tenacity of their grip—and at the advanced age of sixty set about forming his expedition to this shadowy country spoken of by the Indians.

For all his adventurous valour and boldness, in one sense Almagro presents a sufficiently pathetic figure at this juncture. He was the dupe of both Pizarro and the Incas. The first had his own reasons for getting Almagro out of Peru, the second possessed equally potent causes for desiring their country to be rid of the entire body of Spaniards. Thus Almagro fell a victim to their reports, specious as they were as the promises of the great but reckless Pizarro.

Suspecting nothing of this, Almagro threw himself heart and soul into the venture. He spared his pocket no less than his personal efforts, for he invested the whole of his considerable fortune in the enterprise.

In 1535 he set out, accompanied by five hundred Spaniards and fifteen thousand native auxiliaries. The venturesome force traversed the Bolivian tableland, struggled across the Andes, and marched by

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the waters of Lake Titicaca on its southward way. For month after month its members continued their route through the solitudes, bearing provisions with them all the while, for the barren and desolate land produced nothing which would serve them for food. Now and again they were forced to rest for weeks at a time while the expedition regained its strength, and prepared itself for a further move. As they slowly won their way to the south to the sufferings of the party were added the attacks of the local Indians, in the course of one of which, his horse pierced by an arrow and himself sorely beset, Almagro nearly met his end.

Semi-starvation, mountain sickness, and the piercing cold of the lofty ranges all but completed that which the previous visitations had begun. The Indians died in thousands, and over the luckless force hovered a small continual cloud of condors, stretching their giant wings lazily as they awaited their human prey.

It was not until the beginning of 1536, some nine months after the start, that Almagro and his expedition entered the country which is now Chile. In the valley of Aconcagua, according to one account, they met with a reception which astonished them not a little. The Caciques, who lived in the shadow of these particular tremendous peaks, received the worn travellers with respect and even with cordiality. Soon the new-comers lit upon the cause of these unwonted demonstrations—a Spaniard who some years before had suffered maltreatment at the hands of Pizarro, and who, with his ears shorn from his head, had fled in desperation to the far wilds of the south. Here he met with better fortune than had befallen him among his own people. The Indians of Aconcagua revered

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the stranger as a demigod, and had become accustomed to beseech his advice in all their affairs. But even this peaceful interval was destined to be of short duration. The Peruvian Indians of the expedition, scenting an opportunity to free themselves from their Spanish masters, sowed the seeds of discontent among the local natives, and the old tale of strife and battle broke out once again until quenched by the stern punitive measures of Almagro.

While all this was occurring the minds of the Spaniards had been undergoing a process of disenchantment with regard to the supposed riches of the country they had entered. They had met with no signs of the gold of which they had come in quest; the mere fertility of the soil interested them little at this fevered stage of exploration, and the poverty-stricken appearance of the natives gave small hint of material promise. The adventurers, moreover, had penetrated to a point very far south of their starting place, to a district which, as a matter of fact, is more or less the centre of Chile of to-day. All the while the promise of the land had seemed to them as illusive as ever.

It was necessary for Almagro to win back the fortune expended in this disastrous excursion, so, his men nothing loth, the expedition turned its face to the north again. Profiting by their hardly won experiences of the route, the Spaniards undertook the return journey with comparative ease, and, dividing themselves into small parties, succeeded in crossing the dreaded desert which separated them from Peru almost unscathed.

As is so often the case in human affairs, the danger

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to Almagro himself arose from a quite unexpected source. He survived the perils of the journey only to meet his death at the hands of Pizarro in the course of the civil war which broke out on his return. Never, perhaps, was there a less fortunate expedition. For those who had shared in Almagro's bold dash to the south failed even to obtain any credit or praise for their effort. Nothing but jeers and mockery fell to their lot as the result of a feat the idea of which was held to have emanated from the brain of a crank. Naturally, none of this tended to enhance the reputation of Chile. The unfortunate country, in fact, had become something of a byword to the ears of the average Spaniard in South America.

It was left to Pedro de Valdivia to remove the undeserved slight. This ardent *conquistador* found his attention turned to the southern country from much the same motives which had impelled the now dead Almagro. Possessed with a well-founded belief in his own abilities, he longed to display his mettle somewhere without the borders of Peru, where Pizarro reigned supreme.

The ill fame which Chile enjoyed at that period rendered recruiting difficult in the extreme. It seemed certain that this was no golden road upon which the adventurers were to travel. Thus it was only after the most strenuous efforts that Valdivia succeeded in collecting one hundred and fifty Spaniards for the purpose. Incidentally he met with a difficulty of quite another order, for just previous to his departure a certain Pedro de la Hoz appeared upon the scene, bearing a licence from the King of Spain for the conquest of the south of the continent.

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But Valdivia was a *conquistador* of experience whose plans were scarcely to be upset by the advent of an intruder such as this. He consented to a species of partnership with the new-comer. According to this an agreement was arrived at by which Valdivia should start upon his expedition without delay, while de la Hoz should follow after a period of four months, in the course of which he was to get together his own contribution of men and munitions to the enterprise in addition to providing a couple of ships. De la Hoz appears to have failed to carry out the full measure of his obligation, and, according to contemporary accounts, it was in an aggressive mood that he joined the main expedition when the time came. It is not unlikely that both these circumstances suited Valdivia's plans admirably. At all events, de la Hoz was first of all made a prisoner; and afterwards accompanied the party in a purely subordinate capacity, while his name disappeared from the surface of history, and Valdivia, in sole command, bore triumphantly southwards.

It was probably as well for Chile that matters turned out thus, for Valdivia, summoning all his energy and courage to the task, threw himself heart and soul into the work of colonizing the new country, which proved itself more and more pleasant as familiar acquaintance developed. First of all he founded the town of Santiago at the foot of the famous Santa Lucia hill, around which the capital now spreads its buildings. It must not be supposed that this was effected without the opposition of the aboriginal tribes; for even after the houses had been built the young town suffered numerous assaults at the hands of the Indians, and on one occasion practically the

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entire settlement was burned to the ground by the enemy.

Indeed, there is no doubt that the life of these pioneers was strenuous in the extreme. The lot of the settlers seemed to be cast almost incessantly between hostile Indians and hunger. In the end perseverance overcame little by little the most pressing hardships. The Indians were driven from the neighbourhood of the city; the seeds which the Spaniards had brought with them bore fruit in the earth, and assistance in men and materials was at length forthcoming from Peru.

Encouraged to yet further efforts by this more promising state of affairs, Valdivia extended the field of his conquests. Sending a force to found the town of La Serena in the north, he himself advanced to the south, where, on the banks of the Bio-Bio River he first came into contact with the fierce Araucanian warriors. The shock of the first encounter sufficed to prove to Valdivia, tried soldier as he was, the manner of the task which now lay before him.

It was obvious that reinforcements were necessary. In order to collect these Valdivia returned in person to Peru, where he was incidentally instrumental in suppressing a rebellion against the power of Spain on the part of the Pizarro party. This feat rendered the task of obtaining volunteers a comparatively easy one. Over a hundred men set out for Chile, and in due course Valdivia followed them in order to proceed in earnest with the total conquest of the country.

Now began the long series of wars against the Araucanians, a Homeric struggle which endured for generations, and which ebbed and flowed to the north

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and to the south of the Bio-Bio River, as first one party and then the other gained the upper hand. Of some of the phases of this Ercilla, the Spanish warrior-poet, has sung to much purpose in his world-famous epic, *La Araucana.*

An attempt to describe the episodes of these wars would need volumes to itself. It was an era of Spanish incursions to the south, and of the founding and garrisoning of their forts; of counter-attacks on the part of the aboriginals who charged furiously to the north, burning strongholds and slaying men, until the tide of war moved them to retreat in turn. Valdivia himself perished in the course of a defeat which left no single Spaniard alive to tell the tale. It has been alleged that, having been taken captive, the luckless leader was slain by the pouring of molten gold down his throat. Another account has it that parts of his body were cut off, roasted and eaten, while the wretched man was yet alive. As feats of the imagination both accounts are admirable. It is most unlikely, however, that either is accompanied by a grain of fact. Modern authorities are quite agreed that the contemporary Araucanian brain lacked the necessary reasoning and comparative subtlety for the death by means of the gold of which Valdivia had come in quest; and, in the second place, as regards the roasting and eating of flesh, the procedure would, to say the least of it, have been curious in a race which was not cannibalistic. However that may be, Valdivia, the coloniser of Chile, perished, as many hundreds of Spaniards were destined to perish in the years to come.

In the course of time, although the Araucanians

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still held out in their fastnesses, and, indeed, to the very end never suffered actual conquest at the hands of the white race, the remainder of Chile became colonized. Captains-General were appointed to the command of a colony the importance of which was now recognized by those whose predecessors had mocked at the pioneers who had first entered the land at so much cost and so little profit to themselves. Inland cities and sea-ports were founded in rapid succession, and Chile took its place among the other South American dependencies of Spain.

From the very start of its colonial era Chile was destined to suffer from the earthquakes which, throughout the history of the country, have from time to time brought tribulation on her people. It was a catastrophe of this kind which destroyed Concepcion in 1570, and Santiago suffered a similar fate in 1647. But the Chilians, undismayed, rebuilt their shattered cities on each occasion and continued their life as before.

As the country grew richer, too, a new peril threatened its inhabitants, more especially those who dwelt by the side of the ocean; for the European rivals of Spain took to sailing up and down the Pacific and to harrying the coast of Chile as well as that of Peru. Thomas Cavendish and the famous Francis Drake himself were among the earlier of these visitors who spread terror along the shore, while the Dutch mariners were not slow in raiding the Chilian ports whenever an opportunity presented itself.

In the eighteenth century occurred a fresh influx of these bold sea-dogs from the north; of whom the most notable were Dampier and Lord Anson; but their advent caused less perturbation than had formerly

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CHILIAN RIDERS IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

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been the case, since the Chilian had now grown more or less accustomed to the foreigner and his ways, and no longer regarded these folk as intrinsically a scourge sent direct from the nether regions.

Little by little the science of education took root in the country, although the slender growth flourished under the most disadvantageous circumstances. The policy of Spain, fearing the effect of a liberal education on her colonial people, had always been to limit the introduction of literature into South America and elsewhere to a ridiculous extent. Indeed, the number of books which were considered harmless to the morals of the South American was scarcely sufficient to fill an ordinary household library. Nevertheless, in 1756, a university was founded at Santiago, and the first seeds of a more regular culture sown.

By the year 1700 the population of Chile had attained to one hundred thousand souls, including the offspring of the unions between the Spaniards and aboriginals. By this time, too, considerable attention had been paid to agriculture, and the face of the country had already begun to wear a broader smile. The mineral wealth had proved disappointing, on the whole, nevertheless the working of the copper mines had been attended by no little success.

Rough roads were now cut through many of the districts, and the leisurely but invaluable bullock cart was introduced for the purpose of dealing with the stiff gradients. The route over the Andes, moreover, was rendered practicable, and by this means the Chilians became possessed of three markets—Buenos Aires, Uruguay and Paraguay, to which they could send their produce direct. Thus wines and copper began

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to flow eastwards from the Pacific, while a corresponding stream of cattle and *yerba maté* was sent in exchange from the River Plate.

All this while the succession of captains-general—from the days of Villagra, who succeeded Valdivia, and from those of Hurtado de Mendoza, another famous *conquistador*—had continued unbroken. But perhaps the greatest fame attained by any one of these high officials was reserved for the very end of the Spanish colonial era, when Ambrose O'Higgins assumed office. The liberal government of the great Irishman who adopted Chile as his country was responsible for an important moral and material advance even before the day of liberation from Spain had arrived.

It was O'Higgins who abolished the slavery into which the native Indians had been forced—a boon, however, which was not then granted to such few African slaves as had been imported—and who fostered the industries of the land in a manner which soon began to be evident in the prosperity of the country. As fortune would have it, his work was continued by his son, Bernardo O'Higgins, when Chile was free to govern herself, and to plan out her own destiny.

The details of the War of Independence have been told too often to need repetition here. Owing to the proximity of the country to the Viceroyalty of Peru, where the main Spanish forces were stationed, the fortune of war varied time after time during the long struggle, and, indeed, on several occasions, the flame of rebellion seemed all but extinguished.

At one time it was necessary for the leaders and

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rank and file of the active patriot party to take refuge in Argentina. From here, however, they returned in company with an Argentine force commanded by the famous San Martin, and the victory of Maipo set the seal on the deliverance of Chile, while the naval hero of South America, the unconquerable Admiral Cochrane, swept the Pacific ocean clear of all the Spanish warships. Chile was now a Republic, and Bernardo O'Higgins was the first to hold the reins of its new government.

As proved the case with all the newly-freed colonies, the unaccustomed state of independence, once attained, led to a temporary chaos. But after a while tranquillity and order supervened. From that moment, although in common with other nations it has had its moments of trial, danger, and difficulty, it may be said that Chile has never looked back.

We now come to comparatively recent times, and to events such as the construction of the railway between Santiago and Valparaiso which was completed in 1863. It was shortly after this that a dispute with Spain led to war, and, the Chilian fleet having suffered from entire neglect since the days of the war of independence, the Spanish vessels were able to bombard several of the ports with impunity. These disasters awoke the Chilian authorities to the necessity for the reconstruction of their naval force, which was taken in hand at the earliest opportunity, and since that day the status of the Chilian fleet has been exceptionally excellent.

The next event of vital importance so far as foreign relations were concerned was the war with Peru and Bolivia, which took place in 1879, commonly

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known as the *Guerra del Pacifico*. The cause of the struggle was a territorial dispute. A number of enterprising Chilians had penetrated to the north, and had concerned themselves with the exploitation of the nitrate and guano industries. Realizing somewhat tardily the value of these fields, Bolivia laid claim to the country in question. Peru supporting her cause, an alliance was concluded between the two northern Republics, while diplomatic representations were bandied to and fro with increasing bitterness.

In the end Chile found herself involved in war with the two neighbouring countries. Although heavily outnumbered the training and natural gallantry of the Chilian forces told their tale almost immediately, and the defeat of Peru and Bolivia proved a crushing one. It was thus that Chile gained the provinces of Antofagásta and Tarapacá, with the right of dominion over those of Tacna and Arica for the period of ten years, after which a plebiscite of the inhabitants of these latter provinces was to decide whether they should permanently remain the property of Chile or of Peru. This clause, as is well known, has been the means of considerable dispute between the two countries.

In 1891 occurred the only civil war in the modern history of Chile. At a time of political unrest, President Balmaceda proclaimed himself Dictator, a step which met with the strong disapproval of the nation. Congress replied by passing an Act to depose the head of the State. War immediately broke out between the rival parties, and was waged fiercely on both land and sea. In the course of the struggle the cruiser *Blanco Encalada*, the flagship of the congress party, was sunk

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by the torpedo boat *Lynch*, which was acting in the service of the Dictator. Victory in the end rested with the constitutional forces, and Balmaceda blew out his brains in despair.

Since that day the internal affairs of the country have proceeded as placidly as was the case before the upheaval. There is no doubt, indeed, that nothing short of some very extraordinary circumstance would stand a chance of setting one Chilian in arms against another. A striking proof of how deeply order and a sense of government have taken root in the land has been afforded within the last few years, when, owing to death, the Presidency changed hands three times in the course of twelve months. As an opportunity for a *coup d'état* the phenomenal situation was unrivalled. But nothing of the kind was attempted, or even dreamed of; for the Chilian has grown to trust his laws implicitly, and, in consequence, himself to an equal degree.

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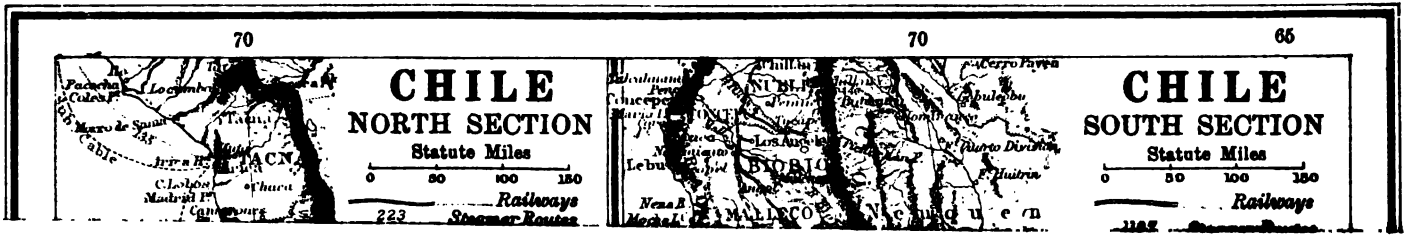

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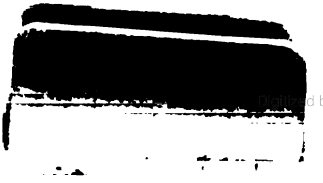

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